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LE PELERINAGE DE L'HOMME COMPARED WITH  
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF  
JOHN BUNYAN



The Christian Pilgrimage is no phantasy, any more than the Gospel Promises. The one is contingent upon the other : the Promise makes the Pilgrim. A city to come has been held up to the affections and emulation of the world ; a city that hath no need of sun, nor yet of moon to shine in it—whose walls are of *Jasper*, and foundations of precious stones laid by God ; whose gates are pearls, and streets of shining gold. In the midst of it is a pure river of the water of Life, clear as crystal, and on either side the tree of Life, whose fruit is yielded every month. This is *the City* set in contrast to the *Camp* of this world, and this it is which makes the Pilgrim.

*The Tongue of Time, by the Rev. Wm. Harrison.*











THE ANCIENT POEM OF  
**GUILLAUME DE GUILLEVILLE**  
ENTITLED LE PELERINAGE  
DE L'HOMME  
COMPARED WITH THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF  
**JOHN BUNYAN**

EDITED FROM NOTES COLLECTED BY THE LATE MR. NATHANIEL HILL  
OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE WITH  
ILLUSTRATIONS AND AN APPENDIX



LONDON  
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TO  
John-William-Spencer-Brownlow Egerton,

EARL BROWNLOW,

THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED

BY THE EDITORS.






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## NOTICE TO THE READER.

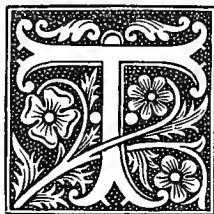
HE English quotations given in the following pages are taken from two different translations of De Guileville which are not known to exist in print, but of which two MSS. are found in the British Museum. Curiously enough, one of these is imperfect at the end, while the other, which is imperfect at the beginning, supplies the portion required. The former, Vitellius, C. XIII. is supposed to be translated by Lydgate—no account of the Tiberius, A. VII. has been discovered. Both have suffered by fire in various places; and some of the asterisks occurring in the following quotations denote the passages which have either been destroyed or rendered illegible. In some places, again, asterisks have been inserted where the great diffuseness of the English version rendered it advisable to omit some of the less striking descriptions and insert the substance of them in a prose summary.

The woodcut on the cover of the Pilgrim, with staff and cockle-shell and a clasped volume in his left hand, is taken from a rare book in the library of Queen's College, Oxford, entitled "*The Booke of the Pylgrymage of Man.*"





## INTRODUCTION.



THE late Mr. Nathaniel Hill intended to have made the following Papers the groundwork of a larger publication on the "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" of BUNYAN, in which he proposed showing that Bunyan had been indebted, for many portions of his story, to some of the early Mediæval Romances.

The rough notes of Mr. Hill contain frequent allusions to the opinions put forth by Southey and Montgomery in their respective editions of that popular writer. When, however, these materials came into the hands of the present Editors, they could not but feel that the question of Bunyan's presumed plagiarism was one not likely to possess much interest for the public at large. They have not therefore deemed it advisable to print these references at any length; at the same time, they have judged the curious manuscripts, to which Mr. Hill's researches had directed their attention, well worthy of being brought before the public, on their own merits, apart from any influence they may perhaps have exercised on the composition of Bunyan's Work.

With this view, while noticing the "Pilgrim's Progress" only in a subordinate manner, they have devoted a considerable space to the Poem of *De Guileville*, the more readily as it is on this that Mr. Hill's views were principally grounded. So little is, indeed, known of our ancestors' daily life during the fourteenth century, and so welcome is any glimpse of their mental occupations or of their means of literary recreation at that remote period, that a work which enjoyed in its own day no little popularity may not, perhaps,

prove wholly unacceptable to readers of the present generation ; reflecting, as it does, considerable light on the ways of thought and the occupations of by-gone times.

Yet, though apparently so well known about the period in which he lived, the Editors have failed to discover anything that can be called a biography of this once popular writer.

The following brief sketch, preserved in the “ Biographie Universelle,” is all that they have been able to meet with.

It is as follows, (vol. xix. p. 168) :—

“ Guillaume de Guilleville né à Paris vers 1295, prit l’habit de St. Bernard à l’abbaye royale de Chalis, en devient prieur, et y mourut vers 1360.

“ On a de lui : *Le Romaunt des trois pélerinages*, le premier est de l’homme durant qu’est en vie, le second de l’ame séparée du corps, et le troisième de Notre Sauveur Jésus Christ. Il avoue, dans le prologue, que c’est la lecture du *Roman de la Rose* qui lui a suggéré l’idée de son ouvrage. L’auteur suppose qu’ayant vu en songe la représentation de la Jérusalem Céleste il a conçu un vif desir de contempler en réalité une ville si remplie de merveilles.”

But though they have not found any fuller description of De Guilleville, they have met with some notices of those who translated or profited by his work, which may not be uninteresting to their readers.

And first, of “ Dan John Lydgate,” (whose translation of the first “ *Pelerinage* ” of De Guilleville will be found in the Appendix to this volume,) there is a curious record in the Harl. MSS. 4826. 1. to which allusion is made below, (see fol. 9.) This the Editors have thought it worth while to print *in extenso* as follows :—

“ John Lidgat, borne at Lidgat in Suffolke, was a Monk of ye order of St. Benet in ye famous Abbey of St. Edmundes Bury, so yt showeth Joseph Pamphilus was mistaken in his Cronicke, reckoning him among ye Augustin fryers. After hee had for a tyme frequented the Scooles of England and made a fayre Progresse in Learning, beeing desirous to acquaynt himself with ye manners and Language of strangers, he visited ye famous Univerfitye of Paris in France, and Padua in Italy, where he learned ye language of both nations, and studyed diligently in either Academy ; thus having well furnished himselfe with experience of ye worlde, umility, and learned diffcipline, he

returned into his Country, and opened a Schoole of Humanity for Noble-mannes Children : and although he were most expert in neare all the sciences yet in the favour of youth and to instruct them in good artes, manners, and virtues hee spent his tyme wholly in those inferiour studies. Hee was not only an excellent Poet and eloquent Rhetorician, but an expert Mathematician and subtil Philosopher, and a good Divine. Hee was a great ornament of ye English tounge, imitating therein our Chaucer. To this end hee used to reade Dante ye Italian, Alan ye French Poet, and such like, which hee diligently translated into English—gleaning heer and there ye elegancys of other touns and enriching these with his owne. He wrote both in English and Latin, as well Prose as Verse, sundry treatises, many in number, excellent for learning, and among them these present—hee dyed about ye 60 yeare of his age, Anno Dm. 1440, (for Pamphilus is deceived in prolonging his lyfe to the yeare 1482,) Henry the Sixt, then raigning king of England and France, unto whom hee dedicateth his books—hee was interred in ye church of ye monastery of Bury, (now defaced,) where it is reported this Epitaph to have been engraven on his monument :—

Mortuus seculo, superis superstes  
Hâc jacet Lidgat tumulatus urnâ  
Qui fecit quondam celebris Britannæ  
Fama Poësis.

Dead to ye worlde yet living in ye skyes  
The learned Lidgate heere entombed lyes  
Who whylom was assumed for to bee  
The honour of our English Poefye.”

With regard to the life and writings of John Bunyan, they are so well known as to require little explanation here—yet the Editors cannot refrain from quoting the following eloquent passages from Cheever’s Lectures on the Pilgrim’s Progress, which have, naturally, attracted much attention in the New World. They seem to echo back the sentiments of gratitude felt in America for the benefits of that Christian Liberty, the planting of which was in so great a measure due to the Pilgrim Fathers, one of whom expresses

himself in the following words:—"As we cannot but account it an extraordinary blessing of God in directing our course for these parts, after we came out of our native country, for that we had the happiness to be possessed of the comforts we receive by the benefit of one of the most pleasant, most healthful, and most fruitful parts of the world."

"The education of Bunyan," says Dr. Cheever, "was an education for eternity, under the power of the Bible and the schooling of the Holy Spirit. This is all that the pilgrims in this world really need to make them good, great, powerful; he has given an account of his own conversion, and life—especially of the workings of the grace of God, and the guidance of his Providence—in a little work entitled 'Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners.' It is powerfully written, though with extreme and studied plainness; and almost all the material obtained and worked into various shapes by his various biographers was gained in that book. In it you see at every step the work of the Divine Artist on one of the most precious living stones that ever His wisdom and mercy selected in this world to shine in the glory of His living temple. Nay, to lay aside every figure but that employed by the Holy Spirit, you see the refiner's fire, and the crucible, and the gold in it; and the Heavenly Refiner Himself sitting by it, and bending over it, and carefully removing the dross, and tempering the heat, and watching and waiting for His own perfect image. How beautiful, how sacred, how solemn, how interesting, how thrilling the process!

"You follow with intense interest the movements of Bunyan's soul. You seem to see a lonely bark driving across the ocean in a hurricane. By the flashes of the lightning you can just discern her through the darkness, plunging and labouring fearfully in the midnight tempest, and you think that all is lost; but then again you behold her in the quiet sunshine; or the moon and the stars look down upon her, as the wind breathes softly; or in a fresh or favourable gale she flies across the fleeing waters. Now it is clouds, and rain, and hail, and rattling thunder-storms, coming down as sudden almost as the lightning; and now again her white sails glitter in heaven's light, like an albatross in the spotless horizon. The last glimpse you catch of her, she is gloriously entering the harbour, the haven of eternal rest; yea, you see her like a star that in the morning of eternity dies into the light of heaven. Can

there be anything more interesting than thus to follow the perilous course of an immortal soul from danger to safety, from conflict to victory, from temptation to triumph, from suffering to blessedness, from the City of Destruction to the City of God?"—CHEEVER'S *Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress*.

In conclusion, the Editors beg to express their sense of the kindness they have received from many friends during the preparation of the present work. Among these, they wish to name especially, Edward Levien, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., of the British Museum, through whose valuable assistance the following selection and arrangement of Mr. Hill's MSS. have been made, and at whose suggestion some old English translations of De Guileville's *Pelerinage* have been added to this volume: they wish, likewise, to mention the names of W. R. Hamilton, Esq. F.S.A., J. M. Atkinson, Esq., H. Fofs, Esq. and W. S. W. Vaux, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., Hon. Sec. of the Royal Society of Literature—and to offer their best thanks to many other friends who have kindly supplied them with drawings and copies of woodcuts from old and rare works.

In laying Mr. Hill's collection of papers before their readers, the Editors would fain believe that the result of his many years' assiduous labour will not be wholly thrown away, but that some few ears of corn may be gleaned from them, according to the saying of Chaucer:—

“ For out of the olde feldis as men faieth  
Cometh all this new corne fro yere to yere  
And out of olde bokis in gode faieth  
Comith all this newe science that men lere.”



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The booke of the pylgrymage of  
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## Le Pelerinage de l'Homme and the Pilgrim's Progress.

**F**OR the better understanding why Bunyan was led to choose the allegorical mode of writing, we should bear in mind that a taste for this kind of composition had prevailed for more than three centuries before he wrote, and that the most favourite literature of his own time appeared in the form of emblems and allegory. Early in the thirteenth century, before the time of Dante, the Norman "trouvères" had produced their Epics on "La Voie de Paradis"—"La Voie d'Humilité"—"Le Pelerinage de l'Homme"—"Le Songe d'Enfer," (from which Dante's "Inferno" was evidently derived,) all written under the similitude of a dream; and in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries their admirers and imitators in this country made them familiar to the English reader through the medium of translations. This species of composition had its origin in the monasteries, and became the religious literature of the common people, in opposition to the chivalresque compositions of the troubadours, and was popular beyond conception.

De Guileville and Bunyan both drew and embellished their compositions from the same sources.

1. From the Scriptures, as appears from their numerous marginal references to them.

The primary source of all the Dreams and Pilgrimages to the Celestial Jerusalem is to be found in the Vision of St. John in the Apocalypse:—

"And there came unto me one of the seven Angels. . . . And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal. . . . And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of

God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it."—*Rev.* xxi. 10, 11, 23, 24.

Of this origin Guillaume de Guileville furnishes us with sufficient evidence by quoting this very chapter in his description of the holy city, calling the "*jasper*" a "*carbuncle*;" and in the succeeding passage he places a precious *carbuncle* at the top of the pilgrim's staff, to enlighten him on his way, and says, "Le hault pommel est Jesu Christ."—*Pel. de l'Homme*, f. xxvii.

Philip, in his *Life of Bunyan*, mentions that "one Sabbath, whilst in prison, it was Bunyan's turn to expound the Scriptures, and he found himself empty, spiritless, and barren."

"Providentially, it so fell out at last," says he, "that I cast my eye upon the 11th verse of the 21st chapter of the Revelations; upon which, when I had considered a while, methought I perceived something of the *jasper*<sup>1</sup> in whose light you there find that this Holy City is said to come and descend."

2. From *chivalrous* literature;—witness the numerous adventures and combats with giants, dragons, goblins, sieges of castles, &c. De Guileville acknowledges that he founded his plan on the (dream) of the "*Romance of the Rose*;" and Bunyan knew, like his predecessors, the still lingering taste of the people for romantic history and adventure, and built his allegory on the plan of the Gothic romance,—a form so pleasing to our forefathers,—and thus introduced giants, lions, monsters, demons, and enchantments, into his edifice, which were familiar to him in the old chap-books. *Great-heart* was a *perfect knight* for the defence of the weak and feeble-minded.

3. From the traditional literature of the people. De Guileville intersperses his poem with popular expressions, to suit it to the taste of the public, such as "*harengfor*,"<sup>a</sup> &c.; and Bunyan's description of *Great-heart's* combat with the giants, *Despair*, *Grin*, *Maul*, and *Slaygood*, may evidently be traced to the chap-books,<sup>2</sup> the *Gestes of Guy of Warwick*, &c.

In his treatise on the Parable of Dives and Lazarus, Bunyan represents Dives as replying thus to Abraham:—"They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them.' This is the thing (to be short), My brethren are unbelievers, and do not regard the word of God. I knew it by myself, for when I was in the world it was so with me. The Scriptures, thought I then, what are they? A dead letter, a little ink and paper, of three or four shillings price. Alack! what is Scripture? *Give me a ballad, a news book, George on horseback, or Bevis of Southampton.* Give me some book that teaches curious Arts, that tells old Fables."—BUNYAN'S *Genius and Writings*, by the REV. ROBERT PHILIP.

The very mention of these ballads and chap-books of *George on horseback*, and

<sup>1</sup> Hampole, in his Poem entitled "*The Pricke of Conscience*," describing the Holy City, calls it a beryl.

<sup>2</sup> These were short story-books which were hawked about the country; the word "*chap*" being used in our modern word "*chapman*," and derived from the German *kaufen*, "*to purchase*."

<sup>a</sup> A red herring.



Bevis of Southampton, and the habits of Bunyan's early life, prove how familiar this class of old literature was to him as well as to his readers.

But with regard to the originality of such works, it may be stated, as a general principle, that the faculty of *invention* is necessary to all who by means of their productions in art, science, or literature, would wish not only to inform, but to amuse those who come in contact with their works. *In what that faculty consists*, however, is a matter which is not perhaps so universally known as it should be.

"Invention has ever been esteemed the highest and most distinguishing attribute of man, as that in which 'human power shows likest to divine : ' *though not creative, but founded on previous acquisitions*, it is *originative*, and seems to consist in the faculty of discovering and developing *novel combinations*, *extending the boundaries* of knowledge, and opening fresh sources of intellectual enjoyment. This is the true promise of *Genius*—the great privilege and characteristic of Bacon, Shakespeare, Newton, &c. (Milton, Bunyan, &c.) The *painter* must be indebted to the poet or the historian for *his theme* ; but the *invention* of the picture, *as a whole*, must be as much his own as if it had altogether proceeded from his own conception."—*Lectures on Painting*, (Royal Academy.) Vide *Athenæum*, Feb. 25, 1843.

Mr. Eastlake, in speaking of those who imagine that the excellence of art or of writing in former ages depended for their excellence or originality on some technical advantages which have been lost, says, "Such persons *forget that materials and processes* are to the painter's art what notes are to the musician, or *letters to the author*. The *secret* lies in their combination ; and it was that *combination* which made Handel, and Hayden, and Beethoven, and Mozart—as it made Shakespeare, or Milton, or Raphael, or Titian, or Rembrandt—superior to all others in their respective departments."

EASTLAKE on Oil Painting. *Athenæum*, Jan. 15, 1848.

"There n'is no newe guise that it n'as old."

*The Knight's Tale*, CHAUCER.

"For vnder a coloure, a truth may arise,  
As was the guise, in olde antiquitee,  
Of the poetes olde, a tale to surmise  
To cloke the trouthe, of their infirmitee,  
Or yet on ioye to haue moralitee."

*Pastime of Pleasure*, HAWES.

"Les abeilles pillulent de ça, et de là, les fleurs ;  
Mais elles en font après le miel, qui est tout leur."

MONTAIGNE.

Dryden, in the preface to his Fables, says, "Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Waller of Fairfax ; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families." In like manner, Bunyan's pedigree may be traced, in numerous instances, to the olden religious poets of England, such as Hampole, Piers Plowman, Lydgate, and

<sup>a</sup> "A dream or vision."

all the authors of Dreams and "Swevens,"<sup>a</sup> from the translations of De Guileville to Chaucer.

"Few things appear at first sight more easy, or upon trial are found more difficult, than the clear and orderly arrangement of many and varied particulars. To class them according to their several relations, so that they may follow each other in due subordination, would seem rather an exercise of patience than of intellect; to require industry, rather than a depth of thought, or an enlarged comprehension of the subject. But we soon learn how much easier it is to *collect* materials than to *form* them into a consistent whole."—GUEST'S *English Rhythms*, vol. ii. p. 1.

"L'étude littéraire donne un résultat donc bien des gens s'étonneront: c'est que *le génie n'invente pas*. Collier, muni de toutes ses preuves erudites, vous attestera que Shakespeare n'est qu'un sublime et délicat metteur en œuvre. Comme Molière et Corneille, il ne s'est jamais fait scrupule de prendre ses sujets et ses personnages partout, dans un roman, un conte, un drame, une ballade, une mauvaise comédie, une chronique rimée ou une chronique sans rimes. Les admirateurs de Shakespeare *n'estiment en lui que les qualités qu'il n'a pas*: c'est, disent-ils, *le créateur de Lear, le créateur de Hamlet, le créateur d'Othello*;—il n'a rien *créé* de tout cela.

"*L'invention*, vous dit-on de toutes parts, c'est la grande qualité, *c'est le génie!* Voyons donc. Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Bacon, Molière, Corneille, le Tasse, l'Arioste, Cervantes;—parmi les anciens Eschyle, Sophocle, Homère; ces noms semblent-ils assez grands? Et s'ils ne sont pas *inventeurs*, qui osera l'être? Qui marchera le front plus haut que ces hommes, proclamés par la voix populaire, par le cri des siècles et la vénération de tous, maîtres de la pensée, guides du troupeau humain, qu'ils éclairent en marchant sur les hauteurs?

"Qu'ont-ils créé? Commençons par Dante. De son temps, une tradition vulgaire a cours, moule commun, formule épique, aussi triviale que l'est aujourd'hui un vaudeville à tiroir; c'est une vision chrétienne, vue générale et mystique du triple royaume:—ici les damnés; là les bienheureux; plus loin les âmes qui expient leurs crimes dans le Purgatoire. *Tout le monde s'est servi de cette forme*. Le peuple ne connaît qu'elle, tant elle est usée et rebattue. Un moine, après bien d'autres moines, a décrit à son tour l'Enfer, le Paradis, et le Purgatoire. Un frère Alberic du Mont-Cassin a rimé sa vision qu'il a disposée en triple entonnoir, et traitée grossièrement, lourdement et sans génie. *Toute la charpente de la Comedia divina, est littéralement dans l'œuvre du frère Alberic*. Dante n'a fait qu'une seule dépense, celle du génie; dans la pierre brute il a trouvé l'or.

"Ainsi des autres créateurs; Eschyle et Sophocle sont dans Homère, qui lui-même est accusé d'avoir recoufû des chants plus anciens. L'ouvrage capital de Cervantes n'est qu'une parodie, par conséquent une imitation. Milton traduit de longs fragments de la *Sarcothée* de Masenius. (This assertion is taken from *Lauder*, R. H.) Molière doit ses meilleures scènes, non seulement à Plaute et aux Italiens, mais à Cyrana de Bergerac.

"Qu'estimez-vous dans Shakespeare? Est ce *le Roi Lear*? Shakespeare a emprunté le roi Lear à une vieille tragédie publiée en 1594, jouée sur plusieurs théâtres: *The Pitiful Chronicle of King Lear*. Le fou, le roi, les deux filles, l'abdication du monarque, *tout*

se trouve dans ce vieux drame. Ce grand homme retravaillant de mauvais drames surannés, les a rajeunis de sa verve et ranimés de sa touche puissante.

“ Les faits constitutifs du roman et du drame sont un fond *matériel* et commun dans lequel tout le monde va puiser. Le génie arrange et imite, étudie et approfondit, il n'invente JAMAIS.

“ Le génie consiste à mieux *comprendre*, à mieux pénétrer, à environner de plus de lumière ce que chacun fait superficiellement ou comprend à demi. Un des singuliers caractères de Shakespeare, c'est sa souveraine indifférence quant au sujet qu'il doit traiter. Il n'y regarde pas : l'excellent ouvrier fait tirer parti de tout. Il prend au hasard une pierre, un morceau de bois, un bloc de granit, un bloc de marbre. *Peu lui importe que son prédécesseur ait fait agir et parler sur la scène un vieux roi déshérité par ses filles ; c'est un fait comme un autre, qui ne vaut ni plus ni moins.* Shakespeare va trouver tout ce qu'il y a de larmes et de puissance dans *l'âme* de ce vieillard.

“ On court après *l'invention* aujourd'hui que l'originalité intime manque ; elle réside dans *l'artiste*, non dans les *matériaux* qu'il emploie. A tous les grands hommes c'est la *tradition*, c'est le peuple, c'est l'héritage commun des idées et des usages qui ont légué les *matériaux*. Ils les ont reçus tels quels ; puis ils les ont *fondus, transformés, immortalisés*.

“ Si ce que l'on nomme *invention*, n'était pas une qualité illusoire, il faudrait estimer à bien plus haut prix que *Dante* le premier moine oisif qui écrivit en style de carrefour la vision de Paradis et de l'Enfer ; les grossiers auteurs des canevas Italiens l'emporteraient sur Molière ; les écrivains inconnus de quelques chroniques, divisées en actes, éclipsaient Shakespeare.

“ Dans les *décadences littéraires* on prend pour *inventeurs* ceux qui, poussés par un certain ardeur de sang et une certaine fougue de *paroles* déplacent les mots et les images, et croient avoir fait voyager les idées. Ces gens se proclament *créateurs*. Montaigne, Shakespeare et Molière ne s'attribuaient d'autre mérite que celui d'étudier la nature, l'homme et le monde.

“ Le propre du génie, c'est de féconder.”—*Etudes sur W. Shakespeare, &c. par Philaréte Chasles, 1851, p. 88.*

### *Evidences of the popularity of de Guileville's Dream in England.*

1. *The use made of it by Chaucer.* Chaucer's “*A, B, C,*”—also entitled, “*La Priere de nostre Dame ;*” made, as some say, “at the request of Blanch, Duchess of Lancaster, as a praier for her private use, being a woman in her religion very devout,”<sup>1</sup>—has usually been considered his own composition. It is, however, a translation from De Guileville's *Prayer to the Virgin*, published in 1330, of which the first three stanzas are given as a specimen. Each stanza, it will be observed, begins with a letter of the alphabet, and this alphabetical order is preserved throughout.

<sup>1</sup> Brit. Mus. MS.

*De Guileville.*

**A** TOY du monde le refuy  
 Vierge glorieuse men fuy  
 Tout confus car ne puis mieulx  
 faire

A toy me tiens a toy mapuy  
 Relieue moy abatu fuy  
 Et vaincu par mon aduerfaire  
 Et puis qua toy ont tous repaire  
 Bien ie me doy vers toy retraire  
 Auant que plus seuffre dennuy  
 La luite nest pas neceffaire  
 A moy se tu tresdebonnaire  
 Ne me secours comme autrui

**B** IEN croy que par toy conforte  
 Sera mon cuer desconforte  
 Car tu es de salut la porte  
 Si ie me fuis tres mal porte  
 Par sept larrons pechez morte  
 Et foruoye par la voye torte  
 Esperance me reconforte  
 Qui a toy ennuyt me raporte  
 A ce que ie soye deporté  
 Ma dolente ame a toy iaporte  
 Sauue la ne vault plus que morte  
 En luy tout bien est avorte

**C** ONTRE moy font grant action  
 Ma vergoigne et confusion  
 Que deuant toy ne doy venir  
 Pour ma trop grant transgression  
 Raïson de desperation  
 Contre moy veulent maintenir  
 Mais pource que veulx plait finir  
 Deuant toy les faiz conuenir  
 En faïtant replication  
 Cest que ie dis appartenir  
 A toy du tout et conuenir  
 Pitie et miseration

*Chaucer.*

**A** LMIGHTIE and all-merciful  
 quene  
 To whom all this world fleith  
 for succour

To have relese of sinne of so'row oftene  
 Glorious Virgine of all flouris flour  
 To the I fle confoundid in errour  
 Help and releve almightie debonaire  
 Have mercy of mine perillous languor  
 Venquist me hath my cruill aduerfaire

**B** OUNTIE so fixe hath in my  
 hert his tent  
 That well I wote thou wilt my  
 succour be

Thou canst not warnin that with gode  
 entent  
 Axith thine helpe thine hert is aye so fre  
 Thou art largesse of plaine felicity  
 Having and refute of quiete and rest  
 So how that Thevis fevin chasng me  
 Helpe ladie bright or that mine ship to  
 breft

**C** OMFORT is none but in you,  
 Lady dere !  
 For lo ! mine sinne and mine  
 confusioun,

Which ought not in thin presence for to  
 apere,  
 Han taken on me a grievous actioun,  
 Of veray right and disperatioun,  
 And as by right they mighten well sustene  
 That I were worthy mine damnioun,  
 Ne were it of thy mercy, blisfull Quene !



Lidgat presenting his booke called y<sup>e</sup> Pilgrime, unto y<sup>e</sup> Earle  
of Salisbury.



J. Thomas Montacute Earle of Salisbury

2. Chaucer's evident imitation, at the end of his dream called "The Book of the Duchefs," of De Guileville's description of being awoke by the convent-bell.

*De Guileville.*

Ce me sembla en ce moment  
Si que de lespouement  
Esueille et desdormy fu  
Et me trouuay si esperdu  
Quauiser ie ne me pouoie  
Si ia mort ou en vie iestoie  
Jusqua tant que iouy sonner  
Lorloge de nuyt pour leuer  
Et aussi lors chantoient les cocqs  
Pour quoy leuer me cuidoy lors  
Mais ne peu car fuy retenu  
De la grant pensee ou ie fu  
Pour le myen adventureux songe  
Ou quel se quelque vne menfonge  
Estoit meslee ou contenue  
Ou qui fust de peu de value

*Chaucer.*

Right thus me mett, as I you tell,  
That in the castle there was a bell,  
As it had smitten houres twelve,  
And therewith I awoke my selfe,  
And found me lying in my bed,  
And the book which I had read  
Of Alcyone and Ceyx the King,  
And of the goddesses of Sleeping,  
I found it in my hand full even;  
Thought I, this is so quaint a fweven,  
That I would, by process of time,  
Fond (strive) to put this fweven in rhyme  
As I can best, and that anon:  
This was my fweven, now it's done.

3. To these may be added the different English translations of De Guileville, both in prose and verse, which are still existing, printed and in manuscript.

The most important of the metrical translations is that by the "venerable monk Dan John Lydgate," mentioned above as being now in the British Museum Collection of MSS., and numbered Vitellius, C. xiii. It is, however, but little known; and, curiously enough, not even a single passage of it has been quoted by Warton. Stowe, the only writer who has alluded to it, casually mentions it, and has stated correctly the date of its translation. It was made, as Lydgate himself informs us, in 1426, by the command of [Thomas de Montacute] the Earl of Salisbury, "being bound," as he says, "to be his man."

I mene the book, "Pilgrymage de Monde,"  
Morall of vertu, of materys ful profonde,  
Maad and compyled in the Frenche tonge,  
Full notable to be rad and songe.  
To every pylgreme vertuous of lyff,  
The mater ys so contemplatyff  
In all the book ys not lost a word,  
Thys confydred full wysly of my lord  
Of Salysbury, the noble manly knyght  
Wych in fraunce, for the kynges ryght  
In the werre hath many day contunyde.

And of the tyme playnly, and of the date,  
 When I began thys booke to translate,  
 Yt was a thousand by computacion  
 After Cryfte's incarnation  
 Ffour hundryd and nouthur far nor nere,  
 The surplus over fyxe and twenty yere;  
 My lord that tyme being in Parys,  
 Wych gaff me charge by his dyscrete avys,  
 As I feyd erst to fettle myn entent  
 Upon thys booke to be dyllygent, &c.

The following passage is curious, in a literary point of view, for the conclusive evidence it contains of the poem, quoted above, entitled "A, B, C, or a Prayer to the Virgin," having been previously translated by "hys mayster, Chaucer," which Lydgate says "he will ympen after hys translacion (as he is bounde of dette), in order that it may enlumine:"—

"Thys lytyl booke, rude of making  
 With some clause of hys wryting."

He then proceeds as follows:—

And touchynge the translacion  
 Off thys noble oryson,  
 Whylom, yff I shal nat feyne<sup>a</sup>  
 The noble poete of Breteyne,  
 My mayster Chaucer in hys tyme,  
 After the ffrenche he dyde yt tyme,  
 Word by word, as in substance,  
 Ryght as yt ys ymad in France,  
 Ffull devoutly in sentence,  
 In worschepe and in reverence  
 Off that noble hevenly quene,  
 Bothe moder and a mayde clene,  
 And fythe he dyde yt undertake  
 Ffor to translate it ffor hyr sake  
 I pray this, that ys the beste  
 Ffor to bring hys soule at reste  
 That he may through hyr<sup>1</sup> — prayer  
 Above the starrys bright —  
 Of hyr mercy and hyr grace,  
 Apere afory hyr sonys face

<sup>a</sup> "Not flatter."

<sup>1</sup> The missing words are quite illegible, from the MS. having been partially destroyed by fire.



With ſeyntyſ ever for a memorye,  
Eternally to regene in glorye,  
And ffor memorye of that poete,  
Wyth al hys rethorykes fwete,  
That was the ffyrſte in any age  
That amendede our langage;  
Therefore, as I am bounde off dette  
In thys book I wyl hym ſette,  
And ympen thys oryſon  
After hys tranſlacion,  
My purpoſe to determyne  
That yt ſhal enlumyne  
Thys lytyl book rud off makyng  
Wyth ſome claufe off hys wryting,  
And as he made this oryſon,  
Off full devout entencion,  
And by maner of a prayere  
Ryght ſo I wyl yt ſetten here,  
That men may know and pleynty ſe  
Off our ladye the A, B, C.

In the MS. Vitellius, C. xiii., there is a blank left for the inſertion of the above-mentioned "A, B, C," or oraſon to the Virgin; but it is bound up with a volume of Lydgate's Poems, which belonged to Humphrey Wanley, and now in the Grammar School of Coventry, under the title of "A Preiour to our Ladye, made by Geffreie Chaucer, after the order of the 'A, B, C.'"—*Vide* Bernard's Cat. Tom. ii. p. 23.

In the official catalogue of the Cotton MS., in folio, this MS. of "The Pilgrim," tranſlated from De Guileville by Lydgate, is deſcribed as "A Poem in old Engliſh verſe, containing Directions for a Pilgrimage to Jeruſalem. It appears to have been written in French, by a monk of Calais (for Chaliz), and tranſlated into Engliſh about the year 1426." Thus the compiler of the catalogue leaves others in the ſame ignorance of the names of both author and tranſlator as that in which he himſelf was, although the introduction to the tranſlation contains three diſtinct proofs of its being the production of Lydgate. 1. The mention of his maſter Chaucer as the "poete of Breteyne;" giving him the ſame title he had already uſed in the thirty-fourth chapter of his "Life of the Virgin Mary," where he calls him "poete of Breteyne, who uſed to amende and correſte the wronge traces of my rude penne." 2. His teſtimony that Chaucer tranſlated the "Hymn to the Virgin." And 3. That he was commanded to tranſlate "The Pilgrim" by the Earl of Salisbury, which is confirmed by an ancient illuminated drawing—probably coeval—of Lydgate preſenting this poem, called "The Pilgrim," to the Earl. See Harl. MS. 4826.

Notwithſtanding all this, and though Warton quotes Stowe's words, where he

speaks of "Lydgate's 'Pilgrimage of the World'" (the very title given to it by Lydgate), written "by the commandement of the Earle of Salisburie, 1426," it is surprising that both he and Sharon Turner should have been so utterly unconscious of its existence as never to have quoted a line! At the head of it are the following verses:—

"Qui peregrinaris hunc per librum docearis,  
Quæ bona vel dubia fit fugienda via."

"O worldly folk avyse yow be tymes,  
Wych in thys lyff ben but a pylgrymage,  
Lyk straungerys far fro yowr contre,  
Unfranchyfed and voyde of libertie."

The popularity of De Guileville's works is further proved by the numerous English translations, both in verse and prose, still contained in our public libraries, which it has cost great pains to discover, as the catalogues are almost universally mute upon the subject. These translations influenced our literature down to the time of the Great Rebellion, which formed, as it were, a chasm between our ancient and modern literature.

A list of these, both in print and MS., is herewith given, in the hope that it may prove interesting to those who are disposed to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with De Guileville and his works.

### MSS.

Among the Cecil MSS. at Hatfield is "*Ye Dreame of the 'Pilgrimage of ye Soule,'*" translated out of Frensch into Englisch, with some addicions, ye yere of our Lord m iiii. 'and prittene.' (1413). This is a folio MS. on vellum, adorned with many humourously designed illuminations."—W. READER, *Gent. Mag. Nov.* 1843. p. 488.

Cod. MSS. of Samuel Pepys.—*The Pilgrim, Moral Discourse*, illustrated with drawings, and written originally about the year 1330, fol.—*Vide* Bernard's Cat. Lib. MSS. Angliæ et Hiberniæ. Folio, Oxford, 1697, V. 2. p 209, No. 6797, Art. 78.

Cod. MSS. penes R. P. *Joannem Morum*, Ep. Norvicensem.—"*The Pilgrim*, or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World;" wherein the author sets forth the wretchedness of Man's Life without Grace. Written 1331.—*Vide* *ibid.* p. 390, Art 64.

In the British Museum.—"*Grace Dieu*, or a dreame of the pilgrimage of the Soule." On vellum. Written in 1413. Egerton, No. 615.—"*The Pilgrimage to Jerufalem*," on vellum, *imperfect at the beginning*; xv. Cent. Cotton Coll. Vitellius, C. xiii.—"*The Pilgrim*," on vellum, *imperfect*; xiv. Cent. Cotton Coll. Tiberius, A. vii.

At Oxford.—"*The Pilgrimage of the Sowle*," in the library of University Coll. —"*The Dream of the pilgrymage of the foul*, translated out of French into English," in the library of Corpus Christi Coll.

At Cambridge.—At Caius College, "*The Dreame of the Pilgrimage of the Soul*, translated out of French, 1414."

In the Public Library.—"*The romaunce of the monk of Chailis*, of the pilgrimage

of the lyfe of the manhode, which ys maad for good pylgryme that in this world ſwiche way wole holde that he go to good havene, and that he have of hevene the joye; taken upon the 'Romaunce of the Roſe,' whereinne the art of love is al encloſed." *Imperfeet*. On vellum. xv. Cent. This copy has the following Colophon:—

"Here endeth the Romaunce by the Monk of the Cifteaux, in France; of the pilgrymage of the lyffe of the manhood, which is made for good pilgrymes yt<sup>a</sup> in this world ſuch waye wol holde that w<sup>d</sup> goo to good haven, and that they have hevens Ioye, ymagined after the manner of the Romans of the Roos,<sup>b</sup> which al parte of love doth clooſe, tranſlated oute of frenſhe in to Engliſhe by oon that cleped him *Johan the preeſte*, preyeth for the maker, the tranſlatour, the wryter, the reders hereof and thys waye goon or in wille to goo."<sup>c</sup>—*Vide* J. O. Halliwell's MS. Rarities of the Univerſity of Cambridge, 1841, p. 166.

<sup>a</sup> That.

<sup>b</sup> Romance of the Roſe.

<sup>c</sup> Either go this way or wiſh to go.

### Printed Books.

"The Pylgremage of the Sowle: tranſlated oute of Frenſhe in to Englyſhe." Printed by W. Caxton, at Weſtmiſter, 1483. *An imperfeet copy*. This edition is in the library of Lord Spencer, at Althorp Hall, Northamptonſhire.—*Vide* Dibdin's "*Bibliotheca Spenceriana*," vol. iv. p. 263.

A fine copy (but wanting laſt leaf) was purchaſed at the ſale of White Knight's Library for £152 5s. by Mr. Evans.

According to Herbert, (the Antiquary,) copies were apparently in the libraries of Sir Hans Sloane, Mr. Brandon, and his own.

*Vide* for ſpecimens, &c., Dibdin's Edition of "*Herbert's Ames' Typographical Antiquities*." (London, 1810.)

"The Peregrination of Mannes Lyfe," by Guillaume de Guileville, appears from the following lines of Skelton—

"Off mannes lyfe the perigrinacion  
He dyde tranſlate, interprete, and diſcloſe"—

to have been tranſlated by him. John Skelton was poet laureate to Henry VIII., but the tranſlation referred to above has not come down to us. Warton, however, mentions it in his *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, vol. ii. f. 489, in (Ed. 1844.)

The following French Editions may alſo be mentioned as exiſting in the Brit. Muſ:—

Le Romant des trois Pelerinaiges, 4to. Goth. Bartholde et Jehan Petit, Paris. *Sans date*.

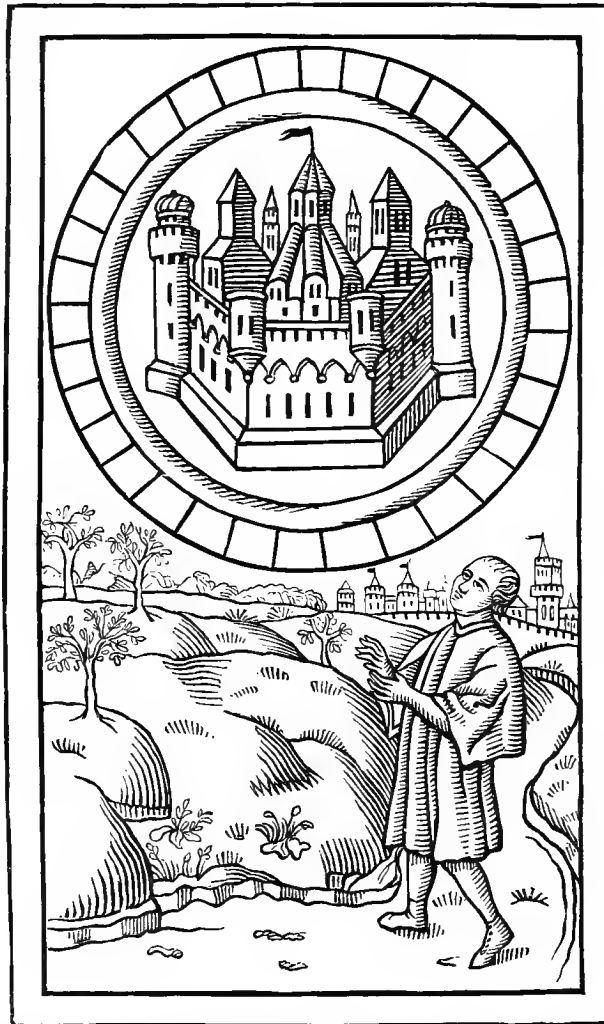
Le Pelerinage de l'homme—avec des figures en bois. Fol. Goth. Anthoine Verard. Paris. *Sans date*.

"Le premier de l'homme durant queſt en vie."

"Le ſecond de lame ſeparée du corps."

"Le tiers de notre Seigneur Jeſus Chriſt en forme de monoteſſeron."

The following are examples of the illuſtrations contained in the Delft and Harlem editions:—



Facsimile of the engraving representing the Pilgrim turning his back on the *City of Destruction*, and looking up towards the *Celestial City*, as reflected in a mirrour.

*Delft Edition.*



Facsimile of the engraving representing the meeting of the Pilgrim with the Celestial Lady.



Facsimile of the engraving representing the passage of the Pilgrim to the castle of the Celestial Lady, through water.

The Royal Library at the Hague contains a manuscript on vellum, of about the end of the xivth century; it is adorned with twenty-three miniatures. In the Prologue it is entitled, "*die pelgrimage von der menschliker creaturen*;" and it is said there that it was translated from the *Walschen* in the *vlaemschen tale*; which was composed by a holy monk in a monastery called *Chaalie*.

In the first dialogue of *gracie gods* with the *Pilgrim* it is said that *gracie* founded her house *ouer XIII. en XXX. (1330) iuer*; and in that part of the 1st Book where *redene* (reason) reads her commission to *rude verstanneffe*, this commission has been given in the year M. CCC. en XXXI.

The Dutch Edition is an extract from the MS. translation in prose; it was never printed *in extenso*.

The celestial lady who appears to the *Pilgrim* is, through the whole edition, called *gracie gods*.

In none of the woodcuts is the *Pilgrim* represented in armour or *fighting with drawn sword*; in one only he occurs *in armour*, which directly after he pulls off, not being able to bear it any longer. In the before-named woodcut the *Pilgrim* has no sword at all, and he is not in presence of any enemy. He is leaning on the *Palster*;<sup>a</sup> only *gracie gods* is with him.

In the Royal Library at the Hague exists another edition of this story. It is in folio size, printed in double columns. Except some very little difference in spelling, the Delft edition has been faithfully copied in the Haerlem edition. One little part only is omitted in the edition of 1498; in the last chapter of the Haerlem edition the *Pilgrim* having breathed his last, *the author awakes from his dream*; this part is left out in the Delft edition. The woodcuts are the same in both editions.

The following attempt to translate a portion, C. 1., of the "*Boeck van den Pelgrim*," printed at Delft, in Holland, in 1498, was made by the *King's Interpreter*; imperfect as it is, it will be sufficient to show that the Dutch translator took it from De Guileville's Poem of the "*Pélerinage de l'homme durant quest en Vie, ou le Pélerinage de la Vie humaine*," which was afterwards done into prose by S. Gallopez, and printed at Lyons by Math. Husy in 1485.

"Then she took a pourpoint or doublet made in a wonderful manner: \* \* \* \* \* Will you know how it is called? Men call it Patience, which is made to bear pains and to begin great strides without murmurings or Anger, but to be therefore more thankful.

"The king Jesus had this pourpoint on, for thy sake, as he hung on the Cross, and was covered with this Doublet which is Patience, for he suffered all patiently.

"Thus it is well to remark that it is good, since that the great King had it on, thus should ye strive. Then take it, and put it on I advise, for of all arms it behoves first to know how to put it on, whoever will arm himself rightly."

In order, however, still further to show the concurrence—at least of ideas, if not of diction—between De Guileville and Bunyan, the following passages may be quoted from amongst many others of a similar nature:—

<sup>a</sup> A Pilgrim's staff.

DE GUILEVILLE. 1330.

Pour qui a bon ſens cōprendre  
Tout ce que ce livre contient  
*Moralement* le fault entendre  
Et *non pas litteralement*  
Car l'auteur la fait cointement  
*Tenant forme parabolique*  
Pour aguifer l'entendement  
A tout chaſcun ſcientifique.

*Prologue, Ed. de B. et J. Petit, imp.  
par Berth. Runboldt, s. d.*

une foiz  
Lan mil trois cēs dix p trois foiz  
Ung ſonge vy bien merueilleux  
Lequel ainſi com ſommeilleux  
Jeſcripz a mon reveillement.

*Description of the Holy City.*

Il neſt nulle cite ſi belle<sup>a</sup>  
Ne qui de rien lui ſoit pareille  
Maſſon en fut ſeulement *dieu*  
Nul autre ne feroit tel lieu  
Car les chemins et les alees  
*Dor fin* eſtoient toutes pauees  
En hault aſſis ſon fundement<sup>b</sup>  
Eſtoit et ſon maſſonnement

BUNYAN. 1678.

I have uſed ſimilitudes.—*Hof.* xii. 10.

*Motto in title-page.*

The Prophets uſed much by Metaphor  
To ſet forth Truth: Yea, who ſo conſiders  
Chriſt, his Apoſtles too, ſhall plainly ſee  
That Truth to this day in ſuch Mantles be.

\* \* \* \* \* Holy Writ  
Is every where ſo full of all theſe things  
Dark figures, allegories yet there ſprings  
From that ſame book, that luſtre and thoſe  
rays

Of Light, that turns our darkeſt nights to  
day<sup>1</sup>

BUNYAN'S *Apology for his book.*

Nay, I have leave,  
(*Examples* too, and that from them who  
have

God better pleaſed by their words and ways  
Than any man that breatheth now-a-days)  
Thus to expreſs my mind, thus to declare  
Things unto thee that excellenteſt are.

*Ibid.*

As I walked through the wilderneſs of  
this world, I alighted on a certain place  
where was a den, and laid me down in  
that place to ſleep: and as I ſlept, I  
dreamed a dream.

*Chriſtian's deſcription of the Holy City  
to Pliable.*

“There is an endleſs kingdom to be  
inhabited, and everlaſting life to be given  
us, that we may inhabit that kingdom for  
ever.

“There are crowns of glory to be given  
us, and garments that will make us ſhine  
like the ſun in the firmament of heaven.

“There ſhall be *no more crying* nor

<sup>a</sup> Heb. xi. 10.

<sup>b</sup> Rev. xi. 12,  
18, 19.

DE GUILLEVILLE. 1330.

De *vives pierres* fait estoit  
 Et hault mur entour la clooit  
 Deffus lequels *anges* estoient  
 Qui tous temps le guet y faisoient  
 Et gardoient tresbien que lentre  
 Nullement fust abandonnee  
 Fors *aux pelerins seulement*  
 Qui y venoient deuotement<sup>a</sup>  
 Leans auoit moult de *mansions*  
 De *lieux* et *habitations*  
 Illec estoit *toute lieffe*  
 Et toute joye fans tristesse

<sup>a</sup> John xiv. 2.

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>b</sup> Gen. iii. 24.

Cherubin portier en estoit<sup>b</sup>  
 Qui ung glaive forby tenoit  
 Bien emolu a deux taillans  
 Tout versatile et tournoyans  
 Dont il se scauoit bien aider  
 Nest aucun tant se sceust targer  
 Qui par la porte passer peust  
 Que occis ou naure<sup>1</sup> ne fust  
 Mesmement car executeurs<sup>c</sup>  
 Y auoit et tirans crueulx  
 Qui tres durs tourmens pourpensoient  
 Et tous les plus griefz quilz pouoient  
 Moult y eut grant occision  
 De pelerins de grant renom

<sup>c</sup> Acts xiv. 22.

BUNYAN. 1678.

forrow, for *He* that is owner of *the places*  
 will wipe away all tears from our eyes.

"There we shall be with *Cherubim* and  
 Seraphim, creatures that will dazzle your  
 eyes to look on them. There, also, you  
 shall meet with thousands and tens of  
 thousands that have gone before us to that  
 place. In a word, there we shall see the  
 elders with their golden crowns; there  
 we shall see the *Holy Virgins* with their  
 golden harps; there we shall see men that  
 by the world were *cut in pieces, burned in*  
*flames*, eaten of beasts, drowned in the  
 seas, for the love that they bare to the  
 Lord of the place, clothed with immor-  
 tality as a garment."

<sup>1</sup> *Worldly-wise-man* tempts *Christian* not to go up to the Wicket-gate, because of the dangers of the way, assuring him he is like to meet with *wearisomeness, painfulness, hunger, perils, nakedness, sword, lions, dragons, darkness*, and, in a word, *death*, and what not!

*Christian* arrived at the Wicket-gate (which he had left to follow *Worldly-wise-man's* counsel) saw written over it, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" he knocked, therefore, more than once or twice. At last there came a grave person to the gate, named *Good-will*, who asked who was there? and whence he came? and what he would have?

*Christian* "Here is a poor hardened sinner; I come from the *City of Destruction*, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would therefore, Sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are *willing* to let me in."

"I am *willing* with all my heart," said he; and with that he opened the gate.

So when *Christian* was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said *Christian*, "What means that?" The other told him, "*A little distance from this gate there is erected a strong castle, of which Beelzebub is the Captain; from thence both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at them that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they enter in.*" Then said *Christian*, "I rejoice and tremble."



\* \* \* \*

Puis vne grant merueille vy  
De grans maîtres et prelaz qui  
Aux crenaulx tout en hault estoient  
Monſtrans ſemblant quilz enſeignoient  
Pluſieurs des pelerins daual  
Qui a grant peine et grant trauail  
Selon ce qu'apris ilz estoient  
Aeſ pour voler leur faiſoient  
Par eſ de bon exemplaire  
Telles comme ilz les deuoient faire  
Que ces grans maîtres leur monſtroient  
Monſtrant que moult chier les auoient

\* \* \* \*

¶ Puis vy en vng autre coſte <sup>a</sup>  
Deſſus les murs de la cite  
Vaillans hommes auſtorizables  
Mais quant a moy peu congnoiſſables

\* \* \* \*

Entre leſquelz aduis me fu  
Que ſainct benoiſt y recongneu

\* \* \* \*

¶ La endroit ſainct francoys auffi  
Moult d'autres ie vy ſur les murs

\* \* \* \*

Mais tant dire vueil briefuement  
Que nul nentroit en la cite <sup>b</sup>  
Par quelque part quaye compte  
Qui de hors les murs ne laiſſaſt  
Leſcharpe ou bourdon que portaſt  
Acomply lors estoit leur veage  
Et fait tout leur pelerinaige

Before we proceed to give an analyſis of, and to trace a parallel between, the two works of Bunyan and De Guileville, we muſt preſiſe that the allegory, which becomes in the hands of the former a fascinating narrative, full of vitality and Chriſtian doctrine, is in the work of the latter only a cold and lifeleſs dialogue between abſtract and unembodied qualities.

<sup>1</sup> "Lecharpe et le bourdon" repreſent the Certificate of pilgrimage. The latter is thus explained in the Diſt. de l'Académie Françoisſe, "*Sorte de long bâton qui eſt fait au tour, avec un ornement au haut, en forme de pomme, et que les Pèlerins portent ordinairement dans leurs voyages.*"

\* \* \* \*

"Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other ſide, they ſaw the two ſhining men again, who there waited for them.

"Now, you muſt note that the city ſtood *upon a mighty hill*; but the pilgrims went up that hill with eaſe, becauſe they had theſe two men *to liſt them up by the arms, &c.*

"Then I ſaw in my dream that the ſhining men bid me call at the gate, the which, when they did, ſome one from above *looked over the gate*: to wit, *Enoch, Moſes, and Elijah*, to whom it was ſaid, Theſe pilgrims are come from the city of *Deſtruction* for the love that they bare to the King of this place; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his *Certificate*,<sup>1</sup> which they had received in the beginning."

<sup>a</sup> Rev. vii. 9.

<sup>b</sup> Rev. xxii. 14.

The poem of De Guileville opens by informing his readers that, in the year 1330, being then a monk in the monastery of Chaliz, he had a dream, in which he saw afar off, as if reflected in a mirror, similar to the "shining light" of *Evangelist*,<sup>1</sup> the celestial city of Jerusalem, and felt himself excited to go thither on a pilgrimage.<sup>2</sup> He dwells on the wondrous beauty of its construction, on the elegance of its mansions, on the character of its inhabitants, and their happiness and blessedness after their trials and sufferings (even such a description as *Christian* gives to his unstable friend *Pliable* on their setting out); and particularly points out the little wicket-gate, which he recognizes for the one described by our Lord, as being so strait, that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter in thereat.<sup>3</sup> "*Homme vestu n'y pouvait passer.*" He then bethinks himself that a *staff* and a *scrip* will be necessary for his journey, like those in the hands of the pilgrims he sees before him on his way. Anxious to supply himself with them, *he rushes out of his house, weeping and lamenting* to know how he shall obtain them in the manner *Christian* is described as doing, when he left home and made as if he would run. "I dreamed," says Bunyan, "and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, &c. I looked, and saw him open the book and read therein; and as he read *he wept and trembled*, &c." His prototype thus introduces his pilgrim:—<sup>c</sup>

Lors men yff de ma maison<sup>d</sup>

\* \* \* \*

*Bourdon* commancay a querir

Et *escharpe* qui neceffaire

Mestoit a ce quauoye a faire

¶ Ainsi comment querant aloye

Et *en pleurant me guermentoye*

Ou ce *bourdon* peusse trouuer

Et celle *escarpe* pour porter<sup>3</sup>

Une dame de grant beaulte

Et de *tresgrant nobilite*<sup>4</sup>

Je rencontray droit en ma voye

De qui au cueur me vint grant ioye

Fille sembloit dun empereur

Dun roy ou dun *tresgrant seigneur*

Vestement auoir dor batu

Et cincte estoit dun verd tiffu

Qui tout au long ce me sembloit

<sup>1</sup> In Bunyan.

<sup>2</sup> The texts referred to in the margin are those given by De Guileville in *his* marginal references. Extracts from the MSS. descriptive of the Holy City, &c. will be found in the Appendix.

<sup>3</sup> See Woodcut I.

<sup>4</sup> *Christian* describes *Evangelist* as "a man that appeared to me to be a very great and honourable person."

<sup>a</sup> Rev. xxi. 2—9.<sup>2</sup>  
Heb. xi. 10, 33  
—39.

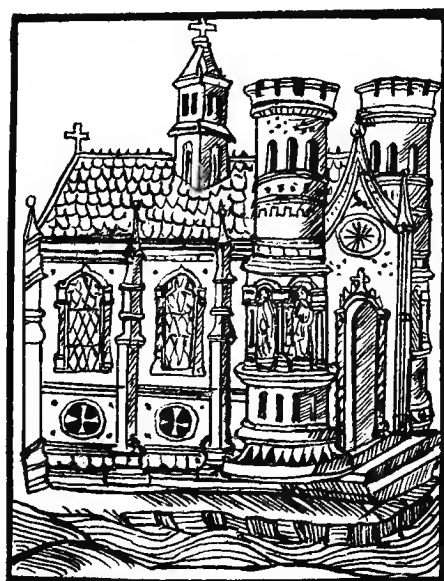
<sup>b</sup> Matt. xi. 12;  
xix. 24; v. 3.  
Ecclef. v. 15.

<sup>c</sup> f. 3, b. Appen-  
dix, f. iv. "And  
I roos vp."

<sup>d</sup> Ecclef. xiv. 8.  
Baruch v. 2.



I



II



Le parrain du pelerin

III



Le ioumencel et ioumencelle

IV



De charbocles feme estoit  
 Sur le fein auoit ung fermail  
 Dor fin et deffus vng esmail  
 Sur lequel vng estoille auoit  
 Qui grant clarte par tout rendoit  
 Ung coulon lui yffoit du fain  
 Quelle applanoit sur sa main  
 Son chef dor couronne estoit <sup>a</sup>  
 Et tout en entour lenuironnoit  
 Grant foison destoilles luisans  
 Moult fut certes cil bien puiffans  
 Qui telle lui auoit donnee  
 Et qui ainfi lauoit paree  
 Moult courtoise et de douce chere <sup>b</sup>  
 Me fut grandement car premiere  
 Me saulua en demandant  
 Pourquoi nauoie meilleur semblant <sup>1</sup>  
 Et pour quel cause ie pleuroye  
 Et saucune defaulte auoie

<sup>a</sup> Ezek. xvi. 12.

<sup>b</sup> Song of Sol. iv. 3.

Adonc ie fuz comme surpris  
 Pource que pas nauoye apris  
 Que dame de si grant atour  
 Daignast vers moy faire vng feul tour <sup>c</sup>  
 Fors et seullement pour autant  
 Que cil qui a bonte plus grant  
 Plus a en foy dhumilite  
 Grant douceur et benigne  
 Car plus a le pommier de pommes  
 Plus bas fencline vers les hommes  
 Et ne scay figne de bonte  
 Si grant comme est humilite  
 Qui ne porte ceste baniere  
 Na vertu ne bonte entiere

<sup>c</sup> Ecclef. iii. 18.

The same gracious salutation is made by *Evangelist* to *Christian* whilst he is weeping. "I looked then," says Bunyan, "and saw a man named *Evangelist* coming to him, who asked, 'Wherefore dost thou cry?' 'Because I fear,' replies *Christian*, 'that *this burden* that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet.'"

A similar reply is made by De Guileville's pilgrim (taken by De Guileville from

<sup>1</sup> Being, like *Christian*, in a bad plight.

## Le Pelerinage de l'Homme

Ephesians iv. 17—24; for he, like Bunyan, built his poem on the Scriptures, and quoted his texts in the margin), who complains to *Gracedieu* when he feels that the burden of his sins and the weight of his body prevent him from rising to the skies:—

<sup>a</sup> f. 39, b. Appendix, f. v.  
"Certys quoth I."

A larmoyer et a plorer<sup>a</sup>  
Commencay et a soupirer  
A dire helas . . . .  
Adonc me dist grace quas tu  
Pourquoy te desconfortes tu  
Certes dis je pource je pleure  
Car de present en moins dune heure  
Jay perdu trestoute ma joye

\* \* \* \*

Ainsi comme ung cinge acroche  
A ung bloqueau et atache  
Lequel en hault ne peut monter  
Que tost ne faille reualer  
Ainsi *mest ung bloquel pesant*<sup>1</sup>  
Le corps et ung retenail grant  
Il me rabat quant vueil voler  
Et retire quant vueil monter<sup>b</sup>

\* \* \* \*

Le corps corrompu et pesant  
Griefue lame et opprime tant  
Que la tient en chetiuoison  
Et luy fait perdre sa saison  
Par quoy merueille ce nest pas  
Sen plorant je dy dieux helas  
*Desconforte moult grandement*  
*Je suis et doy estre dolent*

<sup>b</sup> Eph. iv. 17—24.

The Pilgrim having said to *Gracedieu* that he is in search of the heavenly city, which he had had a fight of in a glass, but that his grief was he had no means of getting thither, she replies, if his search be sincere, she will be his guide; having been sent into that country by the Lord of the way to guide halt and lame, but willing pilgrims in the way of salvation, to relieve the fallen, to support the lame, to strengthen the doubtful, and to open the eyes of the blind. *Gracedieu* then proceeds to warn him that he is going to travel through a country beset with difficulties, trials, enemies, and adversities; and, as he will doubtless often be in trouble and stand in need of help, he must always call upon her.

<sup>c</sup> f. 4, Appendix, f. vi. "To pylogrymes."  
John i. 9.  
2 Sam. xxii. 7.  
Titus ii. 11.

Je suis celle que tu dois querre<sup>c</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This *bloquel pesant* is the burden on the back of *Christian*.

Quant tu vas en estrange terre  
Jenlumine les non voyans  
Et donne force aux recreans  
Je relieue les trebuchiez  
Et radrece les foruoyez  
Je suis *grace dieu* appelle  
Par le coulou blanc defignee

She bids him keep in view the straight and only entrance,<sup>1</sup> that wicket-gate, which none ever entered till they had put of their own clothing<sup>2</sup>—that is, *mortality*; and then only by her grace and favour.

The Pilgrim humbly thanks her, and prays that she will guide and support him on his journey. *Gracedieu* then kindly leads him towards her house—a magnificent building, which had been founded 1330 years ago.

Lors elle me prist en celle heure<sup>a</sup>  
Et tost me mena fans demeure  
Vers une maison quelle auoit  
Qui sienne estoit comme disoit  
Et la me dist que troueroie  
Tout ce de quoy mestier auroie  
Laquel maison auoit fundee  
Selon son dit et maffonnee  
Treize cens et trente ans auoit  
Comme bien lui en fouuenoit  
¶ Ceste maison volentiers vy  
Et a la veoir fuz esbay  
Car toute en hault en lair pendoit  
Et entre terre et ciel estoit  
Tout ainfi que sel fust venue  
Du ciel haultain est descendue  
Il y auoit clochiers et tours  
Et moult estoient beaulx ses atours  
Ainsi comme fust vng lieu royal  
Et sur tous autres principal<sup>b</sup>  
Deuant vne riuere auoit  
Ou passaige ne nef nauoit

a "Tho hyr lyft."  
Appendix, f. vi.  
Psalme cxii. 3.

b Ecclus. xxvi.  
16.

This is the *church* of Christ, for the expounding of the Scriptures; it is, in fact, the

<sup>1</sup> As *Evangelist* says to *Christian*, "Keep that light in your eye."

<sup>2</sup> Bunyan says, "They had left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them."

*Interpreter's house* of Bunyan. But the Pilgrim is alarmed at finding himself stopped by a stream without bridge or ferry, and *desponds*.<sup>1</sup>

"Dolent en fu et fort pleuroie."

This stream, in De Guileville's dream, represents the water of baptism<sup>2</sup> at the entrance to the church, but is transformed by Bunyan (agreeably to his views) into the Slough of Despond, the duration of which he gives as 'above these sixteen hundred years'—the age of the Christian church in *his* time.

*Gracedieu* expostulates with the Pilgrim on his want of firmness before so small an obstacle, when he has so many greater waters to pass through before arriving at the celestial city. He then inquires why it should be necessary to bathe in this water? To which she replies, that, as sin came into the world, it is necessary to be cleansed from it—that water is an emblem of purification, and that a *King* has passed through this Jordan. Then a person appears who *helps* him out to the other side,<sup>3</sup> and, being purified, he is admitted into the house of Grace. Here a number of pilgrims are assembled, and Moses—or the *Law*, the *Legality* of Bunyan—in despite of *Gracedieu*,<sup>4</sup> who reproves him, offers them many things for their relief on the journey—such as ointments for curing their wounds after their conflicts with their enemies.

Moses is succeeded by personifications<sup>5</sup> of *Reason* or *Prudence*, and *Nature*, corresponding to *Worldly-wise-man* in Bunyan, who is '*obstinate*'<sup>6</sup> and railing. These are followed by *Sapience* or *Discretion*, by *Repentance* or *Piety*, and by *Charity*<sup>7</sup> or *Love*; the latter presenting to her auditory the last Will and Testament of Him who, for love of mankind, died upon *the Cross*; which runs thus:—

"I, who am the way, the truth, and the life, make this my last *testament*, and voluntarily bequeath my soul to my Father, to be in his safe keeping, whilst I descend into hell to release those who love me. My body I bequeath to be interred in the *sepulchre* Joseph has made, and to the pilgrims who keep in the right way, in order that they may be nourished by it, and helped on their way. My heart I leave to those who love and keep my commandments. To John I leave the care of my mother, and my blood I leave for the *salvation* of all those who had compassion on me."

A *cross* is here represented with the letters *P A X*, at the angles.

Ces trois lettres font assauroir<sup>b</sup>  
Qua trois choses doit auoir paix  
Icelluy a qui est laiffe  
Ce beau ioyel et octroye

<sup>a</sup> John xiv. 6, 21.  
<sup>1</sup> Cor. xi. 24.  
John xix. 27.  
Matt. xxvi. 28.

<sup>b</sup> f. 18. Appendix, f. xx. "And evermore."  
John xiv. 27.  
2 Cor. xiii. 11.

<sup>1</sup> *Christian* also *desponds* at the sight of the lions, and thought of going back, till *Watchful*, the porter, cried unto him, saying, "Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained."

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcuts II. and III.; and cf. the account of *Baptism*, Appendix, f. vii.

<sup>3</sup> As *Help* comes to the assistance of *Christian* at the Slough of Despond.

<sup>4</sup> "Law and Grace" is a favourite work of Bunyan's.

<sup>5</sup> See Woodcuts V. VI. VII. and VIII.; Appendix, f. xi—xx.

<sup>6</sup> *Obstinate* accompanies *Christian* and *Pliable* over the plains, and rails at them both.

<sup>7</sup> *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Prudence*, and *Charity* inhabit the palace called Beautiful, and entertain *Christian*.





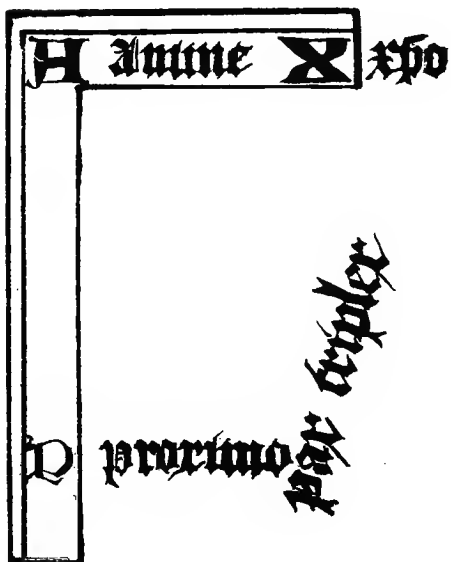
V



VI



VII



VIII



Ceſt que premierement en hault  
 Du X eſt mis en eſchauffaut  
 Par qui ie ſuis ſignifie  
 Briefuement et en ſobriete  
 Il doit auoir parfaicte paix <sup>a</sup>  
 En tel maniere que tous faiz  
 Commis et faiz oultre mon gre  
 Si ſoient reſtraints et amende  
 Apres en langlet bas affis  
 Du A eſt colloque et mis  
 Par qui lame de foy entent  
 Doit auoir paix entierement <sup>b</sup>  
 A celle fin que point ny morde  
 Sindereſis ne ne remorde  
 Apres encor a ſon prochain  
 Qui par le P mis primerain  
 Eſt entendu doit paix auoir  
 A quoy le doit moult eſmouuoir  
 Le meſme degre ou il eſt  
 Car point plus hault ne plus pas neſt  
 Tous deux en vng degre les mis <sup>c</sup>  
 Quant au commencement les fis  
 Tous ſont mortelz et lun et lautre  
 Vers et fiens eſt lun ſi eſt lautre  
 Rien ny vault cueur felon ne fier  
 Ne riens orgueil ne riens danger  
 Tous paſſeront par *vng pertuis* <sup>d</sup>  
 Groz et menuz grans et petis  
 Or facent tant que ce ioyel <sup>e</sup>  
 Ne perdent pas par leur orgueil  
 A ſon prouchain chaſcun ait paix  
 Si ſera le patron parfaiz  
 Tel que doit eſtre par raiſon  
 Ceſt vng *ſeing* de tabellion <sup>f</sup>  
 Duquel doiuent eſtre ſignez  
*Tous bons teſtamens* et marquez  
 Et *de ce ſeing* publicquement  
 Ay ie ce preſent teſtament  
*Signe et tabellionne*  
 Puis que lent eſcript charite  
*Paix ay donne a toute gent*  
 Or la garde chaſcun deuement

<sup>a</sup> Rom. xiv. 17.

<sup>b</sup> Pfalm lv. 18.

<sup>c</sup> Heb. xii. 14.

<sup>d</sup> Strait gate.

<sup>e</sup> Rom. xii. 18.

<sup>f</sup> Seal of engroſſ-  
ment.

"Now I saw in my dream," says Bunyan, "that the highway, up which *Christian* was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called *Salvation*. Up this way did burdened *Christian* run till he came to a place on which stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a *sepulchre*; and, just as he came up with the cross, his burden loosed from his shoulders, and fell from his back into the mouth of the sepulchre. Then was *Christian* glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, 'He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death.'"

And it is here that *Christian* sees the 'three shining ones,' who saluted him with "Peace be to thee;" and the first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee" (here is peace and pardon); the second stripped him of his rags; and the third set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll (the above *testament*) with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the *celestial gate*.

In the dream of De Guileville, as soon as *Charity* had made an end of her oration, many of the pilgrims appeared very desirous of accepting her proffered conditions, and addressed themselves first to her, and afterwards to *Repentance*. But he also perceived many unfortunate ones amongst them, who, secretly concealing themselves from the eye of *Charity*, and eluding the observation of *Repentance*, addressed themselves exclusively to *Moses* for relief, to whom he granted it without exception. But it happened ill for them; for, as soon as they had left him, they looked as if they had come out of a *miry slough*,

"Yffys du bourbier ou dun noir sac a charbonnier;"

like *Pliable*, 'bedaubed with dirt,' or had been 'dipped into a sack of charcoal.' They were black, filthy, vile, says De Guileville—*enbordiz et encore tous familleux*; but when they were tired of this relief they returned trembling, and begging to accompany the other pilgrims. So *Christian*, after having 'turned out of his way, to go to *Mr. Legality's* house for help,' from his brethren, stands trembling before *Evangelist*; and Bunyan, from his familiar knowledge and love of Scripture, from the resources of his genius, and his acquaintance with the human heart, has wrought out a striking picture of the insufficiency of the law to take off the burden of sin. Hence, when *Evangelist* meets *Christian*, and shows him that no man can be justified by the deeds of the Law, that *Mr. Legality* was a cheat, &c. *Christian*, like the trembling pilgrims, falls down at *Evangelist's* feet as dead, and prays to be put again into the right way.

The monk of Chaliz afterwards introduces a long allegorical description of the Eucharist, and the Pilgrim expresses a wish to be furnished with some of this spiritual provision, to support him on his journey, and eagerly desires to proceed. *Gracedieu* replies, that she has everything necessary for him, and for his journey, in her palace;<sup>1</sup> but that he must wait, before he sets out, until she has shown him the curiosities contained therein, or, as Bunyan has it, 'the rarities of the place;' and that afterwards he shall receive a staff and a scrip, with provisions to put into the latter. She then leads him into a cabinet, where she points out to him a great collection of precious jewels;

<sup>1</sup> The Church, or House of the Interpreter.





IX



X



XI



XII

(and here Bunyan must have revelled in allegory to his heart's content, for every article is described with the same mystic and symbolic precision as in Durand's "Rationale of the Church.") The first things shown to him are the scrip and staff, which *Gracedieu* takes out of a casket of curious workmanship. The scrip, or scarf, is made of green silk, with fringe of the same colour sprinkled with *scarlet* spots, like gouts of blood.

"These,"<sup>a</sup> said *Gracedieu*, "are things necessary for thy journey: look well to them, for thou wilt stand in need of them. The name of the scrip is *faith*, and in it thou wilt carry thy provisions; and if thou wouldst know more of its virtues, consult the prophet Habakkuk, and St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chap. x. where thou wilt learn that the just indeed *live by faith*."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>a</sup> f. 23, b. App. f. xxi. "Thys lady goodly."

¶ Voy cy lescharpe et le bourdon  
Que promis tay ie ten foiz don  
Mestier tauront en ce voyage  
Garde les si feras que faige  
Lescharpe si est foy nommee  
Sans laquelle nulle iournee  
Tu ne feras ia qui rien vaille  
Car tout ton pain et ta vitaille  
Doys en tous temps dedans auoir<sup>b</sup>  
Et se tu veulx cecy fauoir  
Par autre dit que par le myen  
Saint paul ten informera bien  
Qui racompte quil est escript  
Que iuste de lescharpe vit<sup>c</sup>  
Lequel mot en abacuh prift  
Qui ou fecond chapitel gift  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Le sang esmeut et achoisonne<sup>d</sup>  
De prendre cueur et faire ainsi<sup>e</sup>  
Que les glorieulx martirs qui  
Trop mieulx amerent a respandre  
Leur sang pour leur foy fort deffendre<sup>f</sup>  
Quaucunement leur feust ostee  
Pour sa vertu quaauoient goustee

<sup>b</sup> Rom. x. 4—6.

<sup>c</sup> Hab. ii. 4.  
Rom. i. 17.

<sup>d</sup> f. xxiii. b.

<sup>e</sup> Heb. xi. 33.

<sup>f</sup> Eph. ii. 8.

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut IX.

*Gracedieu* further enlarges on the *scrip* by saying, "It is true that in olden time these scrips were plain and simple in their form, and without these emblems; for then it sufficed that faith should be pure and holy. But since many errors and heresies have crept in, and each foolishly would believe of his own fashion, (some being *Arians*, some *Pelagians*, and others such as I will not name,) it became necessary to establish a unity of belief, and these twelve clochettes will serve to keep thy faith awake."

Bunyan tells us that the shepherds, from the top of *Mount Error*, showed the pilgrims the bodies of *Hymeneus* and *Philetus* dashed to pieces at the foot of the hill.

Cest pour te donner exemplaire  
 Que se tu trouues qui soustraire  
 La te vueille point ne oster  
 Auant occire et decouper  
 Te laisses plus tost que ten voyes  
 Defcharpey car trop y perdroies

This allocution of *Gracedieu* to the Pilgrim, with an allusion to the 'glorious martyrs,' as an example for him to follow, corresponds with the exhortation of *Evangelist* to *Christian* and *Faithful*, before they arrive at the town of *Vanity*:—

"My sons, you have heard, in the words of the truth of the gospel, 'that you must, through many tribulations, enter into the kingdom of heaven;' and again, that 'in every city bonds and afflictions abide you:' and, therefore, you cannot expect that you should go long on your pilgrimage without them, in some sort or other. You have found something of the truth of these testimonies upon you already, and more will immediately follow; for now, as you see, you are almost out of this wilderness, and, therefore, you will soon come to a town, that you will, by-and-by, see before you; and in that town you will be hardly beset with enemies, who will strain hard that they may kill you: and be you sure, that one or both of you must seal the testimony, which you hold, *with blood*: but 'be you *faithful* unto death, and the King will give you a crown of life.' He that shall die there, although his death will be unnatural, *and his pain, perhaps, great*, he will yet have the better of his fellow; not only because he will be arrived at the Celestial City sooneft, but because he will escape many miseries that the other will meet with on his journey. But when you are come to the town, and shall find fulfilled what I have here related, then remember your friend, and '*quit yourselves like men!*'"<sup>1</sup> The same counfel is given by *Gracedieu* in the above passage to the

<sup>1</sup> Ridley thus addresses Latimer at the stake:—

"Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it."

"And now *the chariot of fire*, which was to transport the martyrs to glory, began to be illuminated. A blazing faggot was placed at Ridley's feet, upon which Latimer addressed him, with a degree of composure which passes all understanding, in those memorable words of almost prophetic import:—"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, *and play the man*; we shall this day light such a candle in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'"—*Lives of Eminent Christians* by the Rev. R. B. HONE.

Similarly, in a stanza under the woodcut of the trial of *Faithful* in the 33rd edition, (see plate f. 33), Bunyan writes:—

"Now Faithful, *play the Man*, speak for thy God;  
 Fear not the wicked's malice, nor their rod:  
 Speak boldly, man, the truth is on thy side,  
 Die for it, and to life in triumph ride."

Again, Bp. Ridley says to Latimer in prison:—

"Hitherto, you see, good father, how I have, in words only, made (as it were) a flourish before the fight which I shortly look after; and how I have begun to prepare certain kinds of weapons to fight against the adversaries of Christ; and to muse with myself how *the darts of the old enemy* may be borne



*Pilgrim*, and she says that he is to serve as an example, and to suffer himself rather to be killed and cut in pieces, than lose his scrip, or his faith. And this counsel is followed by the fellow-traveller of *Christian*, when he is condemned, in the town of *Vanity*, "to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented. They, therefore, brought him out to do with him according to their law: and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake!" Thus came *Faithful* to his end.

"Now," continues Bunyan, "I saw in my dream that *Christian* went not forth (from the town of *Vanity*) alone; for there was one whose name was *Hopeful*, who joined himself unto him; and entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his companion. Thus one died to make testimony to the truth, and another rises out of his ashes to be a companion with *Christian*."

In like manner, the second companion of De Guileville's *Pèlerin*, given to him by *Gracedieu*, is the Pilgrim's staff, whose name is *Hope*; on which she bids him lean with confidence, telling him it will sustain him in all slippery places.

This staff is light, strong, and straight, and is made of Shittim wood, which is imperishable; and on the top is reflected the whole country, as far as the Celestial City itself—the whole illuminated by a brilliant carbuncle.

Or entens bien de ce bourdon<sup>a</sup>  
 Qui est bon en toute saison  
 Car trebucher ne peut celluy  
 Qui fermement s'appuye a lui  
 A lui appuyer te deuras  
 A tous maux pas ou tu iras  
*Esperance* le dois nommer

\* \* \* \*

Le hault pommel est *Jesu Crist*<sup>b</sup>  
 Qui est comme la lectre dit  
 Ung miroer du tout sans taiche  
 La ou chascun peut voir sa face  
 Ou tout le monde se mirer  
 Doit toujours . . . .

<sup>a</sup> f. 27. App. f. xxii. "But fyrst tak."  
 Gen. xxxii. 10.  
 Prov. xxiii. 17, 18.

<sup>b</sup> John xii. 16.  
 Wisdom vii. 26.

The Pilgrim now proposes to proceed on his journey; but he is told by *Gracedieu* that he must first be armed at all points, in order that he may be proof against the many

off, and after what sort I may smite him again with the sword of the Spirit. I learn also hereby to be in use with armour, and to essay how I can go armed."

This language may be compared with *Christian's* fight with *Apollyon*, and many of the expressions of these two martyrs remind us of *Christian* and *Faithful* in the "Pilgrim's Progress," and show us also how intimate Bunyan was with Fox's "Book of Martyrs."

<sup>a</sup> Isaiah xi. 5.  
Luke xii. 35.

<sup>b</sup> f. 30, b. App.  
f. xxiii. "Come  
ner."  
<sup>1</sup> Kings xxii. 30.  
Numbers xxxii.  
29  
Zech. viii. 9.

<sup>c</sup> Rom. vi. 13;  
viii. 18.  
Heb. x. 36; xi.  
34.  
Rev. ii. 11; xiii.  
10.

<sup>d</sup> f. 31.

<sup>e</sup> Isaiah liii. 7.

<sup>f</sup> Psalm cxxix. 3.

dangers which he will meet with by the way. She puts on him the girdle of *Righteousness*,<sup>a</sup> to keep him in the path of rectitude and temperance; and also furnishes him with a writing, or scroll,<sup>1</sup> (containing the *credo* written in Latin rhymes,) which she enjoins him to consult to take the film from his eyes.

We now come to the prototype of the armoury contained in the 'stately palace called *Beautiful*,' which Bunyan thus describes:—"The next day they had him into the armoury, where they showed him all manner of furniture, which the Lord had provided for pilgrims—as sword, shield, helmet, breast-plate, all-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here *enough* of this *to harness out as many men*, for the service of their Lord, as there be stars in the heaven for multitude." Armour<sup>2</sup> of precisely the same description is earnestly recommended by *Gracedieu* to the Pilgrim.

Or regarde dist-elle hault<sup>b</sup>  
A ceste perche fil te fault  
Pour chercher armes loing aller  
Assez en voys pour bien tarmer  
La sont heaulmes et gambefons  
Gorgerettes et haubergeons  
Targes et *quantque* faillir peut  
*A cil quil deffendre se veult*

She first presents to him a '*gambeson*' or coat of mail called *Patience*, saying, "This was wrought by the great armourer above, who, without tools, created the sun and starry host; it is of such excellent temper that it will be proof against all kinds of adversity and tribulation, and will withstand to the death. It was worn by our Lord on the Cross—by holy martyrs since—and will resist, like an anvil, all the strokes of thine enemies."<sup>c</sup>

Ce gambezon vestit iesus<sup>d</sup>  
Quant pour toy fut en croix pendus  
Sur luy fut poinctoye et poinct  
Et mesurey a son droict poinct  
Tout souffrit et tout endura<sup>e</sup>  
Nul mot ne dist ne ne sonna  
Enclume se monstra et fu  
A chascun coup dont fut feru  
Et lors fut sur luy monnoyee  
Ta rançon batue et forgee  
Deffus son doz la monnoyerent<sup>f</sup>  
Les crueulx feures et forgerent  
Par quoy tu doys bien supposer  
Puis que le roy sen vould armer

<sup>1</sup> *Christian's* roll, which he loses in the arbour.

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcut X.

Quil eſt bon et bien eſprouue  
Et grant loz eſt den eſtre arme

“ And now put on this helmet, which is *Temperance*, to defend the eyes from folly and vanity, the ears from murmurings and detraction, and the heart from evil imaginings. It is the helmet called, by St. Paul, the helmet of *Salvation*.”

¶ Le heaulme comme dois ſauoir <sup>a</sup>  
Eſt atemperance de veoir  
Deſcouter auſſi de odorer  
Chofes qui te puiſſent greuer  
Car ſicomme cœuure et reſtraint  
Le heaulme tes ſens et reſtraint  
Tout ainſſi atrempance fert  
*De garder loeil* que trop ouuert  
Ne ſoit ne trop abandonne  
*A folye et a vanite*  
Car ſe loeilliere aſſez neſtoit  
Eſtroicte entrer dedans pourroit  
Telle *ſagete* <sup>b</sup> qui occire  
Pourroit (the arrows of Satan.)

“ This ‘*gorgette*’ is called *Sobriety*,<sup>c</sup> which is akin to *Temperance*, and is to prevent gluttony. Theſe gauntlets<sup>d</sup> are the third part of *Temperance*, and their name is *Continence*: therefore, take example of St. Bernard. So be ſure to arm thyſelf carefully, as did formerly *Saint Guillaume*, Abbot of Chaliſ, who knew how to faſt even at a feaſt.<sup>1</sup>

“ But the beſt weapon of all is this ſword, for if thou haſt no other armour this would ſuffice.” Its name is *Juſtice*, (Righteouſneſs,) and a better blade was never forged or girded on the loins—and it far exceeds thoſe of an Ogier, a Rowland, or an Oliver.”

Par ſon nom *iuſtice* elle eſt diète<sup>e</sup>  
Entre les autres plus eſlite  
Et la meilleur quonques ceignift  
Roi ne conte ne ne teniſt  
Ducquee ne fut leſpee *ogier*  
Celle de *roland noliuier*  
Si vertueuſe ne puiſſant  
Si noble ne ſi excellent

“ This ſword thou muſt wear to defend thyſelf againſt thoſe who attack thee, and againſt thy hidden enemies in particular—for there is nothing worſe, or more perilous, than a concealed foe. And here, alſo, is the ſcabbard, the true name of

<sup>a</sup> f. 32. App. f. xxiii. “Thys helm.”  
Iſaiah lix. 17.  
Eph. vi. 14—17.  
Prov. iv. 23.  
Pſalm xxxv. 2;  
cxix. 37.  
Job xl. 24.

<sup>b</sup> Dart.

<sup>c</sup> 1 Pet. v. 8.  
Wiſdom ix. 11.

<sup>d</sup> Pſal. cxliv. 1.  
James iv. 8.

<sup>e</sup> Ezek. xxxviii.  
4.  
Pſalm xxxv. 27.  
Prov. x. 2.  
1 Mac. iii. 3,  
58.  
Eccluf. xiii. 13.

<sup>f</sup> f. 32, b. App. f. xxiii. “Take a ſwerd.”

<sup>1</sup> De Guilleville’s object in adding this laſt paragraph ſeems to be to introduce the names of St. Bernard and St. Guillaume, the former as the founder of his monaſtery, the latter, probably, as his anceſtor.

<sup>a</sup> John xviii. 11.  
Pl. cxxxvi. 23,  
24.  
Luke xviii. 10.

<sup>b</sup> Prov. xxxi. 17.  
Joshua xiv. 11.  
Song of Sol. iv.  
4.

<sup>c</sup> 1 Kings iv. 29;  
xi. 4.  
Prov. ix. 6.

<sup>d</sup> 2 Cor. vi. 7.  
Hab. iii. 19.  
1 Pet. ii. 5; iv.  
12.  
Rom. xii. 16.  
Gen. viii. 21.

<sup>e</sup> 1 Sam. xvii.  
38—50.

which is *Humility*, for it must conceal thy *justice* or *vengeance*.<sup>a</sup> Remember the *Publican* and the *Pharisee*. The name of the girdle is *Perseverance*, and of the buckle, *Constancy*, &c. But forget not the shield<sup>b</sup>—for without this no one can defend himself well—it serves to protect both the warrior and his arms. The name of this is '*Prudence*,' (Wisdom or Understanding,) and it was once worn by King Solomon; but when he lost it he lost his honour along with it, and, in comparison with it, all his other golden shields<sup>c</sup> were not worth a red herring:—

(Toutes ses autres targes dor  
Et ses escus ung haren for  
Des onques puis ne luy valurent.)

"And now," continues *Gracedieu*, "it is time to arm." So the Pilgrim proceeds to accoutre himself; but when he is panoplied<sup>d</sup> he complains that the armour is too heavy for him, pleads his ignorance of the use of arms, and implores her to allow him to follow the example of David, who found himself obliged to put off the armour he had essayed to wear before going to combat the Philistine. She consents: but warns him that he has not, like David, the courage to encounter the enemy armed only with his staff and five stones in a scrip.<sup>e</sup>

*Gracedieu* then leaves the Pilgrim, and, in her absence, he sorely laments his having refused her good counsel. During his lamentations she returns, and, severely rebuking him for his want of energy, when there is no enemy to combat, she presents him with the identical pebbles that David had in his scrip when he fought against Goliath.<sup>1</sup>

In Bunyan's narrative, the damsels of the Palace called *Beautiful* "showed *Christian* some of the engines with which some of the Lord's servants had done wonderful things. They showed him Moses' rod; the hammer and nails with which Jael slew Sisera; the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps, too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian. Then they showed him the ox's goad, wherewith Shamgar slew six hundred men. They showed him also the jaw-bone with which Samson did such mighty feats. They showed him, moreover, the *sling and stone with which David slew Goliath of Gath*."

Bunyan shows these treasures to *Christian*, but wisely prefers sending him on his pilgrimage armed at all points. De Guilleville allows his pilgrim to go forth armed merely, like David, with a shepherd's sling; and then, by a less happy allegory, furnishes him with an attendant, (called *Memory*),<sup>2</sup> who is to carry and produce the armour which he had refused to wear, whenever he found himself in the presence of an enemy.

Having thus provided him with the necessary means of defence, she tells him it is now time to apply himself to his journey, as soon as he has stored his scrip with a

<sup>1</sup> The 1st stone, called "Memoire de la mort Jesu," is "un Rubiz."

2nd. "Remembrance de la Dame, une pierre blanche, La *Blancheur*."

3rd. "Sainte eternelle Gloire, un *Saphir* azure."

4th. "Memoire du feu d'Enfer, Abeſton, couleur de fer."

5th. "La Sainte Eſcripture, qui en ſoi a telle verdure. Cest une *esmerauld* moult fine."

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcut XI. Appendix, f. xxiii.

supply of the bread (of life) necessary for his support during his long journey, and then accompanies him on the way, giving him good counsel on the best mode of defence against his enemies, and bids him be of good courage.

Gracedieu also exhorts the Pilgrim to be vigilant, and constantly on his guard against an enemy of which he seems to be the least aware, though he carries that enemy about with him—that is, his own carnal desires. She also explains to him the conflict, which never ends, between the flesh and the spirit—shows him the best means of combatting the carnal will by fasting and prayer, and counsels him, with the Apostle, to take upon himself the whole armour of God, that he may be able to withstand in the evil day. Thus she exhorts him to *perseverance* in the great struggle; and to impress this more powerfully on his mind, she calls his attention to an ant-hill which lies in their path, and shows him (as the *Interpreter* does in the Pilgrim's Progress) that, like the persevering ant, which rolls, again and again, down the slippery sand-hill, but, ultimately, attains her object, so he, by struggling against temptations, will conquer, if he will only persevere: whilst, to the indolent, the wise man says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and learn wisdom."<sup>1</sup>

Bunyan says:—"Then *Christian* began to go forward; but *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Charity*, and *Prudence*, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. Then said *Christian*, 'As it was difficult coming up, so, so far as I can see, it is dangerous going down.' 'Yes,' said *Prudence*, 'so it is; for it is a hard thing for a man to go down into the valley of *Humiliation*, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore,' said they, 'are we come out to accompany thee down the hill.' So he began to go down, but very warily, yet he caught a slip or two.

"Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when *Christian* was gone down to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

"But now (in this valley of *Humiliation*) poor *Christian* was hard put to it, for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is *Apollyon*. . . . Then *Apollyon* said, Prepare thyself to die; for I swear, by my infernal den (he speaks as the fiend of hell of Wicliff), thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul; and with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but *Christian* caught it on his shield. Then did *Christian* draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him, (that is, to assail the enemy, as Wicliff says;) and *Apollyon* as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail!"

Wicliff, who, doubtless, was a favourite author of Bunyan's, has also left us, in a tract entitled "The Lantern of Light," a description of an armoury, the phraseology of which seems likely to have suggested many of the peculiar expressions which occur in the description of *Christian's* battle with *Apollyon*.

"Peace-makers in Christ's Church move men to the rest that Christ promised to his

<sup>1</sup> "Whilst *Christian*," says Bunyan, "was sleeping in the harbour, one comes and awakes him, saying, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise.'"

disciples when He was here among them, John xi. 4. Christ hath left among us peace, that we should love together, hating sin and loving virtue; for thus He loved us. For there is no charity unless sin be hated and plucked up by the roots, in us and all others.

"These *peace-makers* stand armed at all pieces, for dread of their enemies, in the armour of Jesus Christ, that Paul teaches, Eph. vi. Six armours, the Apostle rehearſes, that arm the ſoul, five to defend, the ſixth to *aſſail*. 1. A girdle of chaſtity, (truth.) Take up this girdle, that ye may ſtand perfect in the peace of your ſoul, againſt all fleſhly ſtirrings. 2. An habergeon of righteouſneſs that is thickly mailed, for falſehood ſhould not enter to grieve God or man, or diſturb this true peace. 3. Leg-harneſs, (*gambiere*), or ſhowing of affectionſ in the Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt, and then they are diſpoſed to make peace among men. Not as the world aſketh, but that they ſtand perfectly in all adverſity, with Chriſt and his Goſpel to the death-day. 4. A ſhield of faith. In this they ſhall quench *all the fiend's burning darts*, that are his temptations. Then may no deadly blow ſteal upon that man who hath the ſhield of true belief hanging on his heart. 5. A helm of health, (or helmet of ſalvation,) which is called truſty hope; for it bears off *the ſtrokes the fiend throws at man's ſoul*, with pitileſs *gins*; the one is obſtination, or hardneſs of heart; the other is deſperation, or *wanhope*. But whoſo hath the helm of hope, though ſtrokes light on him, they ſhall in no wiſe burſt his head-piece, or ſink into his ſoul. Therefore, he liveth peaceably in hope of God's mercy. 6. Is the ſword of the ſpirit, that is God's word. With this ſword Jeſus Chriſt *aſſailed the fiend of hell*, when Chriſt ſaid, 'Go, Satan;' and he fled *away*. For this ſword is full ſharp, and biteth on both ſides; it parteth, at a ſtroke, the ſoul from the body; and it parteth, in this life, virtue from ſin; and it ſhall part at doomsday the good from the evil. God give us grace to take this ſword, for all that take up this ſword, and ſtand in this armour, Chriſt, our Captain, bleſſeth them, and calleth them his children, Matt. v.: 'Bleſſed are the peace-makers, for they ſhall be called the ſons of God.' And Chriſt ſaith, 'Love ye your enemies, do ye well to them that hate you, and pray for your purſuers and your ſlanderers. That ye may be the ſons of your Father that is in heaven.'"

It may be obſerved that Wicliff's ſixth arm is one of *offence*; and it is with this "*two-edged ſword*" that *Chriſtian* (who had previously acted only on the *defenſive*) *aſſails*, wounds, and makes *Apollyon ſpread forth his dragon wings, and ſpeed himſelf away*.

Spencer alſo, in the expoſition of his "*Faerie Queene*," refers to the ſame Epiſtle as Wicliff:—

"A faire lady (*Una*) in mourning weedes, riding on a white aſſe, beſeeches the Faery Queene to aſſign her a knight for the deliverance of her parents; a perſon deſires the adventure; but the lady tells him, unleſs the armour ſhe has brought would ſerve him, (that is, the armour of a *Chriſtian* man, ſpecified by St. Paul, Eph. vi.,) that he could not ſucceed in the enterpriſe."

From this text, and the viſion of St. John in the Apocalypſe, are derived all the allegories of De Guileville, Wicliff, Spencer, &c.—down to Bunyan; and this flight



*Supereſt quod ſupraeſt.*



**A**DVE deceitfull worlde, thy pleasures I detest;  
Nowe, others with thy shoves delude, my hope in heaven doth rest

Inlarged as followeth.

**E**VEN as a flower, or like vnto the grasse,  
Which now dothe stande, and straight with sithe dothe fall,  
So is our state: now here, now hence wee passe,  
For, time attendes with shredding sithe for all.  
And deathe at lengthe, both oulde, and yonge dothe strike:  
And into dust dothe turne vs all alike.

Yet, if wee marke how swifte our race dothe runne,  
And waighe the cause, why wee created bee;  
Then shall wee knowe, when that this life is donne,  
Wee shall bee iure our countrie right to see

For here wee are but strauingers, that must flitte:  
The nearer home, the nearer to the pitte:

O happie they, that pondering this arighte  
Before that here their pilgrimage bee past  
Resigne this worlde: and marche with all their mighte  
Within that pathe, that leades where ioyes shall last.

And whilst they maye, there, treasure up their store,  
Where, without rust, it lastes for evermore.

This worlde must chaunge: That worlde shall still indure  
Here, pleasures fade: There, shall they endlesse bee;  
Here, man dothe sinne. And there, hee shall bee pure,  
Here, deathe hee tastes: And there, shall neuer die.

Here, hathe he grieve: And there shall ioyes possesse,  
As none hathe seene, nor anie harte can gesse.

Peregrinus  
Christianus  
Loquitur

Iacob 1.  
Ecclesiast. 14.  
Iaia 40.

2 Corinth. 5.

Via veritas  
vita.  
Ioan. 14.  
Matth. 6.

Apocal. 6.  
Apocal. 21.

1 Corinth. 15.  
Apocal. 21.  
1 Corinth. 2



introductory exposition of De Guileville's allegory will show that it contains sufficient *subject-matter*, as well as *personages*, to have suggested to Bunyan the outline, at least, of his own.

Mr. Montgomery (in his Introductory Essay to the Pilgrim's Progress) has suggested that a print in Geoffrey Whitney's book of Emblems, published in 1586, representing a Christian pilgrim spurning the world, may have given Bunyan his first idea of his Christian pilgrim.

We cannot doubt that the popular book of emblems were great favourites of his, and we here insert the facsimile of one, (with three small prints taken from an old edition of the Pilgrim's Progress,) which is sufficient of itself, to his inventive imagination and natural love of allegory, to have excited him to write the appalling details of the Christian's progress through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But a parallel still stronger may be found where perhaps it would be least expected, and that is in the "Valley Perilous" of Sir John Mandeville.—See his "*Voiage and Travaille to Hierusalem*," chap. 28.

"SPIRITALE XIANI MILITIS CERTAMEN."

The engraving of the Christian Warrior is one of those emblematic prints so constantly issued by the artists of the Low Countries at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. They were spread very generally over Europe by the book and printfellers of Holland and Germany; and it was no unusual thing for the English bookfellers to employ these copperplates or woodcuts to illustrate the works they published. Jerome Wierix, the designer of the present engraving, was born in 1548, and passed an industrious life in the production of a large number of engravings, remarkable as well for vigour of design as for extreme elaboration of finish. His Christian Warrior is here armed in accordance with the words of St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, (chap. 6,) and is surrounded by the various dangers and temptations which hinder his progress to the New Jerusalem, seen dimly in the distance. The Spirit of God hovers over him,<sup>1</sup> and he treads under foot the sins of the flesh;<sup>2</sup> beside his right arm, Christ, as the "corner-stone," has crushed the head of the Serpent. The World, arrayed in attractive garb, appears before him, holding in one hand a money-bag, in the other a

<sup>1</sup> The dove, the token of the Holy Spirit, hovers over the head of the *Christian*. So, in De Guileville, this token of love is often sent to relieve the "pelerin" by *Grace Dieu*—like the key *Christian* finds in his bosom to open the gate of *Doubting Castle*.

<sup>2</sup> Bunyan says, "One of the wicked ones got behind him, and, whispering, suggested grievous blasphemies to him."

*Diabolus* assaults him with flaming darts at his breast; but *Christian* had a shield in his hand with which he caught them. "Then," says Bunyan, "did *Christian* draw—for he saw it was time to bestir him."

The *World* is *Madame Bubble*, so truly described by *Standfast*. (2nd Pt. p. 165.)

The *Flesh* is *Madame Wanton*, (Bunyan, p. 82;) *Death* denotes the valley itself.

In these and other features of the Engraving there are many points of resemblance to Bunyan.

drinking-cup, whilst cards and dice are at her feet. Behind him the Devil aims his arrows, and in front Death prepares his scythe for the inevitable blow. In the background, and in advance of his path to the city of rest, Sin awaits to obstruct him, and remorselessly thrusts forth "the worm of conscience"<sup>1</sup> to his view. Between the different figures in this Plate are a great number of texts of Scripture taken from the Vulgate.

It has been already suggested<sup>2</sup> that, independently of De Guileville's writings, the works also of the author of "Piers Plowman's Vision,"<sup>3</sup> "Hampole's Pricke of Conscience," and similar old English poems, furnished to John Bunyan his idea of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is indeed natural to suppose that this was the case, not only from the method in which the latter author treats his subject generally, as, for instance, in the personification of the vices, &c. but also from the particular way in which he introduces it to the reader, under the similitude of a dream.

In order, however, to show how close this similitude is, it will perhaps be best to quote such passages from those earlier writings which bear most closely upon the point—and the reader will thus be enabled to judge for himself as to the extent to which Bunyan was indebted to his predecessors both for the "plot" and treatment of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The *Vision of Piers Plowman*, then, contains a series of visions, which the author imagines himself to have seen, while he was sleeping, after a long ramble on the Malvern hills in Worcestershire.

Than gan I to meten a marvelous sweuen  
That I was in wildernes wyf I never where  
As I beheld into the aste\* on highe to the sonne  
I saw a tower on a toft rychlych ymaked  
A *depe dale* beneth a dungeon therin  
With *depe diche* a darcke and dreadful of syght

\* \* \* \* \*

And thus I wente wide wher walkyng myn one<sup>b</sup>  
By *wilde wildernesse* and by a *wodes syde*  
Blisse of the briddes<sup>c</sup> *broughtte me a slepe*  
And undir a lynde upon a launde<sup>d</sup> lened I a stounde  
To lythe the layes the lovely fowles made

<sup>a</sup> East.

<sup>b</sup> Mine own self.

<sup>c</sup> Happy melody uttered by the birds.

<sup>d</sup> Reclining on an open plot of ground under a lime-tree.

<sup>1</sup> But why must they be thought to 'scape that feel  
Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel,  
Which conscience shakes?—*Creech's Juven.*

<sup>2</sup> See *supra*, p. 3.

<sup>3</sup> There has been some dispute as to who the author of *Piers Plowman's Vision* really was. On the whole, however, it appears almost certain that it was written by Robert Langland or Longland, a secular priest, who was born at Cledbury Mortimer, (co. Shropshire,) and was a fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. According to Bale he finished his book in 1369; and Wood says of him, "Robertus Langland, Johannes Malvernus nonnullis appellatur; fertur autem inter sui sæculi poetas maxime facetos excelluisse."—*Wood's Hist. and Antiq. Univ. Oxon.* l. 11, p. 107.



THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.



Mirthe of ire mouthes made me ther to ſlepe  
 The merveilous metets<sup>a</sup> me mette than  
 That ever dremyd wyghtte in world as I wene  
 A much<sup>b</sup> man as me thoughtte and lik to my ſilve  
 Com and callid me be my kinde name  
 What art thou coth I tho that thou my name knoweſt  
 That thou woſt wel coth he and no wyghtte better  
 Wot I what thou art *Thoughtte* ſeide he thanne  
 I have ſuwid<sup>c</sup> thee this ſevene yere ſey thou me no rather

<sup>a</sup> Dreams.

<sup>b</sup> Humble.

<sup>c</sup> Sought.

Similarly, in the 2nd Part of Pilgrim's Progreſs, Bunyan ſleeps and dreams in a wood—and he fancies an aged gentleman comes and enters into converſation with him, whoſe name is *Sagacity*.

Walter Mapes, who flouriſhed in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I., in his ſatire on the miſuſed learning and corrupt ſtate of the church, entitled “Apocalypſis Goliæ Epifcopi,” (Harl. Lib. No. 978,) fancies in his viſion, that, as he is *lying in a grove*, he ſees the form of *Pythagoras* ſtanding before him. In like manner, Dante ſees *Virgil*,—and De Guileville's Pilgrim ſees *Ovid*.

Again,—a tranſlation of Walter Mapes's *Apoc. Goliæ*, written about the year 1623, opens in a ſimilar manner to that of “Piers Plowman.”

When as the ſunnes hot lamp out of the *Bull*  
 Darted his burning beames unto the full  
 I tooke the way to a *woodes ſhady grove*  
 The gentle weſt winds favour for to prove  
 Juſt at the middle of a ſummers day  
 Under Joves tree as all along I lay  
*Pythagoras* his forme I ſaw ſtand by &c.

A ſimilar exordium precedes a poem which was exceedingly popular throughout the Middle Ages, from the tenth century downwards, entitled, “Debate of the Body and the Soul.”

Als I lay in a winteris nyt  
 In a dronkening before the day  
 Vor ſouth I ſau a ſelly ſyt  
 A lady on a bere lay

It may be remarked alſo, by the way, that a decided ſimilarity occurs between the preamble of Lydgate's *Temple of Glas* and Dante's *Inferno*.

*Me dyd oppreſſe a ſodayne dedely ſlepe*  
 Within the whiche methought that I was  
 Ravyſhed in ſpyrite into a Temple of Glas  
 I ne wyſt howe, ful ferre in wylderneſſe  
 That founded was all by lyyckelyneſſe

Not upon stile but on a craggy roche  
 Lyke yfe yfroze  
 Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
 Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

*I non so ben ridir, com' io v'entrai  
 Tant'era pien di sonno, &c. (Dante, Inferno.)*

In the midway of this our life below,  
 I found myself *within a gloomy wood*,—

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

*How first I enter'd it is hard to say,  
 In such deep slumber were my senses bound. (Wright's Transl.)*

The mention of Dante's *Inferno* will call to the recollection of the lovers of ancient English poetry the names of three of our northern middle-age poets, who have, in their *Dreams*, had similar *Visions*. The first of these was Richard Hampole, a doctor of divinity, better known as "the hermit of Hampole," who, about the year 1349, wrote his poem called "*The Prycke of Conscience*," divided into *seven* parts—the number of *Limbes* in Dante's *Inferno*, and of the deadly sins—in which he treats of *Death*, of *Judgment*, of the torments of *Hell*, and of the joys of *Heaven*; subjects often treated by both poets and painters under the title of the *Four Last Things*; or, as the Italians call the celebrated frescoes of *Orcagna*, in the Campo Santa of Pisa, the four *Novissima* or *Ultimamenti*.

Hampole, in his *Inferno*, gives a shuddering description of the torment of those he calls "the *syn-folke*," in that monkish legendary hell of fire and ice, described by Dante in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, and since adopted by our two greatest poets, Shakespeare and Milton. Thus Hampole's description is:—

The syn-folke schulleth as I haue afore y-told  
 Ffele outrageous hete and afterwards to much colde  
 Ffor now he schulleth *freoze* and now *brenne*  
 And so be pyyned that non schal other kenne  
 And also be ybyte with dragonnes felle and kene  
 The-whuche schulleth hem deftrye outrigte and clene  
 And with other vermyn and bestes felle  
 The whuche beothe nougt but fendes of helle &c.

"One of the torments of the damned, in Dante's *Inferno*," says Warton, "is the punishment of being eternally confined in lakes of ice:

'Eran l'ombre dolenti nell ghiaccia  
 Mettendo i denti in nota di cicogna.'

"The ice is described to be like that of the Danube or Tanais. This species of

infernal torment, which has been adopted both by Shakespeare and Milton, has its origin in the legendary hell of the monks. The hint seems to have been taken from an obscure text in the book of Job, (xxiv. 19,) dilated upon by St. Jerome, and the early commentators. The torments of hell, in which the punishment by cold is painted at large, had formed a visionary romance, under the name of St. Patrick's Purgatory or Cave, long before Dante wrote."—*Warton's Hist. Eng. Poet.* v. 3, p. 208.

In Act III. Sc. 3, of "Measure for Measure," Shakespeare makes Claudio exclaim :—

Aye, but to die, and go we know not where !  
— and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in *fiery floods*, or to reside  
In *thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice*, &c.

And Milton thus describes that "dismal world :"—

The parching air  
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire.  
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd  
At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
From beds of raging *fire*, to starve in *ice*  
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

*Par. Lost*, B. II. l. 600.

Sir David Lyndefay of the Mount is another of our northern dreamers who has left us descriptions of the infernal and purgatorial regions, and the exordium to his poem called "*The Dreame*," produced in 1528, is modelled upon those of his predecessors.

The poet ascends the cliffs on the sea-shore, and *entering a cavern, high in the crags*, sits down to *register in rhyme some mery matter of antiquitie*. He compares the fluctuation of the sea with the instability of human affairs ; and, at length, being comfortably shrouded from the falling fleet by the closeness of his cavern, *is lulled asleep* by the whistling of the winds among the rocks, and the beating of the tide. He then has the following vision.

He sees a *lady of great beauty*, and benignity of aspect, who says she comes to soothe his melancholy by showing him some new sights. Her name is *Remembrance*. Instantaneously she carries him into the centre of the earth. Hell is here laid open—which is filled with popes, cardinals, abbots, &c. and a long satire on the clergy ensues. She then gives the poet a view of *Purgatory* :—

A lytill above that dolorous dungeoun  
We enterit in ane cuntrie full of cair

<sup>a</sup> Weeping and howling.


<sup>b</sup> Many an unhappy fore, or trouble.

Quhare that we saw money ane legioun  
Greitand<sup>a</sup> and gowland with money ruthfull fair<sup>b</sup>  
Qhat place is this quod I of blis so bair

But the most extraordinary production of all that have appeared under the similitude of a *Dream* is that of William Dunbar, a native of East Lothian, about the year 1470, who, under the title of "Dunbar's Daunce," has given us a picture of the *Inferno*, in a *burlesque* style, in which he exhibits groups of figures worthy of Callot's pencil. Burns must have taken him as his model.

The poet in his *Dreme* sees a display of hell, and Mahomet or the Devil commands a dance to be performed by a select party of fiends: immediately the seven deadly sins appear, and present a mask or mummery.

The method which they take to introduce their allegory to the reader was so strictly adhered to by the ancient *Dreamers*, that we are naturally led to suppose it must have been founded on some conventional plan. The following passages from De Guileville's *Pilgrim*, and Chaucer's *Dream*, called the "Book of the Duches," form a curious parallel in support of such an inference. Chaucer dreams, whilst he is in his bed, in the same manner as De Guileville describes himself to have done—and the illuminated MS. of his poem represents him as sleeping on his bed in the cell of his convent. Chaucer is also aroused from his dream by the turret-clock of the castle, as De Guileville is awoken by the sound of the matin-bell:—

OURTANT le dy car vne foiz  
Lan mil trois cens dix par trois fois  
Ung songe vy bien merueilleux  
Lequel ainfi com sommeilleux  
Jescripz a mon recueillement

Thus also Chaucer:—

So when I saw I might not sleepe  
Now of late this other night  
Upon my bed I fate upright  
And bade one reachen me a booke  
A *Romaunce* and it me tooke  
To rede and drive the night away

After the reading of the Romance he falls asleep; and, according to his usual custom, dreams:—

Methoughten thus that it was May  
And in the dawning where I lay  
Me met<sup>c</sup> &c.

<sup>c</sup> Dreamed.



De Guileville thus deſcribes his "*reveillement* :—

Ce me ſembla en ce moment  
Si que de leſpouement  
Eſueille et deſdormy fu  
Et me trouuay ſi eſperdu  
Quaiſer ne me pouoie  
Se ia mort ou en vie ieſtoie  
Juſqua tant que iouy ſonner  
*Lorologe de nyxt* pour leuer  
Et auſſi lors chantoient les cocqs  
Pour quoy leuer me cuiday lors  
Mais ne peu car fuz retenu  
De la grant penſee ou ie fu  
Pour le myen aduentureux ſonge  
Ou quel ſe quelque vne menſonge  
Eſtoit meſlee ou contenue  
Ou qui fuſt de peu de value


And Chaucer follows in a ſimilar ſtrain :—

Right thus me mette as I you tell  
That in the caſtell there was *a bell*  
As it had ſmitten houres twelve  
And therewith I awoke myſelue  
And found me lying in my bed  
And the book which I had read

He adds :—

Thought I this is ſo quaint a ſweven  
That I would *by proceſs of time*  
Fond to put this ſweven in rhyme  
As I con beſt *and that anon*

But this is only an echo to what De Guileville ſays at the opening of his poem :—

OUUENTEFOYS il aduient bien  
Quant on a ſonge quelque rien  
Quon y penſe ſur leſueiller  
Et ſil ne ſouuient au premier  
De tout le ſonge proprement  
Bien aduient que ſon y entent  
Quapres a plain il en ſouuient  
Et tout a memoire reuient  
Au leuer on eſt ſommeilleux

Et font les sens si pareceux  
 Que son songe point on nentent  
 Si non *en groz* sommierement  
 Mais quant on sest bien aduise  
 Et on ya apres pense  
 Lors en souuient il plus a plain  
 Mais *quon nactende au lendemain*  
 Car trop actendre *le feroit*  
 Oblier et nen souuiendrait

There is, moreover, a similarity between the "Envoye," or "way of sending forth their books," of Bunyan and De Guileville, which appears to be sufficiently deserving of a passing remark: though it must, of course, be regarded as a circumstance perfectly fortuitous. De Guileville informs us that the first rough sketch of his *Pilgrim* had been stolen from him, and numerous copies circulated by the culprit—of which he thus complains:—

Afin que ie ne lobliaffe  
 Et quapres le *recorrigeasse*  
 Quant mieulx esueille ie seroye  
 Et que pense plus y auroie  
*Ce que ie cuidois moult bien faire*  
 Se ie neusse eu en *ce contraire*  
 Car sans mon sceu et volunte  
 Tout mon escript me fut *oste*  
*Par tout diuulge*

Not being able to root out the copies of his original sketch, he resolves on publishing an *amended* edition of his dream, and sending it forth with an "Envoye" tied round its neck!

Tout entour le col luy pendray  
 Pource quenuoyer le voudray  
 Par tous les lieux ou a este  
 Sans mon vouloir et sans mon gre

And he thus addresses his book:—

¶ Doncques songe *tu ten yras*  
*Par tous les lieux ou este as*  
 A tous tes *prouuains*<sup>a</sup> ie tenuois  
 Pource que bien y scez la voye  
 De par moy va les tous tailler  
 \* \* \* \*  
*Va doncques tost* ou ie tenuois  
 Car mieulx y scez que moy la voye

In like manner, Bunyan sends forth HIS *Second Part*, with an "Envoye" round its

<sup>a</sup> The *offsets*, or copies of his 1st MS.

neck! to "every place in which his *first pilgrim had already shewn his face*," and thus denounces the numerous counterfeits of it in circulation.

Bunyan. "Go now, my little Book, to every place  
Where my *first Pilgrim* has but shewn his face :  
Call at their doors, &c."

Book. "But how, if they will not believe of me,  
That I am truly thine—'cause some there be  
That *counterfeit* the Pilgrim, and his name ;  
Seek, *by disguise, to seem the very same*,<sup>1</sup>  
And by that means have wrought themselves into  
The hands and houses of I know not who."

Bunyan. "'Tis true, some have of LATE, to counterfeit  
My Pilgrim, to their own, my Title set ;  
Yea, others, half my name and title too,  
Have fitched to their books to make them do ;  
But yet, they, *by their features, do declare*  
Themselves *not mine to be*, whose e'er they are."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Wherefore, my Book, let no discouragement  
Hinder thy travels ; behold, thou art sent  
To Friends, not Foes—to Friends that will give Place  
To thee, thy Pilgrim's, and thy word embrace.  
—Go then, my little Book, and shew to all  
That entertain and bid thee *Welcome shall*,  
What thou shalt keep close *shut up from the rest*,  
And with *what thou shalt shew them* may be blest  
To them for Good, and make them chuse to be  
Pilgrims, by better far than thee and me."

This close similarity in the mode adopted by the early poets and dreamers, whether English or foreign, of "sending forth" their books, amounting almost to an identity of expression, can by no means be regarded as accidental. Though the subjects of their Dreams differed essentially, they were all formed in the same mould. From Jean de Meung, Rutebœuf, and De Guileville, down to Piers Plowman, Chaucer, Lydgate, and Hawes—they all followed in each other's wake ; and Bunyan, in admiration of his model, constructed and launched his unrivalled *argosy*, saying :—

O, let my little bark attendant sail,  
Enjoy the triumph and partake the gale.

<sup>1</sup> This may refer to the publication of a pretended "*Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress*," published by Thomas Malthus, a year before Bunyan published his own. Vide Southey's Life of Bunyan, p. lxxvii. and Offer's edit. of the Pilgrim's Progress, p. cxxiv.

*Le Pelerinage de l'Homme and the Pilgrim's Progress.*

Stephen Hawes, in his "Pastime of Pleasure," published in 1506, which he entitles "The Courte of Man's Life in this World," thus addresses his book, in what he calls an "*Excusation* of the Author," a title much like the preamble to the 1st part of Pilgrim's Progress, which Bunyan calls "The Author's *Apology* for his Book."

Go, little boke ! I praye God thee save  
From misse metrying by wrong impressiõ,  
And who that ever list thee for to have,  
That he perceyve well thyne intencion,  
For to be grounded without presumption,  
As for to eschewe the synne of ydleness ;  
To make such bokes I apply my busines.  
Beseeching God for to give me grace,  
Bokes to compyle of moral vertue.

The following is from Lydgate's Poem in honour of St. Edmond, the patron of his monastery at Bury St. Edmond's :—

Go, littel boke, be ferfull, quaak for drede,  
For to appere in so hyhe prefence.

And Chaucer thus addresses his Book, at the close of his poem of "The Flower and the Leaf :"—

O little book ! thou art so unconning,  
How dar'ft thou put thyself in pres<sup>a</sup> for dread ?  
It is wonder that thou waxest not red,  
Sith that thou wot'ft full lite<sup>b</sup> who shall behold  
Thy rude language, full boistously unfold.<sup>c</sup>

These passages are not only sufficient indications of the sources from which Bunyan drew his description, at the *opening* of his allegory, of the place in which he chose to dream, (a den or valley,) and the mode he adopted of "sending forth" his book, in the form of the ancient "Envoye," but also good evidence of his taste for, and attachment to, our old vernacular literature.

<sup>a</sup> In public, or in the crowd.

<sup>b</sup> Little.

<sup>c</sup> Roughly displayed or unfolded.



## APPENDIX.





## Appendix.

*Containing the Description of the Holy City, &c. and Explanation of the Woodcuts from Vitellius C. xiii., also Translations of the original French quoted in the Analysis.*

*The Woodcuts are copied from "Le Pelerinage de l'Homme," imprime en Goth. par Anthoine Verard, fol. Paris, 1511.*

### DESCRIPTION OF THE HOLY CITY.

**T**HE seyde yer ho lyft take kep<sup>a</sup>  
 I was avyfed in my flep  
 Excyted eke and that a noon  
 To Jerufalem for to goon  
 Gretly meved in my corage  
 Ffor to do my pylgrymage  
 And ther to fteryd inwardly  
 And to tell the caufe why  
 Was ffor me thouht I hadde a fyght  
 With inne a merour large and bryght  
 Off that havenely ffayr cyte  
 Wych represented vnto me  
 Ther of holy the manere  
 With inne the glas ful bryht and cler

And werrayly as yt fo thouhte me  
 Yt excellde off bewete<sup>b</sup>  
 Al other in comparyfon  
 Ffor god hym fylff was the mafown<sup>c</sup>  
 Wych mad yt ffayr at ys devys<sup>d</sup>  
 Ffor werkman was there noon fo wys

Yt to conceyve in hys entent  
 Ffor al the weyes and paament  
 Was ypavyd all off gold  
 And in the fawter<sup>e</sup> yt ys told  
 How the ffyrft ffundacyon  
 On hyllys off devocyon  
 The mafounry wrouht ful clene  
 Off quyke stonys bryht and fchene  
 Wyth a clofour rounde a bowte  
 Off enemyes ther was no dowte  
 Ffor awngell the wach ykepte  
 The wych day nor nyht ne fleepte  
 Kepyng fo ftrongly the entre  
 That no wyht kam in that cyte  
 But pylgrymes day nor nyht  
 That thyder wentyn evene ryht  
 And ther were many manfyouns  
 Placys and habytacyouns  
 And ther was alfo al gladneffe  
 Joye with ovtyn hewynesse  
 And pleyntly who that hadde grace

<sup>a</sup> The faid year  
 (let whoever lift-  
 eth give heed.)

<sup>b</sup> Beauty.

<sup>c</sup> Mafon.

<sup>d</sup> After his own  
 plan.

<sup>e</sup> Pfalter.

<sup>a</sup> Slain.

Ffor to entre in that place  
 Ffond on to hys plesaunce  
 Off joye al maner suffysaunce  
 That any hert kan devyse  
 And yet the entre in swych wyse  
 Was strongly kepte ffor komyng in  
 Ffor the awngel cherubin  
 Off the gate was cheff porter  
 Hauling a swerd flawmyng as cler  
<sup>b</sup> Better refuge.  
 As any ffyr evene at the gate  
 And who that wold erly or late  
 Passen the wal he was yflawed<sup>a</sup>  
 There ne was noon other lawe  
 Ne bet helpe ne bet refut<sup>b</sup>  
<sup>c</sup> Slaughter.  
 The vengeance ay was execute  
 In the passage thyder ward  
 The weye was so streiht and hard  
 Ffor giauntys with ther felonye  
 And with ther mortel tormentye  
 Devyseden on ther entent  
<sup>d</sup> Together.  
 Fful many wonderful torment.  
 Lyggyng awayt fro day to day  
 To slan pylgrymes in ther way

<sup>e</sup> Affected with.

Makyng ful grete occysion<sup>c</sup>  
 Off pylgrymes of grete renovn  
 Off men and wommen both yfere<sup>d</sup>  
 Whos martyrdom as ye shaal here  
 Was ful grevous to endure  
 Ffor fomme of hem I yow ensure  
 Wern out of ther skynnes flawe  
 And fomme by ful mortel lawe  
 Were hew as bokys kan remembre  
 Afonder partyd every membre  
 Crucefyed of blood al red  
 And many other lost hys hed  
 Off fomme the bowelys wer out rent  
<sup>e</sup> Follow.  
 And fomme on hote colys brent  
 Ffretynge salt cast in among  
 Ffor to make ther peynys strong  
 Myd the ffyry flawmys reed  
 Somme boyled in oyle and led  
<sup>h</sup> Banners.  
 And fore bete that yt was wonder  
 Somme sawyd evene affonder  
 Nerff and bon affonder rent  
 And ther entraylles aforn hem brent

The fellouns wern on hem so felle  
 That yt ys pyte for to telle  
 And ther ys no man now a lyve  
 That kan the penys halff descryve  
 Nor a sermon ther off make  
 That they suffrede ffor the sake  
 Off crist ihu vnto the deth  
 Ffor love tyl they yald vp the breth  
 Myd ther mortal peynes smerte  
 Ffor ther ys noon so hard on hert  
 So despytous nor so ffelon  
 That he wold ha compassyon  
 Ben agryfed<sup>e</sup> off pyte  
 And specyally ffor to se  
 That they suffrede for no synne  
 But only off entent to wyne  
 The love off cryft and ffor hys sake  
 All they han up on hem take  
 Seyng how full long aforn  
 Cryft to suffre was yborn  
 And fforbar not to be ded  
 And sythen he that was her hed  
 Suffrede paynys deth and woo  
 The membrys wolde endure also  
 And ffolowe ther hed in al thyng  
 As feyn Gregori in his wretynge  
 Recordeth pleylny who taketh hed  
 Of al those wyse ys had<sup>f</sup>  
 For wyth the membrys as was due  
 After ther hed lyft to sue<sup>g</sup>  
 Wych by example went afore  
 To whom thentre was not forbore  
 Ffor swych as deyde ffor hys love  
 By wyketys entrede in above  
 Vp the gate hih a loffe  
 Thogh there was passage was not foffte  
 The porter lyft hem nat to lette  
 And ther pencillys<sup>h</sup> vp they sette  
 On cornerys wher them thouhte good  
 All steined with ther oune blood  
 And whan that I perceyved yt  
 I conceyvede yn my wyt  
 That who schold ther with inne  
 Entre by fforce he most yt wyne  
 By manhood only and by vertu  
 For by record of feyn Mathew



The hevene as by hys sentence  
 Wonnen ys by vyolence  
 Crysoftom recordeth ek also  
 Who lyfte taken hede ther to  
 That gret vyolence and myght  
 Yt ys who that loke aryght  
 A man be born in erth her downe  
 And raviſhe lyk a champion  
 The noble hih heavenly place  
 By vertu only and by grace  
 Ffor vertu doth to a man assure  
 Thyngs denyed by nature  
 Thys to feyne who lyft lere  
 That vertu makyth a man conquere  
 The hih hevene in many wyſe  
 To wych kynde may not ſuffyſe  
 To cleyne ther poceſſion  
 But ſhe be guyded by reſon  
 Wych to vertu ys mayſtreſſe  
 To lede hyr alſo and to dreſſe  
 In hyr Pylgrymage ryght  
 Above the ſterrys cler and bryght  
 Ffor other weye koude I not ſe  
 To entre by in that cyte  
 Ffor cherubyn erly and late  
 Ay awaytynge at the gate  
 Was redy euer and ther ſtood  
 Whos ſwerd was bloodyd with the blood  
 Off cryſtys holy paſſyon  
 Whan he made our Redemption  
 Mankynde to reſtore agayn  
 The wych wey whan I hadde feyn  
 I was aſtonyd in my fyght  
 But I was comforted anoon right  
 Whan I ſawh the ſwerd mad blunt  
 Off cherubin the wych was wont  
 To brenne as any flawnbe bryht  
 But now the ſharpneſſe and lyht  
 Was queynte<sup>a</sup> to do no more vengauce  
 By vertu off cryſtys gret ſuffraunce  
 Wych ſhal no more for man be whet

\* \* \* \*

Afterward yt ys no ſſayle  
 Me thouhte I ſawh a gret mervayle  
 Vp on tours dyuers eſtatys  
 Off doctours and prelatys

Shewyng as by contenance  
 By ſpeche and by dallyaunce  
 Techyng pylgrymes to knowe  
 That wer yn the vale lowe  
 How with travaylle and peyne  
 And how alſo they ſholde atteyne  
 To make hem wynges ffor to fle  
 Hih aloſſie to that cyte  
 By wynges of example good  
 Yiff they ther lernyng vnderſtood  
 Wych they tauhte hem in ther lyff  
 By doctryne contemplatyff  
 Outward ſhewyng as by cher<sup>b</sup>  
 Ther love was to hem ful enter  
 Ffovyndyd vpon charyte  
 Amongys wych I dede ſe  
 Gret nombre of thys Jacobins  
 Off chanouns and of Awſtyns<sup>c</sup>  
 Folkys ful diuers of maner  
 Both temporal and ſeculer  
 Off clerkys and relygyous  
 And other ordrys vertuous  
 Mendykantys ful nedy  
 That day and nyht werrych beſy  
 To gedre ſſetterys bryht and ſhene  
 And make hem wynges ffor to fſeene  
 And gan a noon withal ther myght  
 To foren up and take her fflyht  
 Hih in to that ſſayr cyte  
 And hiher vp they dyde fſle  
 Above Cherubin that aungel cler  
 For they wer out of hys daunger  
 By the techyng and the doctryne  
 And by examples ek dyvyne  
 Wych theſe mayſtres hadde hem tauht  
 Wherby they han the hevene kauht  
 And ffonde ther in gret avauntage  
 To fforthre hem in ther pylgrymage  
 And how hem ſylff they ſholde guyde  
 And vp on the tother fyde  
 Vnder the wal of the cyte  
 I ſawh off gret autorite  
 Ffolkys wych dyde entende  
 To helpe her ffriendys to aſcende  
 By ful gret ſubtylyte  
 To make hem entre the cyte

<sup>a</sup> Quenched ſo as to do.

<sup>b</sup> By their countenance or geſture.

<sup>c</sup> Auſtin friars.

<sup>a</sup> Ladders.<sup>b</sup> Each one.<sup>c</sup> St. Benediſt.<sup>d</sup> I knew not.<sup>e</sup> Get again.<sup>f</sup> Affirm.<sup>g</sup> For ever his ſcarf and ſtaff,  
i. e. faith and hope.<sup>h</sup> Owe.<sup>i</sup> Reaſon.<sup>k</sup> Moved.<sup>l</sup> I cared for no  
other joy.<sup>m</sup> See as in a vi-  
ſion.<sup>n</sup> Better.<sup>o</sup> Before.

And ther to dyde her byſy cure  
By ſcalys<sup>a</sup> thorgh the ſtrong cloſure  
And as me thouhte a mong echon<sup>b</sup>  
That ſaint benet<sup>c</sup> in ſoth was on

Wych as I rehers ſhal  
Ffor to ſcale that hih wal  
That was ſo myhty and ſo ſtrong  
With hym brouht a ladder long  
In the wych men myhte ſe  
<sup>1</sup>XII grees off humylte  
By wych thorgh deuocyon  
Ffolk off hys relygyon  
Aſcendys vp gre by gre  
With oute lette to that cyte  
And the ryht weye han take  
Monkys greye whyte and blake  
Aſcending vp with oute ffeer  
And feyn ffraunceys I ſawh ek ther  
And many another I beheld  
Off dyuers ffolkys that vp ran  
Off whom the namys I not kan<sup>d</sup>  
Nor how they dyde hem fylff aſſure  
Over the wallys to recure<sup>e</sup>  
On eche party rounde aboute  
Ffor I in ſoth that ſtood withoute  
Myghte not be holden al the paas  
But on the party that I was  
Wych was to me gret dyspleſavnce  
But I dar feyn<sup>f</sup> in ſubſtaunce  
That ther was noon off no degre  
Wych entre myhte the cyte  
But leſt withoute lowe don  
Ffor al hys ſherpe and bordoon<sup>g</sup>  
But thentent off hys vyage  
And ffyn ek off hys pylgrymage  
Wer ſet of herte fynally  
Ther whyde perpetuelly  
With feyth hope and charyte  
To lyve at reſt in that cyte  
Ffor other thyng in hert and thouht  
To her deſyre they wolde nouht  
Ffor as the phyhſofre feyth

To whom men moſten cyven<sup>h</sup> ffeyth  
That al ffolk wherſo they wende  
What they do ys for ſom ende  
And for that ſkyle<sup>i</sup> more and more  
I was ſteryd<sup>k</sup> wonder fore  
Ffor to take my journee  
Lyke a pylgryme to that cyte  
Off more joye I nat kepte<sup>l</sup>  
And me thouht ek as I ſlepte  
And in my dreem did ek mete<sup>m</sup>  
That ellys I myghte ha no quyete  
And thus feel penſyff in my guyſe  
A noon I gan me to a vyfe  
And thouht in my avyſion  
I ffailede a ſherpe and bordoun  
Wych al pylgrymes ouhte to have  
In the wey hem fylff to ſave  
And ſo the pylgrymes hadde echon  
In ther vyage but I alone  
They wer echon by ffore purveyd  
Bet<sup>n</sup> in ther wey to be conveyed

And I roos vp and that anoon  
And fro my hous gan out gon

\* \* \* \*

Off entente forth to procede  
But than at erſt I gan take hede  
That to myn entencion  
I myghte ffynden a bordoun  
And a ſherpe wyche off uſage  
Ffolk han that gon on pylgrymage  
Nedful to me and neceſſarye  
Ffor wych cauſe I dyde tarye  
Or I myghte gynne my journee  
To holde my wey to that cyte  
Ffor wych I went complaynyng  
Oute off my fylff tryſt and wepyng  
Cerchyng toſorn<sup>o</sup> and ek behynde  
Sherpe and bordoun for to fynde  
And whil I dyde my beſyneſſe  
<sup>2</sup>A lady of ful gret ffayrneſſe  
And gret nobleſſe ſoth to fay

<sup>1</sup> This is an alluſion to the foundation of twelve monaſteries by St. Benediſt, and his reſtriſtion of the number of monks in each to twelve brethren and no more.

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcut I.

I dyde mete vpon the waye  
 Ffor god wold I you behete <sup>a</sup>  
 Sone that I sholde hyr mete  
 Off grace for my owne prouh <sup>b</sup>  
 Ther off I hadde joye ynowh  
 And my hert gret gladnesse  
 Ffor she as by lyklynesse  
 Was douhter of som Emperour  
 Somme myghty kyng or govenour  
 Or off that lord that guyeth al  
 Wych ys of power most royal  
 And thys lady gracious  
 Most debonayre and vertuous  
 Was yclad by gret delyht  
 In a furcote al of whyt  
 With a Tyffu gyrt off grene  
 And endlong ful bryht and shene  
 Sche hadde a charboucle ston  
 That round abowte hyr body shon  
 Was noon so reche as I was war  
 And on hyr breft a nouche <sup>c</sup> she bar  
 I trowe that nowher was no bet  
 And in the awmaylle <sup>d</sup> ther was fette  
 Paffyngly a reche sterre  
 Wych that cast hys bemys ferre  
 Round a bowte al the place  
 Ther was swych habondaunce off grace  
 Out of whos bosom mylde ynowh  
 Ther kam a dowe whyt as snowgh  
 Wyth hys wynges splayng <sup>e</sup> oute  
 Plauynyge round hyr honde aboute  
 Thys lady of whom I han told  
 Hadde on hyr hed a crowne of gold  
 Wrouht of sterrys shene and bryht  
 That cast aboute a ful cler lyht  
 He was ful myghty who taketh hede  
 That sette yt ferst upon hyr hed  
 And made yt ffyrst by gret avys  
 Off gret Richesse and gret prys  
 Thys lady that I spak of here  
 Was curteys and of noble chere  
 And wonderly of gret vertu  
 And ffyrst she gan me to saluē  
 In goodly wyse axynge of me

What maner thyng yt myght be  
 Or cause why I shold hyr lere <sup>f</sup>  
 That I made so hevy chere  
 Or why that I was ay wepyng  
 For lak of eny maner thyng  
 Wher of when I gan take hede  
 I ffyl ynto a maner drede  
 Ffor unkonnyng and leudnesse <sup>g</sup>  
 That sche of so gret noblesse  
 Dydenede not in hyr degre  
 To speke to on so pore as me  
 But yiff yt were so as I gesse  
 Al only of hyr gentyllenesse  
 For gladly wher ys most beute  
 Ther ys gretteft humylyte  
 And that ys verrayly the sygne  
 Swych ar most goodly and benygne  
 An apple tre with frut most lade  
 To folk that stonden in the shade  
 Mor lowly doth hys branches loute <sup>h</sup>  
 Thon a nother tre withoute  
 Wher haboundeth most goodnes  
 Ther ys ay most of meknesse  
 None so greet token of bewte  
 As ys parfyte humylyte  
 Who wanteth hyr in hys banere  
 Hath not vertu hool and entere <sup>i</sup>

\* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> And then I gan to wepe anoon <sup>k</sup>  
 Sihe and forowe and feyn alas  
 What shal I don now in thys cas  
 Or to what party in certeyne  
 Shal I drawen off thys tweyne

GRACE DIEU.

Quoth Grace Dieu what may thys be  
 Why wepyft thou what eyleth the  
 So thysylve to dyfconforte

\* \* \* \*

The PYLGRIM.

Certys quoth I I may wel wepe  
 For yiff ye lyft to take kepe

<sup>a</sup> Affure you that it was God's will that I should soon meet her.

<sup>b</sup> Profit.

<sup>c</sup> Necklace.

<sup>d</sup> Enamel.

<sup>e</sup> Spreading.

<sup>f</sup> Inform.

<sup>g</sup> Ignorance and surprise.

<sup>h</sup> Bend down.

<sup>i</sup> Whole and entire.

<sup>k</sup> ("A larmoyer," &c. f. 39, b. Vitell. C. xiii. f. 154, b.)

<sup>1</sup> The French references are to Verard's Edition.

<sup>a</sup> Let down or abated.

<sup>b</sup> Follow or remain closely attached to.

<sup>c</sup> Vitell. C. XIII. f. 14.  
"Je fuis celle."

<sup>d</sup> Regard or respect.

<sup>e</sup> Dove.

<sup>f</sup> Since.

<sup>g</sup> Make known.

<sup>h</sup> "Lors elle me prist en celle heure." f. 4.

<sup>i</sup> Astonished.

My joye my myrthe and my plesaunce  
Myn elthe and al my suffysaunce  
Bodeynly me han forfakē  
I may compleyn and forowe make  
For whilom above the skye  
I was wont to fle ful hyhe  
And hadde also ful glad repayre  
With bryddis fleying in the hayr  
In my most luffty freshe sefōn  
But now I am avalyd don <sup>a</sup>  
And fynde by gret adverstye  
Al that ys contrayre unto me

\* \* \* \*

Cheynd ryht as ys an ape  
On to a clog and must yt sue <sup>b</sup>  
And fro thenys may nat remue  
For my body gret and large  
Ys the clog that me doth charge  
And letteth with hys grete wheyhte  
That I may nat flen an hyhte  
For ever with hys mortal lawe  
Don to th erthe he doth me drawe

\* \* \* \*

A body corrupt yt ys no nay  
Greveth the body [spirit?] nyht and day  
Kepeth hym in captyvyte  
Yt may not gon at lyberte  
Nouthur wakyng nor a flepe  
For wych certys I may wel wepe  
And feyn allas and fory be  
Off my gret adverstye

. . . . <sup>c</sup> To pylgrymes day and nyht  
I enlumine and give lyht  
To al pylgrymes in ther way  
As wel in dyrknesse as be day  
So they lyfte reward <sup>d</sup> me  
And lyfte that I her guyde be  
And yiff they erryn in her weye  
Ageyn I han hem wel conveye  
I wyl hem helpen and redresse  
Ffor I am she in sothfastnesse  
Whom thou owest seke of ryght

In straunge lond with al thy myght  
I zive lyht to folk echon  
That out of hyr waye gon  
And releue hem on and alle  
Lette vp folkys that be falle  
Ffrom al myscheff and from al blame  
And *Grace dieu* that ys my name  
Fful nedful in ech contre  
And by thys dowe <sup>e</sup> wych thou dost se  
Wych I bere with wynges fayre  
Humble benygne and debonayre  
I am tokeynyd who lyft seke  
With hyr goodly eyen meke  
And so thou shalt me calle in dede  
Whan thou hast on to me nede  
And that shal be ful offte fythe <sup>f</sup>  
That I may my power kythe <sup>g</sup>  
Telpe the in thy pylgrymage  
Ffor synally in thy vyage  
As thou goft to that cyte  
Thou shalt haue offte adverstye  
Gret mescheff and encombraunce  
Empechementys and dysturbaunce  
Wych thou mayst nat in no degre  
Passe nor endure withoute me  
Nor that cyte never atteyne  
Thogh thou ever do thy peyne  
Withoute that I thy guyde be

<sup>1</sup> Tho hyr lyft no lenger byde  
But took me in the same tyde <sup>h</sup>  
And made me wt hyr for to gon  
To an hous of hers anon  
Wher I sholde fynde indede  
Al thyng that I hadde of nede  
She was hyr fylf yn sothnesse  
Off thylk hous cheff foundereffe  
Ffor on hyr word yt was fyrst groundyd  
And by hyr wysdom bylt and foundyd  
The yerys of the masownry  
Thyrte hundred and thyrty  
And ffor the ffayrnesse and bewte  
I hadde gret wyl that hous to se  
Abayshed <sup>i</sup> for yt was so fayr

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut II.

Ffor yt heng hih up in the hayr  
 Twen hevene and erthe ftood the place  
 As yt hadde only by grace  
 Ffrom the hevene descendyd down  
 So ftood that havenely mancyon  
 With fteplys and with toures hihe  
 Frefshely arrayed to the eye  
 As a place most royal  
 Above al other princypal  
 Wych ftood vp on a ffayr River  
 The water ther of holfom and cler  
 But ther nas paffage in that place  
 Nor shepe wherby men myhte paffe

BAPTISM.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The pilgrim having been exhorted by Gracedieu to enter her house by the waters of Baptism, he thus replies :—

## The PYLGRYME.

Ffor wych to gracedieu I sayde  
 And to hyr thus I abrayde <sup>b</sup>  
 Madame me semeth in my thought  
 That ive ben in perel brouht  
 Ffor I kan fey no paffage  
 To paffe by nor avauntage

\* \* \* \*

I kan nat fwymmen yt ftondeth so  
 Wherfor I not what I may do  
 And yiff I entre I am in doute  
 How euer I fchold komen oute  
 Ffor wych tentre I ftonde in drede  
 I haue of helpe so gret nede

## GRACEDIU argueth.

What menyth thys what may thys be  
 That thow art now as semeth me  
 So fore a dred of thys Ryver  
 Wych ys but lyte fmothe and cler  
 Why artow ferful of thys fstream  
 And art toward Jerufaleem  
 And mustest off neceffyte  
 Paffen ferst the gret fee

Or thow kome ther to her ys al  
 And dredyft now thys Ryver smal  
 And most kouth<sup>c</sup> ys thys paffage  
 To chyldre that be yong of age  
 And offer han thys ryver wonne  
 Than folk that ben on age ronne

\* \* \* \*

For other weye ys ther noon  
 To Jerufaleem for to goon

\* \* \* \*

And ek I wyl the telle a thyng  
 Ther paffede onys her a kyng  
 Ffyrft affuryng the paffage  
 Unto euery maner age

\* \* \* \*

To wafshen hym yt was no nede  
 But that hym lyft off lowly hede  
 Schewe example by hys grace  
 How other folkys sholde paffe  
 Wher by the fame went  
 Wherfore tel me thyn entent  
 Yiff thow thys ryver lyft atteyne  
 And I shal anon ordeyne  
 A fergeaunt of myn inspecial  
 Wych offycer the helpe shal  
 For to paffe the water cler  
 And wardeyn ys of the Ryver  
 He shal the wafshe he shal the bathe  
 And make the paffe the more rathe  
 And to put the out of doute  
 He shal crofle the round aboute  
 Make the fur as thow shalt fe  
 From al tempestys of the fe  
 Tescape the wawe of euery fstream  
 And make the wyne Jerufaleem  
 By conquest and fynally  
 That thow shalt drede non enmy

<sup>a</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
f. 15, b.

<sup>b</sup> Upbraid.

<sup>c</sup> Well known.

The Pilgrim inquires the necessity of this washing.

In answer to this inquiry Gracedieu thus speaks—

<sup>z</sup> “ When God had created Adam and Eve, your first parents, He bestowed such favour up-

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut III.

<sup>2</sup> A summary of her answer is given in prose.

<sup>a</sup> Pfal. xviii. 20.<sup>b</sup> Prov. xiii. 6.<sup>c</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 22.<sup>d</sup> Gal. v. 17.<sup>e</sup> Gen. ii. 8.<sup>f</sup> John i. 17.<sup>g</sup> Rom. v. 19.

<sup>h</sup> Deut. vi. 5.  
 Lev. xix. 18.  
 Matt. xxii. 37—  
 39.  
 Mark xii. 30.  
 Luke x. 27.

<sup>i</sup> John xiv. 21.  
 1 Pet. i. 22.

<sup>k</sup> James i. 14.<sup>l</sup> Titus iii. 5.<sup>m</sup> Chaff.<sup>n</sup> Remains.<sup>o</sup> Mark iv. 28.

on them as enabled them to live without infirmity, and without necessity of death. He granted them uprightness, and power to keep that uprightness in freedom of will,<sup>a</sup> so that the body then obeyed the soul,<sup>b</sup> tendering it subjection as it ought in reason to do.

“God intended this Righteousness as an inheritance to their posterity; but Adam and Eve forfeited it by their disobedience. Then death became their portion;<sup>c</sup> and as they no longer obeyed God they lost the command over themselves;<sup>d</sup> for he who will not render subjection to a higher authority can no longer claim obedience.

“Adam was placed in Paradise, to dress it and to keep it;<sup>e</sup> its felicity did not consist alone in delicious fruits and cooling waters, but in the uprightness which caused Adam and Eve to love their Creator better than themselves,<sup>f</sup> and each other as themselves.

“But since human nature received so great a wound by their disobedience,<sup>g</sup> that this Righteousness became effaced from it, the good God renewed it when He commanded Moses,<sup>h</sup> saying, ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength,’ and thy neighbour as thyself.

“Adam possessed this love by nature, the performance of it was therefore easy to him; but after his disobedience it became very difficult to his posterity, so that without my assistance it is impossible for you to do right; but if you make an effort to direct your course to the right haven

‘de tirer tousiours a bon port’  
 and to recover the power of loving<sup>i</sup> with a pure heart, your gracious Redeemer will ac-

cept your service as a duty done unto Himself, and will pardon that which is wanting; and though the flesh will still tempt you to evil, you must battle strongly against this sinful inclination;<sup>k</sup> you will always find resistance necessary, but I will be with you to enable you to withstand against your enemy, that it shall not overcome you,<sup>l</sup> which I cannot do unless you will submit to the washing” (of Baptism).

The Pilgrim does not acknowledge this necessity, saying, that if his parents had been cleansed from original sin, he must also have inherited their cleansing.

GRACEDIEU replies:

<sup>1</sup> Than quod she to me agayn  
 Tak hed when men sewen greyne  
 The husk the chaff yt ys no nay  
 But fyrst be clene put away  
 Or yt be throwe upon the londe  
 And sowe abroad with manhys hond  
 Whit and pur yff thow take hede  
 And afterward whan yt doth fede  
 Upon the tyme off hys ryping  
 And the seson of gadryng  
 Men fynde ageyn the same corn  
 Huskyd as yt was befor  
 And ther to clothyd newe ageyn  
 By which exauple in certeyn  
 Thogh thy fadris wer by grace  
 Off ther orgynal trespase  
 Purgyd clene and frely quyt  
 The caff<sup>m</sup> and the strowh aby<sup>n</sup>  
 Reneweth ay and ever shal  
 Of the synne orgynal  
 Up on the greyn wych of hem spryngeth  
 The huske alway with hem they bryngeth  
 Al folkys as thow shalt lere

<sup>1</sup> Lors me respondit elle or voy  
 Comment en terre on seme ble  
 Et quel apres il est trouue  
 On ly met despoille et nu  
 Et on le retreuve vestu  
 De paille et de nouvelle cote  
 Qui estre te doit vne note<sup>o</sup>  
 Que se tes parens font purgez  
 De leurs originelz pechez

Pource nest mie que tout tel  
 Nays peche originel  
 Ceste paille tousiours reuint  
 Avec chascun quant nouuel vient  
 En ce monde et en ceste terre  
 Telement qua chascun fault querre  
 Riuiere ou preigne laument  
 Sil veult auoir son purgement

That kyndely be fowen here  
In this world fro day to day  
The huske with hem abytt alway  
And feveryth not in no manere  
Tyl they be wafshed in the ryvere  
Wherfor by shott conclusyoun  
They nede eche on purgatyoun

The Pilgrim acknowledges that he can no longer make any objection, lamenting that it is out of his power to assist himself; an advocate arrives, who undertakes to speak for him and to aid him to pass the river

“ Et celluy Guillaume auoit nom  
Pas ne scauoie son furnom.”

<sup>1</sup> The PYLGRYME.

Tyl at the laste an aduocaat  
Kam to me tho in my nede  
Without gerdoun <sup>a</sup> other mede  
And for I hadde of speche lak  
Wonderly goodly for me he spak  
Profrede for to helpe of grace  
To make me the Ryver passe  
And that I myght over gon  
And that I wer ek wafshe noon  
In al that ever he coude or myghte  
And Guylyam ffor sothly he hyhte <sup>b</sup>  
Hys furname I not ne knew  
And thus he spak to Gracedieu  
Myn almesse <sup>c</sup> with your grace

I wol fulfyllen in thys place  
And yiff ye wyl I calle shal  
Off your hous the Offycyal  
Ffor yt ys now ryght good seson  
After your oppynyoun  
That he mak by your byddyng  
Off thys pylgryn the wafshyng  
Wher of ye han so mych feyd  
Quod she I am ryght wel assayed  
And ther withal benygne of look  
The advocate anon me took  
Of Charyte by gret plesaunce  
After the custum and usaunce  
And made calle of fyrst of al  
To helpyn hym the offycyal  
Bad hem also among hem alle  
After hys name me to calle  
The he shold ek don hys dever <sup>d</sup>  
To helpe me pass the ryver  
That I were wafshen and noon ryght  
And so he dyde withal hys myght  
And many thynges as he abrayde  
Over me methouhte he sayde  
Wordys that hadde gret vertue  
As he was taught of gracedieu  
When thorgh me thouht and that anon  
That I saw ther fro me goon  
A foul that was of colour blak  
And in his lydene <sup>e</sup> thus he spak  
Cryng men herd hym every cost <sup>f</sup>  
I wys quod he I have al loff

<sup>a</sup> Reward.

<sup>b</sup> Truly he was called.

<sup>c</sup> Alms.

<sup>d</sup> “Devoir,” behest.

<sup>e</sup> Song or narrative.

<sup>f</sup> Everywhere.

<sup>1</sup> LE PELERIN.

¶ Adonc cest aduocat me prist  
Et ie lui dis quil mappelast  
Tout ainssi com lui et nommast  
Et que tantost me fist passer  
Leaue pour moy dedens lauer  
Celui vint tost et ainssi fist  
Mais quelque chose auant il dist  
Sur moy qui auoit tel vertu  
Quen ce point aduis il me fu  
Que de moy vng oisel yffy  
Qui estoit noir et a hault cry  
Disoit en lair iay tout perdu  
Cest official mal venu  
Soit qui ainssi moste mes droiz  
Et maintenant et autrefois  
¶ Puis l'official me baigna <sup>h</sup>  
Et dedans leaue me laua  
Trois foyz me croisa et si me oint

Gracedieu ne men mentit point  
Et quant ie fuz oultre passe  
Et l'aduocat sen fut ale  
Qui me fist si grant courtoisie  
Quoblier i'amaiz ne doy mie  
Lors en sa maison gracedieu  
Me mena ou moult a beau lieu  
Et la me fist elle semblant  
Plus bel que nauoit fait deuant

GRACEDIEU.

¶ Puis dist elle que es laue  
Et que la riuere as passe  
Et de toy est hors lennemy  
Qui ia y auoit fait son ny  
Maintes choses te monstrey  
Dont ton prouffit tresgrant feray  
Se tu as volente d'aprendre  
Et adroit y veulx bien entendre

<sup>g</sup> f. 6. b.

<sup>h</sup> John iii. 5.

<sup>a</sup> Same.

And from me now ys taken al  
 By thys ylke <sup>a</sup> offycyal  
 He hath my clothys fro me rauht <sup>b</sup>  
 And thre tyme he hath me kauht  
 And in the ryver plonged me  
 Croffyd as men myghte fe  
 Anoynted in the strems cold  
<sup>b</sup> Snatched away.  
 Lyk as gracedieu me tolde  
 I fonde she lyede never adel  
 And when that I was fayre and wel  
 The Ryver passyd than anoon  
 And th advocat ek was gon  
 Wych only of gentrye  
<sup>c</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
 f. 31.  
 Hadde don to me gret curtoyfye  
 That shal never out of mynd  
 Than Gracedieu most good and kynde  
 Ladde me forth in my repayre  
 To a place ryght inly fayr  
 And never she made me to fore  
<sup>d</sup> And always  
 continue thus  
 together.  
 So good chere syth I was bore  
 Nor was so benygn of hyr port  
 Unto me to don confort  
 Now syth quod she that yt ys sene  
 Thou art washed and made al clene  
 And art passyd the ryver  
 Without a pereyl or daunger  
<sup>e</sup> In good or evil  
 circumstances.  
 Thyn enemy fled out of thy brest  
 Wher he aforn hadde made hys nest  
 I shal the shew of gret delyt  
 Fful many thyng for thy profyt

<sup>f</sup> f. 8. b.<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut IV.LE IOUENCEL ET IOUENCELLE.<sup>f</sup>

LE PELERIN.

<sup>g</sup> Gen. xii. 10.

Ung pelerin soudainement  
 Vy venir deuers orient  
 Et de lautre partie a droit  
 Une pelerine venoit  
 A lofficial font venuz  
 En disant sans actendre plus  
 Ensemble nous voulons aler  
<sup>h</sup> Gen. i. 27, 28.  
 Et ensamble peleriner  
 En ierusalem la cite  
 Mais que vous ayez voulente  
 De nous enseigner que ferons  
 Et comment seurement yrons

<sup>i</sup> f. 7. b.

LE PRESTRE.

Lors leur dist il cest grant seurte  
 Que soiez deux en verite  
 Mais que bien vous vous entramez <sup>e</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ORDRE OFF MARYAGE.<sup>c</sup>

## The PYLGRYME.

And tho myn eye as I vp caste  
 I sawe kornen wonder faste  
 A pylgrym al sodeynly  
 Holdyng hys weye fynally  
 As methouht in hys entent  
 Drawynge into the oryent  
 And even in the oppofyt  
 I sawe ek kome by gret delyt  
 A woman wych that was also  
 A pylgryme ek and both two  
 Her wey took in especyal  
 Towardys the offycyal

\* \* \* \*

(He) tolde hem yiff they wolde gon  
 They moste of herte be alon  
 Tweyne in on and on in tweyne  
 Both in joye and ek in payne  
 And so to gydre ay perfevere <sup>d</sup>  
 Tyl that deth make hem dyffevere

\* \* \* \*

And that your trouthe on outhere fide  
 Perpetually in on abyde  
 To your last that yt endure  
 And that ye shal to me assure  
 Both be feyth and ek by oth  
 And beth wel war for leff or loth <sup>e</sup>

Et loyaulte vous vous portez  
 Et ce que promettez par foy  
 Tresbien a certes deuant moy  
 En gardant bien que vous ferez  
 Car sapres vous vous parierez  
 Et ne tenez vo conuenant  
 Je vous promectz ne tant ne quant  
 Ne vous vaudra vostre voyage  
 Ne tout vostre pelerinage <sup>h</sup>  
 \* \* \* \*

LEVESQUE.<sup>i</sup>

. . . . . dy moy  
 Je te prie se le scez pour quoy  
 Ma len fait la teste cornue  
 Et baille la verge poinctue  
 N'est ce pas pour punicions  
 Des maux faiz et corrections  
 Je crois que les mauvais hurter  
 Je dois des cornes et bouter  
 Et de laiguillon les fort poindre  
 Plus que de doux oingement oindre



That ye for no varyaunce  
 Ne breke not your affurance  
 Ffor yiff ye don ye be forsworn  
 And ek I warne you to forne  
 Yiff that ye don in dede or thouht  
 Fful lytel shal awaylle or nouht  
 Than<sup>a</sup> vnto yow your vyage  
 Your labour nor your pylgrymage  
 Yet wer welbet to my entent  
 That ech of you allone went  
 Sool by hym sylff<sup>b</sup> and not trespase  
 Than be found in any place  
 Untrewe to hys companye  
 For gret forfet and folye  
 Yt ys a man for to be founde  
 Untrewe to hym that he ys bounde

<sup>c</sup> Reaſon<sup>1</sup> is conſulted by the Biſhop, who ſays :—

<sup>2</sup> Tell me, I beg of you, why the mitre is horned, and the crozier pointed? Are they not intended for the puniſhment and correſtion of evil?

And off my ſtaff ek with the prykke  
 I ſhould chaſtyn folkys that be wykke  
 Rather than lyke as ye me tolde  
 Hertofore how that I ſholde  
 Enoynte hem with the oyntment

RESON answereth.

My fayre frend quod tho Reſon  
 Tak hed in thy diſcrecioun  
 Underſtond me euery del  
 I wot that thou meneſt wel  
 And knowe platly<sup>d</sup> thy menyng  
 Meſure ys good in euery thyng  
 Both thy hornys and pyk alſo  
 Belonge to the bothe two  
 For punyſhyng and for chaſtyfyng  
 Off folkys rebel in werchyng<sup>e</sup>  
 Yet fyrſt thou ſholdeſt hym dyrecte<sup>f</sup>

And with fayrneſs hem correſte  
 Swych as thou ſey day by day  
 Erryn from the high ryhte way  
 And yiff thou founde hem obſtynat  
 That longeſt yt to thy eſtat  
 To punyſs hem by thy offyce  
 And vpon hem don ek juſtyce  
 Legally for ther offence  
 The lawe yeldeth the lycenſe  
 But ferſte thou ſholdeſt trete hem fayre  
 Be goodly ek and debonayre<sup>g</sup>  
 And don alway ful gret labour  
 To ſhewe ſweetneſſe afor Rygour  
 And thogh the prykke of Rygour be<sup>h</sup>  
 For chaſtyfyng the yoke to the  
 Be alway war touchyng ryht  
 Whan thou chaſtyfeſt any whyght  
 Do yt never by ſwych dureſſe  
 But yt be meynt<sup>i</sup> ay with ſwetneſſe  
 Medle with al the unctyon  
 Off pyte and compaſſyon  
 In thyn entente to be mor clene  
 Thogh thyn hornys be ſharp and kene  
 To punyſſhe folk by righteouſneſſe  
 Thou ſholdeſt ay the poynt ſo dreſſe  
 In thy Rygour of equitye  
 And in herte to have pyte  
 On hem that thou haſt juſtefyed  
 Let mercy with ryht be ſo alyed  
 And think how many day toforn  
 Or<sup>k</sup> thou haddeſt any horn  
 That he to whom thou art vyker  
 And choſe to be hys offycer  
 Was humble meke and debonayre  
 Charytable and not contrarye  
 Off whom thou ſhalt example take  
 To-forn or thou thy domys make<sup>l</sup>  
<sup>3</sup> Hornyd he was by apparence  
 Not uſyng hem by vyolence  
 Thys was that holy Moyſes<sup>m</sup>  
 That ledde al Iſrael in pes<sup>n</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Then.

<sup>b</sup> Sole, alone.

<sup>c</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
f. 26. b.

<sup>d</sup> Plainly.

<sup>e</sup> People who  
diſlike working.

<sup>f</sup> Matt. xviii. 15.

<sup>g</sup> Eccluf. xlii.  
10.

<sup>h</sup> Pfalm xxiii. 4.

<sup>i</sup> Mingled.

<sup>k</sup> Before.

<sup>l</sup> Form your  
opinions.

<sup>m</sup> Erat Moyſes  
vir mitiſſimus.  
Numb. xii. 3.

<sup>n</sup> Peace.

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut V. for a representation of the meeting between the "Biſhop" and "Reaſon." Cf. alſo the note to the preceding page ("dy moy, &c."), where part of their dialogue is given.

<sup>2</sup> The Engliſh MS. is here nearly illegible.

<sup>3</sup> The "horns," ſo often painted on the head of Moſes, repreſent merely "the glory," or halo, which we ſee in the pictures of our Saviour, the Virgin, the Saints, &c.

<sup>a</sup> Ex. xiv. 21, 22.<sup>b</sup> John x. 11.  
<sup>c</sup> Pet. v. 2.<sup>c</sup> Flock.<sup>d</sup> Perfectly.<sup>e</sup> 1 Tim. i. 15.<sup>f</sup> Bridge.<sup>g</sup> Rom. xv. 14.<sup>h</sup> Hosea xii. 6.<sup>i</sup> 1 Cor. iv. 14.<sup>k</sup> Heb. ix. 5.<sup>l</sup> Prov. i. 20.<sup>m</sup> Prov. xxix. 7.<sup>n</sup> Ecclef. vii. 5.

Myddys thorgh the large see <sup>a</sup>  
 And with hys yerde thys was he  
 That passede the floodys raage  
 And made hem have good passlage  
 Understondeh thys lesson  
 Ye that han in subieccion  
 Peplys onder your prelayce  
 To learn how ye shal hem guye  
 Thogh ye be hornyd to sych outward  
 Shewe as they wer styffe and hard  
 Let hem not growen in your herte <sup>b</sup>  
 To make your shep <sup>c</sup> so fore smerte  
 Thogh ye shewe outward dredful  
 Be the in your hertys mercyful

\* \* \* \*

Take example off thy staff  
 Wych Grace dieu vnto the gaff  
 Thogh the poynt be sharp and kene  
 Yt ys vpward <sup>d</sup> pleyn smothe and clene  
 The myddys ryht as any lyne  
 Aboue crookyd to enclyne

\* \* \* \*

Schowe hem euer of love a fygne

And in thy drauht be ay benygne  
 Voyde off rancour and felonye  
 Than dost thou trewly occupye <sup>e</sup>  
 The staff wych thou hast on honde  
 For thou shalt wel understonde  
 Yt tokeneth who that can concerne  
 That thou shalt therewyth governe  
 The peplys I dar wel specefye  
 Commytted to thy prelayce  
 Make hem passe thys thy charge  
 The Ryuer of this world ful large  
 Thy staff to ther avauntage  
 Shal conducte ther passlage  
 Sych are the pyk profound and depe  
 In to the waves hem to kepe  
 And with al thys thou most take hede  
 Off plank or bregge <sup>f</sup> yiff they nede  
 Yiff they ffayll thou shalt on make  
 As thou art bounde for her sake  
 And for that cause folkeys al  
 Pontifex <sup>1</sup> they doth the calle  
 Making a bregge thys to feyne  
 The passlage that they may atteyne <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From *pons*, "a bridge," and *facio*, "to make."<sup>2</sup> Reason thus exhorts the priest:—"A sword to-day is given to you, which was used anciently by the Cherubin to defend the entrance into Paradise."<sup>a</sup> "This sword (of Judgement) is perilous to those who do not understand how to use it rightly; the edge must be used to strike those whose sins deserve severe rebuke, the flat part of the blade in mercy towards those who have sinned from ignorance and require to be admonished."<sup>b</sup> "He is foolhardy who would exercise vengeance in anger, or judgement upon suspicion; and this sword is also wrongly given to him who blindly cannot discern good from evil."<sup>c</sup> "Mercy, which is designated by the flat part of the blade, should therefore always be first tried; namely, good counsel, true admonition, and earnest exhortation, in order to remove evil by condemning it, and to spare in striking. This is the doctrine of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which delivers us from eternal death."<sup>d</sup> "The sword was delivered unto you *flaming* by *Grace-dieu* for this reason, that whichever way you turn it, either in judgement, or exhortation, or punishment, or correction, you should exhibit it enflamed with love and charity, for love is the burning fire which enflames it; and fearful would be the reverse should the fire of anger burn with destructive violence, for that fire proceeds from hell."

Nul ne fiert se premierement  
 Du plat du glaive feru na  
 Et quauant bien aduise na  
 Cellui quil veult ainsi ferir

Et par tel cop faire mourir  
 Par le plat du glaive sentent  
 Bon et loyal aduifement <sup>a</sup>  
 Veritable monicion  
 Virile predication <sup>b</sup>  
 Qui fiert les maulx en espurguant  
 Et les espargne en les ferant  
 Cest la parolle iesu crist  
 Ou le respit de la mort gift  
 De ce plat vser vous deuez  
 Quant voz subgetz errer voyez <sup>c</sup>  
 Exorter souuent et prescher  
 Fait mainteffoys peche laisser  
 Sainst les pouez garantir  
 Mieulx vault que du taillant ferir  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Et pource est il droit quayez nom  
 Tant par euvre que par renom  
 Cherubin plain de grant science <sup>d</sup>  
 Et de tres viue sapience  
 Car fe cherubin vous nestiez  
 Moult de maulx faire vous pourriez <sup>e</sup>  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 En main aussi diracondex <sup>f</sup>  
 Rest ce glaive bien perilleux  
 Car flamboyant il fut baillie  
 Par grace dieu et octroye  
 La cause se sauoir voulez  
 Si est car quant vous le tournez  
 Soit en jugeant ou en preschant <sup>g</sup>  
 En punissant ou corrigeant  
 Monstrer le deuez enflambe

NATURE.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> I ha the governance<sup>a</sup>  
 Off fyr of hayr as ye may se  
 Off erth and off the large se  
 Off ther accord and ther debat  
 I leve no thyng in on estat  
 But make eche thyng by declyn  
 Ffor to drawe to hys ffyn  
 I make alday thynges newe  
 The olde refresshyng off her hewe  
 The erthe I clothe yer by yer  
 And refrefshe hym off hys cher  
 With many colour of delyte  
 Blewh and grene red and whyt  
 At pryme temps with many a flour  
 And al the foyl thorgh my fauor  
 Ys clad of newe medwe and playn

And hilles hih ek spyce and greyn  
 \* \* \*

And in to trees ek I brynge  
 Ther lusty blofmys whyte and rede  
 And in ther branchys ek I sprede  
 Abrood my frefshe vestyments  
 And with myn vncouth paramentys  
 I clothe hem wyth buddys glade  
 Wych with wynter ded I made  
 Thorgh confreynt of hys coldys kene  
 Tornyng to ruffet al the grene  
 Wt fretyng of hys bytter cold  
 But al that wynter maketh old  
 And with hyr stormys doth defteyne  
 I make yt frefshe and yong ageyn  
 \* \* \*

And off the feld the lyllyes ffayre  
 And off herbys many a payre  
 That winter slowh with hys confreynt

<sup>a</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
 f. 53. b.

De bon amour et charite  
 Car amour est le feu ardent  
 Qui le doit faire flamboyant  
 Et moult grant meschance seroit  
 Se le feu dyre<sup>len</sup>flammoit  
 Car tel flamme denfer vient  
 Qui trop au glaive mal aduient

The sword, as thus described by De Guileville, appears also to be an illustration of Proverbs xxv. 21, 22.  
 "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee."

This text is quoted by St. Paul in his address to the Romans. Rom. xii. 19—21.

"Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

The following lines may perhaps serve to illustrate this idea:—

See yonder Blacksmith urge the roaring blast,  
 And on repeated heaps the embers cast;  
 Th' increasing heat the stubborn Iron feels,  
 And to the blacksmith's art its toughness yields.

So the obdurate heart, by favours won,  
 At last repents the evil it has done;  
 Fain would obtain thy friendship, pardon sue  
 For all the malice it has borne towards you.

HON. W. CUST.

Thus the "sword" of De Guileville typifies the wrath of God against sinners; whilst the "flame" (by

which the hardest metal is melted) shows the softening influence of Divine Grace upon the heart, even although it may previously have been as inflexible as steel.

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut VI.

<sup>2</sup> Maistresse fuis des elemens  
 Des impressions et des vens  
 De faire variations  
 Et diuerfes mutations  
 En feu en air en terre en mer  
 Riens en estat ne laisse ester  
 Tout faiz tourner et tendre a fin  
 Tout varier soir et matin  
 Nouuelles choses faiz venir  
 Et vieilles choses departir  
 La terre de mes robes est  
 Patee en prin temps ie la vest  
 Demy party dherbe florie  
 De rouge de vert de foucye  
 Et de toutes belles couleurs  
 Quon peut trouuer en belles fleurs  
 Aux arbres donne paremens  
 Et contre leste vestemens  
 Puis si les refais despoiller<sup>a</sup>  
 Contre liuer pour les tailler  
 Autres robes autres cotelles  
 Telles comme deuant nouuelles  
 Il nest bruyere ne geneſte  
 Nabriceau que ie ne reueſte  
 De mes robes bien floretees  
 Et trefgalement desguifees  
 Oncques ne vestit falomon  
 Tel robe que fait vng boiffon  
 Et ce que fais par loir fas  
 Car hastiue ie ne suis pas  
 Toute mutation ie he  
 Qui est faicte en hastiue

<sup>b</sup> Gen. i. 11.

And made hem of ther colour ffeynt  
 Ffor no cost me lyt not spare  
 But thar rycheffe I do repare  
 Whan hete off cold hath the victorye  
 That Salomon in al hys glorye  
 Was not clad I dar wel say  
 Half so freshly as ben they  
 Nor hys robes wer nat lyche  
 Off colour to the bushes ryche  
 Wych Ive clad in my lyffree  
 Fro yer to yer as ye may fe  
 And who that taketh hed ther to  
 Al thyng that men se me do  
 I do by leyser by and by  
 I am not rakel or hafty  
 I hate in myn oppynyouns  
 Al fodeyn mutacyouns

<sup>a</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
 f. 57.

<sup>1</sup> GRACE replies thus to NATURE:—

Ye refemble who loke wel  
 On to the wylde swyn savage  
 Wych that rometh in hys rage  
 In the woodys large and grene  
 And ne kan no ferther sene  
 But to the frut that he hath founde  
 And the acornys on the grounde  
 Ffor to felle hys hongry mawe  
 Ffor he in hys swynys lawe  
 Off hys rudnesse bestial  
 Ne kan no ferther se at al  
 Toward the hevене nor the tre  
 Wher he receyveth hys plente

<sup>b</sup> Do not have a  
 grudge against.

That bar the frut for hys repaft  
 Al that ys from hys mynde paf  
 Ffor to the acorn al only  
 And to hys ffoode fynally  
 Yt fet hys herte and al hys thought

Undothe your eyn derke and blynde  
 The eyen of your entendement  
 And by good avysfment  
 The lyddys off your eye unclofeth  
 Knoweth wel and nat supposeth  
 I am lady hool and entere  
 And ye be but my chamberere  
 Thys shal ye fynde al openly  
 Yiff ye look avysfely  
 Leve your wordys hih aloffte  
 And lerneth for to speke soffte  
 And renounceth al your rage  
 Ffor he sholde me don hommage  
 Off justyce and equyte  
 Ffor that ye holde ye holde of me

Yiff the round firmament  
 The planetys and ech spere  
 And the bryht sterrys clere  
 Yiff I hem maade to cefse echon  
 Than wer your power clene agon  
 Abatyde and set asyde  
 Wher upon lat be your pryde  
 And grutchet nat ageyne me<sup>b</sup>  
 Syth I ha the foveraynte  
 Lordshepe and domynacion  
 And yt were abusyon

<sup>1</sup> GRACEDIEU.

Vous semblez bien le porc sauvaige<sup>c</sup>  
 Qui mangeue souuent au boscaige<sup>d</sup>  
 Le glan et point na le regarde<sup>d</sup>  
 Dont il luy vient ne de quel part  
 La teste en terre et les yeulx  
 Et point en hault ne vers les cieulx  
 Regarde dont ce bien luy vient  
 Au glan tant seulement se tient  
 Aussi point ne me congnoissez  
 Ou ne me congnoistre faignez  
 De qui tenez tout ce quauuez  
 Ne rien sans moy vous ne pouez

<sup>c</sup> f. 14.

<sup>d</sup> Matt. vii. 6.

<sup>e</sup> Psal. cxxiii. 2.  
 Philipp. ii. 13.

<sup>f</sup> Isaiiah ii. 12.  
 Isaiiah xxix. 16.  
 Job xxii. 12.

Ouurez doncques discrettement  
 Les yeulx de vostre entendement<sup>e</sup>  
 Car se bien ouurez la paupiere  
 Moy la dame et vous chamberiere  
 Trouuerez tout apertement  
 Et lors parlerez doucement  
 A moy et hommaige ferez  
 De quanque de moy vous tenez  
 Car ainfi comme eslaie dit<sup>f</sup>  
 Cest grant orgueil et grant despit  
 Quant encontre le charpentier  
 Se veult la coignee redrecier  
 Et quant de son potier se deult  
 Le pot et arguer le veult  
 De facon et se plaint de luy  
 En luy disant ie te reny

Sych as wryteth yfaye<sup>a</sup>  
 And in his book doth specefye  
 A gret despyte both fer and ner  
 Yiff ageyn the carpenter  
 The ex<sup>b</sup> were bold by furquedye<sup>c</sup>  
 Ffor to holden chaumpartye  
 Yt wer a thyng ageyne kynde  
 In holy wryt as ye shal fynde  
 And a thyng off gret dyfdene  
 And yiff the pot sholde also feyn  
 To the potter that hym wrouhte  
 And hys forme about brouhte  
 Yiff he pleynede<sup>d</sup> off hys making  
 Touchyng hys fasson and werkyng  
 Yt wer a thyng not convenable  
 And evene lyk in cas semblable  
 Ye argue ageyne me  
 Wych in effect nat ellys be  
 Ffor al your sotel<sup>e</sup> argument  
 But myn handwerk and instrument  
 Wych I ha mad to helpen me

\* \* \* \*

Anoon thys lady dame nature  
 Whan she had herd hyr tale along  
 Knowyng that she had do wrong  
 And hyr compleynt to specefye  
 Was ygrounded on folye  
 Ful humbly in hyr degre  
 She ffyl anoon upon hyr kne

Nature cryede MERCY

The fyrst word that she gan feye  
 Nature off mercy gan hyr preye  
 And with humble cher and fface  
 She confessede hyr trespase  
 And to hyr sayde most mekly  
 Ma dame quod she ful folyly<sup>f</sup>  
 I have governeyd me to yow  
 And ful ungoodly spoke now  
 Wher off I repente fore

And certys I ne shal no more  
 Offende yow in no manere  
 Nouthur in speche nor in chere  
 So that of mercy and pyte  
 Ye wyl as now forgyve yt me  
 That I ha don al outterly  
 And that ye wyl so gracyoufly  
 Off alle that ever me asterte<sup>g</sup>  
 No thyng reservyn in your herte  
 Only off your benygne grace  
 But clene forgete my trespase

*Repentance and Charity*<sup>1</sup> then appear to the Pilgrim, the former holding a hammer and rod in her hands, and a broom in her mouth, and she thus describes herself:—

<sup>2</sup> I am the ffayre louyd but lyte<sup>h</sup>  
 Off my port demur and sad  
 Debonayre and gretly drad  
 Off fele folkys<sup>i</sup> that me se  
 And trewly I am ek she  
 Now adayes lytel preysfyd  
 And yet ful worthy to be reysed  
 Off prys to folkys that be dygne<sup>k</sup>  
 Rygerous and ful benygne  
 To al that be vertuous  
 Happy also and right grewious  
 The gracyouse of fynal pleasaunce  
 I am called dame penaunce  
 I fmyte hertys vp and don<sup>l</sup>  
 And make hem by contrycion  
 Wyth falte terys thys the cas  
 To forewe crye and feyn allas  
 That they euere dyde amys  
 Ye shal yt fynde and thus yt ys  
 Off ther trespacys they repente  
 And feyn in al ther beste entente  
 A Lord God how off thy grace  
 How shal I han off my trespase  
 Allegement withoute the<sup>m</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Ifaiiah.

<sup>b</sup> Axe.

<sup>c</sup> Proudly to wage war against the carpenter.

<sup>d</sup> Complained.

<sup>e</sup> Subtle.

<sup>f</sup> Stupidly, confusedly.

<sup>g</sup> Escaped.

<sup>h</sup> But little beloved.

<sup>i</sup> Many.

<sup>k</sup> Worthy.

<sup>l</sup> Down.

<sup>m</sup> Thee.

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut VII.

<sup>2</sup> Je suis la belle peu amee  
 La debonnaire trop doubtée  
 La peu prifée peu plaifant  
 Penitence suis appelée  
 De ce maillet iamoliay

Jadis saint pierre et le froissay  
 Qui fi dur pierre avoit este  
 Que son bon maitre avoit nie  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Et grande amertume et douleur  
 De la magdaleine ainsi fis

<sup>a</sup> f. 15.

<sup>a</sup> Job x. 20.<sup>b</sup> Ezra x. 11.<sup>c</sup> Guilt.<sup>d</sup> Soft.<sup>e</sup> Matt. xxvi. 75.<sup>f</sup> "Juice" of his weeping, i. e. his tears.<sup>g</sup> Strong.<sup>h</sup> Luke vii. 38.<sup>i</sup> Isaiah i. 16.  
Prov. xi. 20.  
Ezek. xvi. 30.  
Ecclus. iii. 26;  
vii. 17.  
Jer. xxiii. 29.<sup>k</sup> Matt. xii. 43,  
44.  
Romans x. 10.  
Psalm xxvi. 8.<sup>l</sup> 2 Cor. vii. 1.<sup>m</sup> Walk.<sup>n</sup> Ecclef. vii. 2.<sup>o</sup> f. 14. b.

But thou grant off thy pyte <sup>a</sup>  
That I may al outterly <sup>b</sup>  
Off my gyltes <sup>c</sup> ha mercy  
So that I do no more amyfs  
Now good lord thou grante thys  
Thus I maken hem crye offte  
And with thys hammer I made foffie  
Scyn petrys hert and yt to brak  
That yt wente al vnto crak  
Wych ffyrft was hard as any fton  
But I made yt nefshe <sup>d</sup> anoon  
Whan he hys mayftee ffyrft forfook  
But whan I the hammer took  
I smet hym fo with repentaunce <sup>e</sup>  
And made hym nefshe with penaunce  
That the jows of hys wepyng <sup>f</sup>  
Yffede out in compleynynge  
Off verray forewe and bitterneffe  
He felt theroff fo gret dyftresse  
In hys greuous hertly <sup>g</sup> payne  
And also Mary Mawgdelegne <sup>h</sup>  
With thys hamer I smot fo  
That hyr herte I rooff atwo  
Wych was fulhard wich fynnes old  
But wt strokys manyfold  
I made hyr tender yt ys no doute  
That the terys yffede oute

*Repentance* adds that the heart of man <sup>i</sup> resembles an earthen vessel full of loathsome corruption; this vessel must be broken in pieces, for it is not sufficient to look upon sin in the abstract, but each particular sin must be done away with. There is also a worm contained therein, called the "worm of conscience." None could endure to live gnawed by the

fangs of *remorse* were not the hammer of *contrition* capable of destroying it.

*Repentance* thus explains the use of the broom, <sup>k</sup> saying, "In the house of which *Grace* is the mistress, and I the attendant, there are six doors; five <sup>l</sup> of admission:

' La porte dodorer, doyt ou descouter,  
Du goust, du taft, et du regard.'

"By all these fin can enter; so if I were to turn my broom in their direction my labour would be lost; but the sixth is the single outlet for transgression:

' Cest la bouche au pauvre pecheur.'  
' Thys gate ys called the mouth of man.'

"Towards this door I employ my broom to sweep, heap up and clean.

' Et mon balay si est ma langue  
Et mon furgon et ma palangue.'

' And my byfme that al thys doth  
Ys myn owne tonge in soth.'

"For, as long as I am servant <sup>l</sup> to *Grace*, I am determined to allow nothing to remain within the dwelling that can injure it, even in the smallest hole or crevice."

<sup>2</sup> I go to every place  
Now here now ther aboute I trace <sup>m</sup>  
By verray pleyn confession  
Withoute fraude or decepcion  
Ther may nothing me fkeape fro  
For gracedieu wyl yt be fo <sup>n</sup>  
For she ne wyl nowher abyde  
But yt be clene on euery fyde  
Whos chambre and whos mansion

<sup>1</sup> These five gates are the same as those described in Bunyan's "Holy War."

"The famous town of 'Manfoul' had five gates, in at which to come, out at which to go, and these were made likewise answerable to the walls,—to wit, impregnable, and such as could never be opened nor forced but by the will and leave of those within. The names of the gates were these: Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate."

There is an interesting little work on this subject, entitled "The Five Gates of Knowledge," by George Wilfon, M.D., F.R.S.E.

<sup>2</sup> Rien na dedans ne fus ne ius <sup>o</sup>  
Ne en anlet ne en pertuz  
Que tout ne vueille remuer  
Cerchez tracer et hors geſter  
Par entiere confession  
Sans fraude et sans deception  
Car ainſi le veult gracedieu  
Qui na cure fors de net lieu  
Et conscience est la maiſon  
La chambre et habitation  
Ou elle fait ſa demoree  
Quant la trouue ainſi baliee

Dwelling and habytacion  
Ys trewly withoute offence  
A verray clene conscience

Part of the text from Rom. x. 10, is here referred to: "with the mouth confession is made unto salvation;" but the context is omitted.

"The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—Rom. x. 8—10.

Bunyan shows more strikingly that the Gospel must first influence the heart, before the mouth can utter its feelings. "For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

"Then the *Interpreter* took *Christian* by the hand, and led him into a very large parlour that was full of dust, because never swept; the which, after he had reviewed a little while, the *Interpreter* called for a man to sweep. Now when he began to sweep, the dust began abundantly to fly about, that *Christian* had almost therewith been choked. Then said the *Interpreter* to a damsel that stood by, 'Bring hither the water, and sprinkle the room;' which, when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure.

"Then said *Christian*, What means this?"

"The *Interpreter* answered, This Parlour is the heart of a man, that was never sanctified by the sweet grace of the Gospel: the dust is his original sin, and inward corruptions, that have defiled the whole man. He that began to sweep at first is the law; but she that brought water, and did sprinkle it, is the Gospel. Now, whereas, thou sawest, that as soon as the first

began to sweep, the dust did so fly about, that the room by him could not be cleansed, but that thou wast almost choked therewith; this is to show thee, that the law, instead of cleansing the heart, by its working, from sin, doth revive, put strength into, and increases it in the soul, as it doth also discover and forbid it, but doth not give power to subdue. Again, as thou sawest the Damsel sprinkle the room with water, upon which it was cleansed with pleasure; this is to show thee, that when the Gospel comes in the sweet and precious influences thereof to the heart, then, I say, even as thou sawest the Damsel lay the dust, by sprinkling the floor with water, so is sin vanquished and subdued, and the soul made clean, through the faith of it; and consequently fit for the king of glory to inhabit."

*The Pilgrim's Progress.*

*Repentance* thus continues in De Guileville:—

Vnto my bysme <sup>a</sup> [human hearts] submitted be<sup>1</sup>  
Off lownesse and humylyte  
That they be swept clenly at al  
And that the hammer breke smal  
Ffyrst by trewe contricyon  
And verray iuste confession  
Than a noon my yerde <sup>b</sup> I take  
And amendys for to make  
By repentaunce in divers wyfe  
With my yerde I hem chaftyfe  
Put hem to penaunce of entent  
To brynge hem to amendment

Various modes of penance <sup>c</sup> are then enumerated, such as visiting the poor and sick, performing pilgrimages, fasting, &c. *Repentance* says that no sin can be passed over without punishment by rods; those must be beaten who have consented to commit sin.

<sup>2</sup> And therefore thys yerde I holde  
Wych namyd ys of iuste reson

<sup>1</sup> Sa mon balay foubz mis il est  
Et se bien balye en est  
Et quant le voy ainfi contrit  
Et bien confes comme lay dit  
Adonc pour le bien chaftier

De mes verges le batz et fier  
Peine luy donne et batement  
Afin que preingne amendement  
<sup>2</sup> Des verges se voulez le nom  
Diçtes sont satisfaction

<sup>a</sup> Besom or broom.

<sup>b</sup> Rod or staff.

<sup>c</sup> Dan. iv. 27.  
Ecclus. xvi. 12.  
Pf. xxxvii. 28.

<sup>d</sup> f. xvi. b.

<sup>a</sup> Sufficiently.

Trewe satysfaccion  
And sothly yiff I shal not feyne  
Satysfaccion ys to feyne  
Asseth <sup>a</sup> that ys mad for synne  
And that a man haue withinne  
As myche forewe and repentaunce  
As he hadde fyrfst plesaunce

<sup>b</sup> Rom. xi. 5.  
Luke xxii. 19.

Here the doctrine of Penance appears distinctly as something more than Repentance; and the superior views of Bunyan shine forth with the splendour of the Gospel in contrast with the human idea of self-justification by mortifying the flesh, and a strange aspect is presented of the high Christian privileges of Prayer, attending to the wants of the poor, the sick, and miserable, when they are classed as part of the punishments of sin.

Our Saviour says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

<sup>c</sup> Long ago.

In De Guileville, *Repentance* beautifully adds, "that she is commissioned to succour all the weary and heavy laden; to those pilgrims anxiously trying to follow the narrow path she offers the consolation appointed by our Lord

Himself at the last Supper, which He partook of with his disciples when he took bread and blessed it, and she gives the assurance that it will sustain the faith of all his followers <sup>b</sup> who partake of this Sacrament in remembrance of Him, but of which none can be worthy recipients who have not first submitted to her inflictions and become contrite, and cleansed from their offences."

Again; we must observe that the view taken by De Guileville of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is partial: he speaks of the bread only, whereas our Saviour says,

"Take, eat; this is my body. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."—*St. Matt.* xxvi. 26—28.

#### CHARITY.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

I made feyn martyn yore agon<sup>c</sup>  
Al be that he hadde but on  
Hys mantel to kutte a tweyne

<sup>d</sup> f. xvii.

Car satisfacion vault tant  
Que faire assez ou tout autant  
De peine sans nul contredit  
Comme au peche eut delict

#### <sup>1</sup> CHARITE.

<sup>e</sup> 1 Cor. xiii. 3.

<sup>f</sup> 1 Cor. xiii. 6, 7.

<sup>g</sup> 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

<sup>h</sup> Eph. i. 7.

Je suis la mere des vertus<sup>d</sup>  
Celle qui reueit les gens nudz  
Qui saint martin fis despoillier  
Pour poure vestir et aïsier  
Je suis nourrice dorphelins  
Hotteliere de pelerins  
Qui les maulx dautruy faiz les myens  
Et a tous communs font mes biens  
Sans laquelle saint paul disoit<sup>e</sup>  
Que riens nauoit qui ne mauoit  
Et quelque bien faire ne peust  
Si non quaveques soy il meust  
Aussi certainement ne fait  
Car sans moy nest aucun bien fait  
Mon nom se sauoir le voulez  
Charite vous mappellerez<sup>f</sup>  
Car charite tient en cherte  
Ceulx quautres ont en grant vilte  
Je repais les gens familleux  
Et visite les langoureux  
Je suis celle qui dautruy bien

Suis ioleuse comme du mien  
Celle qui debonairement  
Seuffre tout et paisiblement  
Celle qui descouter nay cure  
Susurracion ne murmure  
Celle qui oncques ne meidis  
Dautruy ne a autruy meffis  
Et non pour tant si ay ie fait  
Aucuns maulx faire sans meffait  
Se point avez ouy parler  
Du roy iesus et racompter  
Comment vout homme deuenir  
Et pour les hommes mort souffrir  
Sauoir deuez que celle suy  
Qui faire luy fis tel ennuy  
Car du ciel ie le fis descendre  
Pour la vostre humanite prendre  
A lestache le fis lyer  
Et despines le couronner  
Les bras fis en la croix estendre  
Et son costte percier et fendre  
Les piedz et les mains atacher  
En la croix luy fis et ficher  
Sang fiz yfir de son corps tendre  
Et luy fiz son doulx esperit rendre  
Tous le quelz maulx souffrir luy fis  
Pour vous tous qui estiez perilz  
Quant en enfer vous ala rembre<sup>h</sup>



And dyde al hys byfy peyne  
 To clothe the poore wych nakyd flood  
 Myd off the gate devoyde of good  
 I am noryce<sup>a</sup> of al nedy  
 And I herberwe<sup>b</sup> commonly  
 Al pylgrymes in ther nede  
 And I am she'yt ys no drede  
 That ffele as myche harm in nic  
 Off other ffolkys aduerfyte  
 As they hem fylf that yt endure  
 And al my goodys I enfure  
 Be common unto every whyht  
 Whan they ha nede as yt ys ryht  
 Seyn poul sayd ek in hys wrytyng  
 Off vertu he hadde no thying  
 Withoute that he hadde me  
 And that he myghte in no degre  
 Withoute me do no good dede  
 And trewly who taketh hede  
 No good dede nor good entent  
 Ys worth but yiff I be present  
 Among estatys hih nor lowe  
 And yiff ye lyft my name knowe  
 I am callyd dame charyte  
 That haue al folk in certe  
 And other that folk haue in despyt  
 Hem to cheryshe ys my delyt  
 I feede folk that hongry be  
 And part<sup>c</sup> with hem off my plente  
 And vyfete hem that lyggen seke  
 And dwelle with folkys that be meke  
 And for no coste I do not spare  
 To be glad of the welfare  
 Off euery other maner whyht  
 As off myn owne of verray ryht  
 I am she that patiently  
 Kan suffren and benygely  
 Alle forwes wel apefe  
 And I am she that kan don ese

Al hevynesses to recure  
 And I am she that set no cure  
 Off grucchyng nor detraction  
 Ffor thys ys my condicion  
 Harm to spek neueradel  
 But off ech man to sey wel  
 Wych I holde in gret vertu  
 And yiff ye haue off Cryst Ihū  
 Any maner Remembraunce  
 I made hym for to ha plesaunce  
 Off mercy as I reherfe kan  
 Ffor loue to become a man  
 And taken your humanyte  
 And suffren by humylyte  
 Deth for your sake and passion  
 Made hym fro hevene come a don  
 And suffren ek as yt ys founde  
 To a pyler to be bounde  
 And tendure that lovd most fre  
 With sharpe thornys crownyd be  
 And sprede hys armys on the rood  
 And for your sake shede hys blood

\* \* \* \*

I made hym for your sake  
 Tendure off entencion  
 To make your redemption  
 That wer for synne loft echon  
 And to helle I made hym gon  
 To sette hem out that lay ther bounde  
 The devels power to confounde  
 Wych hadde grievyd man so fore  
 And I shal telle you euermore  
 How thys kyng most fovereyne  
 To forn hys passion and peyne  
 And hys tormentys wonder stronge  
 Or he the deth sholde underfonge<sup>d</sup>  
 He forgatt nat off entent  
 Ffor to make hys testament  
 The forme ther off to endyte

<sup>a</sup> Nourisher.

<sup>b</sup> Lodge or entertain.

<sup>c</sup> Share.

<sup>d</sup> Underwent.

Et de la mort denfer defendre  
 Ce sont les maux que iay fait faire  
 Sans peche voir et sans meffaire  
 Or vous diray que ce roy fist  
 Auant que ces paines souffrist  
 Quant il vit sa mort approucher  
 Ne vout pas en oubly laisser  
 Que son testament il ne fist

Il mappella ie luy escripz  
 Et en ceste forme le mis  
 Testament de paix est nomme  
 Et le vous ay cy apporte  
 Afin que ses lois vous saichez  
 Et ce que vous en duy ayez  
 Je le vueil lire or lescoutez  
 Et entendez se vous voulez

<sup>a</sup> f. xvii. b. "Ces trois lettres font affauoir."

He callede me yt to wryte  
Ffor to make the forme bettre  
My fylff wrot yt euery lettre  
And namyd yt yt ys no les  
The trewe testament off pes  
Wych to for you alle I brynge  
That ye may ha knowelychyng  
That maner thyng ther on doth fue  
And what to you ther off ys due  
I wyl yow reden the sentence  
Yiff ye wyl given audyence  
So thys yt ys herkneth echon  
As I shal her reherse anoon  
The testament<sup>1</sup> off cryft Jesu

<sup>b</sup> Peace.

One claufe of this will or testament bequeaths to mankind *Pax Triplex*—"triple tranquillity." The three things signified by the three initial letters, at the three corners of a right-angled triangle, formed by the stem and one limb of a Latin cross are—X, the initial of *Χριστός*, "Christ;" A, of *Anima*, "the soul;" P, of *Proximus*, our "neighbour." When these three are properly disposed towards each other, there is a firmly established peace of mind; since they indicate the whole duty of man's life, viz. his love to God and his neighbour.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>c</sup> Is or shall be.

And overmore thys lettrys thre<sup>a</sup>  
Ar tooknys that in unyte  
He sholde ha verray love and pes<sup>b</sup>  
With thre thynges douteles  
He that he hath pofessioun  
Off thys jowell most off renoun  
And he to whom cryft hath yt take  
Sholde keep for hys sake  
Pes with every maner whyht  
And fyrst above as yt ys ryht  
Wher as the X condygnely  
Ys set alofte as most worthy  
By wych ziff yt be espyed  
I am trewly fygnifyed

<sup>d</sup> Feels no symptom of pain.

<sup>e</sup> One.

In tookne that noon be rekkeles  
Fyrst to haue parfyt pes  
Wyth god and me byth<sup>c</sup> al on  
And may neuer assunder gon  
And also as I shal devyse  
That he in no maner wyfe  
Ne do no thyng in no degre  
Wych that sholde dysplese me  
And yiff yt happe off neclygence  
Ageyn me that he do offence

\* \* \* \*

Ther by ys pleynly understonde  
The fowle of man with whom ech whyht  
Sholde ha pes of verray ryht  
So that in a manhys thouht  
<sup>3</sup> Synderesis<sup>d</sup> ne grucheth nouht  
Thorgh no trespase nor offence  
By no remors of conscience  
Lat every man tak hed herto  
And with your neyhebour also  
Ye most ha pes and unyte  
Wych ys ytokenyd by the P  
And ys yfet fyrst off echon  
And that ye sholde be al on  
Thexauple techeth yow ful wel  
Yiff ye confydren everydel  
How ye bothen in o<sup>e</sup> lyne  
Stonde and may yt not declyne  
Lyneally yt ys noon other  
As brother verrayly to brother  
Nature wyl that yt so be  
High and lowh off o degre  
Bothe tweyne ymade lyché  
The pore man and ek the ryche  
At the 'gynnyng as ye shal lere  
Al forgyd of one matere  
Touchyng ther fyrst orygynal  
And bothe tweyne be mortal  
The ton the tother in certeyne  
They be but wermes bothe tweyne

~ \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> The testament is given in the analysis.

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcut VIII.

<sup>3</sup> The following lines appear on the margin of the MS. (f. 74, b.) in explanation of the term "*synderesis*:"  
Synderesis to speke in pleyn

Ys as myche for to feyn  
By notable description  
The hiher party of Reson  
Wherby a man shal best discerné  
Hys conscience for to governe

For al shal passe by o passage  
 And by on hole off gret streihtnesse  
 Poverte and ek rycheffe  
 Al goth o way bothe gret and smal  
 Excepcion ys noon at al  
 To helpen in thys streihthe nede  
 Wherfor euery man take hede  
 Thorgh pryde to be nat rekkeles  
 Thys ryche jowell callyd pes  
 To kepe yt wel and lose it nouht  
 And euery man in herte and thouht  
 Do hys dyllygent labour  
 To ha pes with hys neihebour  
 As roote off al perfection  
 Vp to parforme the patron  
 Off vnite and sothfoft pes  
 Tendure and lasten endeles  
 So as yt ouht off iust reson  
 As tookne off the tabellyon  
 Wyth wych in pes and vnyte  
 Al testamentys sholde be  
 Sygned and markyd commonly  
 And ek confermyd openly  
 And tovyng her thys wryt present  
 Callyd off cryst the testament  
 Wyth tookne of tabellion  
 I marke off entencyon

\* \* \* \*

GRACEDIEU speketh :

Thys lady goodly spak to me <sup>a</sup>  
 Kom ner my sonne tak hed to me  
 Loo her yiff I shal nat feyne  
 Thylke ryche Giffys tweyne  
 Wych I behihte <sup>b</sup> whylom to the  
 And thow shalt not deceyved be  
 Loo her a *Skryppe* and a *Bordon*  
 The wych of hool entencyon  
 I giv to the now kep hem wel  
 Confydre the maner everydel  
 How they be ryht necessarye  
 To forthre the <sup>c</sup> thow shalt not tarye  
 To helpe the in thy vyage  
 And to spede thy pylgrymage  
 Thow shalt off hem haue ay gret nede  
 Yiff thow lyft thy journee spede

Nedful to pylgrymes all  
 And *seyth* thy skryppe thow shalt calle  
 Wyth oute wych may nat be  
 Brouht aboute no journee  
 Nor vyage that may awaylle  
 Ffor thy bred and thy vytaylle  
 Ther in thow shalt alway conserue  
 And all tymes thow shalt observe  
 Thys skryppe wel in thy bandon <sup>d</sup>  
 In euery cyte and euery ton  
 In al thy moſte feythful wyfe  
 And also for to auctoryse  
 Touchyng thys skryppe callyd ffeyth  
 Herkne what thapostel feyth  
 In a pyſtel <sup>e</sup> that he endyteth  
 And to the Romayns pleynly wryteth  
 The ryhtful man withoute stryff  
 By this skryppe lat <sup>f</sup> hys lyff  
 Thys to feyne that ffeyth off ryht  
 Giveth lyff to euery maner whyht  
 As *Abachuch* that hooly man  
 In hys wrytyng reherſe kan  
 The ſeconde chaptyl off hys book  
 Who ſo lyft lyft vp hys look  
 And thys skryppe withoute wene <sup>g</sup>  
 Off hys colour mot be grene  
 Wych colour who ſo look a ryht  
 Doth gret comfort to the ſyht  
 Sharpeth the eye yt ys no dred  
 And ſo doth ffeyth who taketh hed  
 Yt maketh pylgrymes glad and lyht  
 With hem abydyng day and nyht  
 And in ther weye I dar reporte  
 Gretly doth hem recomforte  
 For good pylgrymes everychon <sup>h</sup>  
 On pylgrymage wher they gon  
 Only ffeyth doth hem ſuſtene  
 By example as the greene  
 The gentyl colour glad and lyht  
 Giveth clerneſſe to the ſyht  
 Whan the grene al withoute  
 Ys ſpreynt <sup>i</sup> with dropys rond aboute  
 Off red blood who kan entende  
 Then the ſyht yt doth amende  
 Fful gretly I dar wel feyne  
 Ffor ther ys drope noon certeyn

<sup>a</sup> Vitell. C. XIII.  
f. 99, b.  
f. xxiii. b. "Voy  
cy leſcharpe et le  
bordon."

<sup>b</sup> Promiſed.

<sup>c</sup> Advance thy-  
ſelf.

<sup>d</sup> Keep in thy  
power.

<sup>e</sup> Epiſtle.

<sup>f</sup> Leads.

<sup>g</sup> Doubt.

<sup>h</sup> Every one.

<sup>i</sup> Sprinkled.

<sup>a</sup> "Mixed," or  
"mingled  
with."

<sup>b</sup> Shed in purity,  
i. e. the green of  
the scrip was  
shaded with the  
pure blood of the  
martyrs.

<sup>c</sup> "Perfectly,"  
or "once for  
all."

<sup>d</sup> Will.

<sup>e</sup> Saints who suf-  
fered thus are  
gone.

<sup>f</sup> Scabbard.

<sup>g</sup> Gone or van-  
ished.

<sup>h</sup> On earth.

<sup>i</sup> Jeopardy.

<sup>k</sup> Vitell. C. xlii.  
f. 108.  
f. xxvii. "Or en-  
tens ben de ce  
bourdon."

<sup>l</sup> I advise thee.

<sup>m</sup> Jesus Christ.

But yt ys worth and off more prys  
To pylgrymes that be wyse  
Than outhere perle or margeryte  
And as I dar ryht wel endyte  
Yt ys mor ryche and precyous  
Mor off valu and vertuuous  
The bloody dropys whan they be spreynt  
Vp on the grene and ymeynt <sup>a</sup>  
To make a man mor strong and lyht  
And tofforce with hys fyht  
Than any other ryche ston  
Ffor to rekne hem euerechon  
The green ys good in specyal  
Whan the rede ys meynt withal  
Off blood for pleynly the rednesse  
Wyth that was shad in clenness <sup>b</sup>  
Off glorious martyrs longe agon  
That spent her blood and lefte noon  
But suffrede al the vyolence  
And the mortal ek sentence  
Off Tyrantys tyrannye  
And sparede nat platly <sup>c</sup> to dye  
Ther legende so wryt and seyth  
Ffor to dyffende Crystys *feyth*  
Ffor wych vp on thys skryppe off grene  
The bloody dropys ther yfene  
Shewyn in conclusion  
Ther martyrdom ther passion  
Off ther owne volunte <sup>d</sup>  
Only to given vn to the  
Verrayly an exemplayre  
Wherfo ever thow repayre  
To suffre deth for crystys sake  
Rather than thow shuft forfak  
Thy skryppe in any maner wyse  
Off wych thow haft here me devyse  
Ffor feyntys <sup>e</sup> wych that suffrede so  
I wot ryht wel that they be go  
To paradys and entryd in  
Ffor the swerd off cherubin  
Wych whilom at the gate stood  
Ys so blonted with her blood  
That yt ys I dar wel feyn  
In the skawberk <sup>f</sup> vp ageyn  
But now adayes yt stant so  
Hooly feyntys ben all ago <sup>g</sup>

That wer so myghty and so strong  
And dradde nat to suffre awrong  
Ffor the feyth yt to dyffende  
Her lyff her blood ther on to spende  
Redy they wern and that anoon  
But nowh aunerthe <sup>h</sup> ther ys nat on  
That wyl hym putte in jupartye <sup>i</sup>  
Crystys feyth to magnefy  
Nor make myhty refistene  
Ageyn Tyrantys by dyffence

\* \* \* \*

But ffyrst tak hed off the Bordon <sup>k</sup>  
How yt ys good in ech seson  
Ffor he nat ffalleth commonly  
That leneth ther on stedfastly  
Ffor wych thow shalt as yt ys ryht  
With al thy force and al thy myght  
Ther on reite what so be falle  
Trewly thow shalt nat falle  
What perillous passage that thow go  
As longe as thow takest hed ther to  
And tavoyde a way dyspeyr  
Wher so thow goft in foul or ffayr  
Or what fortune the be falle  
*Good hope* alway thow shalt yt calle  
Thys the name off thy bordon  
Off trust and trewe affection  
Wych ys callyd *Esperaunce*  
After the speche vsyd in fraunce  
And the maner of that language  
And look alway in thy passage  
That thow holde the wel ther by  
And theron reite feythfully  
In peryllous pathys wher thow wende  
And by the pomellys as the ende  
Holde the strongly I the lede <sup>l</sup>  
Ffor they shall in al thy nede  
Sustene the thow falle nouht  
The hiher pomel yiff yt be souht  
Ys Ihū Cryst <sup>m</sup> haue hym in mynde  
And in Scrypture as thow shalt fynde  
He ys the merour cler and bryht  
Wyth oute spot bothe day and nyht  
In the wyche a man by grace  
May beholde hys owne fface  
In wych *merour* as I tolde

All the worlde ouhte beholde  
In wych also men may fynde  
All thynges wrouht be kynde <sup>a</sup>  
Refte vpon hym with herte and thouht  
And go furly and dred the nouht  
And to hys helpe alway calle  
And truft wel thow shalt not falle

Com ner, quoth she, and ha no drede <sup>b</sup>  
Look up on hih and tak good heede  
Upon thys perche <sup>c</sup> the harneys fe  
Wherwith that thow wylt armed be  
Pertynent to thy vyage  
And needful to thy pylgrimage  
Then saw I helmys and habergiouns  
Plate and maylle for champiouns  
Gorgetys ageyn al vyolence  
And jakkes <sup>d</sup> stuffys of defence  
Targetes and sheldys large and longe  
And pavys <sup>e</sup> also that wer stronge  
For folk to make refistene  
Talle that wolde hem don offence

Thys *helm* callyd *attempraunce* <sup>f</sup>  
Ys nedful in thy dyffence  
Ffor to make refistene  
At *nose* at *ere* and at the *byht* <sup>g</sup>  
That yt hem kepe and clofe aryht  
Ffor this helm for assurance  
Wych ys called attempraunce  
As worthy and noble off fame  
Seyn Poul gaff therto a name  
And callyd yt ffor gret delyt  
The helm off helthe and off profyt  
And commanded men tak hed  
Ffor to sette yt on ther hed  
As ffor ther chef salvacon

Ffor yiff thys helm be mad aryht  
Yt shal not have to large a fyht  
Lyft some arowe sharpe ygrounde

Entre myghte and gyue a wounde  
And at the erys ek also  
Thow mustest taken hede ther to  
That yt be not too large off space  
Lyft that by the same place  
Entrede by collusion  
Som noyce off fals detracion

Tave a swerd ek by thy fyde <sup>h</sup>  
A bettre was ther neuer founde  
Off stel forgyd whet nor grounde  
Wych shal ynowh suffyse  
The to dyffende many wyse  
Yiff any enmy the assaylle  
Outher in skarmush outhat bataylle  
I the ensure in al thy nede  
Why! thow hast yt thow shalt not drede  
Off non enemy nor no dystresse  
The name off wych ys Ryhtwyfnesse  
A better swerd was neuer wrought  
Off prince nor off kyng ybought  
For the swerd off good *Oger* <sup>1</sup>  
Off *Rowland* nor off *Olyver*  
Was not for to reknen al  
Off valu to this swerd egal  
So trusty nor so vertuous  
To ffolk in vertu coragous  
Ffor this swerd haueth so gret myht  
To ryche and poore for to do ryht

MEMORY.<sup>2</sup>

The Pilgrim, fearful that he shall forget the good advice which *Grace* has given him, summons to Memory to carry his armour. He is surprised to see the latter without eyes, and complains that she will not be of use to him; but he is assured that her eyes are at the back of her head, and that she is the treasurer of much knowledge; for although she cannot foresee, she has complete information of the

<sup>a</sup> Are reproduced or reprinted.

<sup>b</sup> Vitell. C. XIII. f. 114, b. f. xxx. b. "Or regarde."

<sup>c</sup> Pole or rod.

<sup>d</sup> Stuff for making furcoats. A "jack" was a buff jerkin worn by soldiers.

<sup>e</sup> Bucklers.

<sup>f</sup> Vitell. C. XIII. f. 121, b. f. xxxii. "Le heaulme, &c."

<sup>g</sup> Mouth.

<sup>h</sup> Vitell. C. XIII. f. 123. f. xxxii. b. "Par son nom, &c."

<sup>1</sup> Ogier, Roland, and Oliver, were three of Charlemagne's peers. (*Vide Biog. Univ. sub. v. "Oger," et alibi.*) The two latter were so equally matched in strength and valour that it was doubtful which was superior: hence the saying, in reference to the blows they inflicted, "of giving a Roland for an Oliver," which has passed into a proverb in our own language.

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcut XI.

<sup>a</sup> Eph. vi. 11.<sup>b</sup> Zech. ix. 8.<sup>c</sup> Lukexi. 21, 22.<sup>d</sup> 1 Peter ii. 11.  
Gal. v. 16—19.  
Rom. vii. 22, 23.<sup>e</sup> Matt. vi. 25.  
Gen. ii. 7.  
1 Cor. ix. 27.<sup>f</sup> Vitell. C. xiii.  
f. 144.<sup>g</sup> f. xxxvi. b.<sup>h</sup> f. xxxvii. b.<sup>i</sup> Ecclesiasticus  
ii. 18.<sup>k</sup> James ii. 26.

past, and will recall to him her advice, and prove a most useful attendant. *Grace*, however, warns the Pilgrim that he is not the good warrior<sup>a</sup> who requires his armour to be carried; but he who wears it continually, and who is always ready with it in time of need, even in his own house<sup>b</sup> where he is never free from warfare. She also informs him that in the country to which he is going he will be always encompassed with enemies, and that the sling and stones (she had given him) would not be sufficient to defend him unless he was accustomed to his armour, without requiring the assistance of his armourbearer; for it would excite scorn and derision were he to allow her to carry it who was so much weaker than himself.

The Pilgrim inquires the reason why, after taking off his armour,<sup>c</sup> he should experience so much pain in putting it on again?

*Grace*<sup>d</sup> bids him remember she had told him he was too fat, and too stubborn.

The Pilgrim acknowledges that she had admonished him of this—but thinks that it should be a reason for his being stronger and more valiant.

She next inquires whether he is aware who he is? whether he is single or double? whether he has not another besides himself to nourish, govern, and maintain?

The Pilgrim replies, that he is astonished at her question, that she must be aware that he has only himself to govern and take care of.

Then she says, “Understand, and listen diligently, for I will instruct you otherwise: know that you nourish one who is your greatest enemy—that you clothe him, and feed him with the costliest viands—that<sup>d</sup> you are his slave; but, notwithstanding, he deceives you, both when he is moving and when he is at rest.

‘Soit en allant ou quant il gift.’

He it is who will not allow you to carry your armour, and who is always your adversary when you would do any good thing.”

The Pilgrim inquires his name, that he may revenge himself on his enemy by killing him.<sup>e</sup>

*Grace* replies, that he is not permitted to do that, but that he may punish him and give him pain, by making him work, fast, and submit to penance, without which he will never succeed in revenging himself upon him. She adds, that if he had well understood the matter he would have seen that *Repentance*<sup>2</sup> was the mistress and chastiser, who, with her rods, would cause his enemy to become a good servant; and she tells the Pilgrim that he ought to desire that more than the death of his foe, for he is lent to him to lead him to the haven of eternal life, and to preserve him from peril; that this enemy is his body and his flesh, which can be called by no other name than that of a foe.

The PILGRIM replies:

Ma dame quod I what may thys be<sup>f</sup>  
Whether dreme I other ellys ye

<sup>1</sup> GRACEDIEU.

¶ Ne te souvient dit elle pas  
Que ie te dis questoye trop gras  
Par trop remply et par trop peuz  
Ainsi quencord es et trop druz

LE PELERIN.

¶ Bien men souvient dis ie mais tant  
Estre ien deusse plus puissant  
Et plus fort aux armes porter  
Comme il me semble et a marmier

GRACEDIEU.

¶ Scez tu dist elle qui tu es  
Se tu es seul on se double es

Se nul fors toy as a nourrir  
Na gouverner na maintenir

<sup>2</sup> Penitence est la maistresse<sup>h</sup>  
Et de luy la chastierresse<sup>i</sup>  
Bailles le luy si le batra  
Et tellement le chastiera  
De ses verges que bon seruaut  
El le fera dorenavant  
Et ce dois tu mieulx desirer  
Et mieulx vouloir et procurer  
Que tu ne dois faire sa mort  
Car baille test pour luy a port<sup>k</sup>  
De vie et de salut mener  
Et de tous perilz le geſter  
Cest le corps et la chair de toy  
Autrement nommer ne le doy

Ffor as fer as I kan espye <sup>a</sup>  
 I mervyll off your fantafye  
 Or by what weye ye wolde gon  
 Ys nat my body and I al on  
 I trowe yis and ellys wonder  
 Or how myhte we be affonder  
 Ys he a nother than am I  
 I pray you tel me ffeythfully  
 And me declareth the sothnesse  
 Withouten any dowbylness  
 What that ye mene verrayly  
 Ffor her ys no whyht but ye and I  
 Except only my chaumberere  
 Wych that folweth ous ryht here  
 A noon to me doth synifye  
 Wher yt be trouth or fayrte <sup>b</sup>  
 Shal we shold ben on or tweyne  
 Tel on a noon and doth not ffeyne

*Grace* inquires of the Pilgrim whether he  
 would wish to abide always where he could  
 have joy, repose, <sup>c</sup> and his own will.

Ma dame quod I dysplese you nouht  
 I say ryht as lyth <sup>d</sup> in my thouht  
 Myn hertys ese for to fewe <sup>e</sup>  
 I wolde abyde and not remewe  
 Ffor myn ese euer in <sup>f</sup> on  
 Rather than thenys for to gon  
 Ffor yt ys profytable tabyde  
 Wher that a man on euery fyde  
 Ffyndeth vn to hys plefaunce  
 Soiour <sup>g</sup> with oute varyaunce

Ys that verrayly quod she  
 Soth that thou hast sayd to me  
 I understonde by thy language <sup>h</sup>  
 Thow woldest leue thy pylgrymage  
 And platly <sup>i</sup> fettyn hyt asyde  
 Only for reffe and ther a byde

Ma dame quod I for my dysport  
 Wher I find ese and connfort  
 I wolde a hyde a whyle there  
 Tyl I sawh tyme and good leyser <sup>k</sup>

To me she sayde a noon ryht than  
 O wrecche o thow vnhappy man

Tak hed and be more ententyff  
 How here in thys mortal lyff <sup>l</sup>  
 Thogh that a man renne euermore  
 He may never haft hym to fore <sup>m</sup>  
 To kome to tymely <sup>n</sup> to that place  
 I putte <sup>o</sup> caas that he ha space  
 Fforth to procede day by day  
 At good leyser vpon hys way  
 Her vpon I axe the  
 Yiff thow haddyft lyberte  
 Joye merthe and al solace  
 Woldestow fro thylike place  
 Yiff thow haddyft fre choys at wyll  
 Remeven or abyde styll

Allas quod I what may I seyn  
 I kan nat wel answer ageyn  
 But o thyng I wot ryht wel  
 The cyrcumfancys euery del  
 Confydryd vp on euery fyde  
 Par caas rather I sholde abyde  
 Than ben to hasty to procede <sup>p</sup>  
 Tyl I sawh I muste nede  
 Goon forth off necesfite  
 In caas than wolde I hafte me

\* \* \* \*

Quod Gracedieu yt semeth wel  
 Thow hast not lernyd euery del  
 Thynges nouthur hih nor lowe  
 Syth thy sylff thow kanst not knowe  
 The wych a boue all other thyng  
 Ys the beste knowelychyng  
 That man may han in thys lyff here  
 And yiff thow lyst platly lere <sup>q</sup>  
 To knowe thy sylff ys bet knowing  
 Than to be Emperour outhur kyng  
 And for to knowe al syences  
 Practykes and experyences  
 Or to han al the rycheffe  
 Off thys world in sothfastnesse

\* \* \* \*

And I shal telle the ffeythfully  
 In thys matere trewely  
 What that I fele in my entent  
 Shortly as in sentement  
 The body fyrst be nat in doute

<sup>a</sup> Col. ii. 5.

<sup>b</sup> Illusion.

<sup>c</sup> Isaiah lxvi. 13.

<sup>d</sup> Lieth.

<sup>e</sup> Follow or procure.

<sup>f</sup> i.e. Remain in one (place).

<sup>g</sup> Sojourn.

<sup>h</sup> Pf. lxxiii. 26.

<sup>i</sup> Entirely.

<sup>k</sup> Leisure.

<sup>l</sup> Gal. vi. 10.

<sup>m</sup> He can never hasten too eagerly.

<sup>n</sup> Too soon.

<sup>o</sup> Even granting.

<sup>p</sup> Gen. xii. 1, 2.

<sup>q</sup> Pfal. xlix. 20.

<sup>a</sup> Gen. i. 27.<sup>b</sup> Gen. ii. 15.<sup>c</sup> To have dwelt or lived.<sup>d</sup> Job x. 8.<sup>e</sup> Kindred or relationship.<sup>f</sup> Psal. lxxxii. 6.<sup>g</sup> Murmurs.<sup>h</sup> Arose.<sup>i</sup> The fruit resembles the tree.<sup>k</sup> Profit or advantage.<sup>l</sup> Rom. viii. 13.<sup>m</sup> An action in the field or pitched battle.<sup>n</sup> Beathim down.

Off wych I spak clofyd withoute  
 Whan yt ys fro the segregat  
 Dyffeveryd and separat  
 Than off the I dar wel seyn  
 And afferme yt in certyn  
 Off god thow art the portraiture  
 Thymage also and ffygure<sup>a</sup>  
 And off nouht yiff thow kanst fe  
 He ffourmede and he made the  
 That lord ffyrst in thy creaunce  
 To hys owne refemblaunce  
 And ymage wych of lyknesse  
 Most dygne and worthy off noblesse  
 A prent to speke off dygnyte  
 He myghte nat ha set on the  
 Mor worthy nor more notable  
 Than to hym fyllff refemblable  
 He gaff to the off hys goodnesse<sup>b</sup>  
 Cler fyght off reson and ffayrnesse  
 And off nature to be mor lyht  
 Than any ffoul that ffleth in flyht  
 And never to deyen ek withal  
 For he made the immortal  
 Permanent and even stable  
 And tadwellyd immutable<sup>c</sup>  
 Yiff thow not haddyft off entent  
 Forfetyd hys commandement  
 Than haddyftow thorgh thy renoun  
 Excellyd in comparyfoun<sup>d</sup>  
 Comparyfoun myghte noon ha be  
 To thy noblesse and dygnete  
 Off hevene nor erthe in certeyn  
 Nor to declare and speke in pleyn  
 Bryd nor outhere creature  
 Except off angelys the nature  
 God ys thy fader tak hed her to  
 And thow art hys sone also  
 Most excellynge off kynrede<sup>e</sup>  
 That euer was withoute drede  
 Most noble and off greteft style  
 Ffor off Thomas de Guilleyle  
 Thow art not sone on that party  
 I dar afferme and seyn trewley<sup>f</sup>  
 Who euer gruchche<sup>g</sup> or make stryff  
 That he nat hadde in al hys lyff  
 To feke in al hys nacyon

No sone off fwych condycyon  
 Douhter nouthere yt ys no fable  
 Off kynrede so notable  
 But off engendrure bodyly  
 Thow haddyft off hym thy body  
 Wych kam off hym by nature  
 The wych body I kan assure  
 Ys to the tak hed her to  
 Thyn enmy and thy greteft foo  
 On that party yiff thow lyft fe  
 Roos<sup>h</sup> fyrst the grete enmyte  
 Nature hath yt so ordeyned  
 But yt thorgh vertu be restreyned  
 Ffor the ffrit<sup>i</sup> what euer yt be  
 Bereth the carage off the tre

\* \* \* \*

And her vp on yiff thow lyft fe  
 The same lord he made the  
 Off his goodnes for thy prow<sup>k</sup>  
 And in the body wher thow art now  
 He the putte as I dar telle  
 Ther a whyle for to dwelle<sup>l</sup>  
 And ther tabyde thys the cheff  
 Ffor tassaye the by preffe  
 And by thy port also dyscerne  
 How thow sholdest the governe  
 Prudently both fer and ner  
 And yiff thow dydest thy dever  
 To dyffende thy party  
 Yiff ye wolde holde chaumpartye<sup>m</sup>  
 Ageyns the in any wyse  
 Ffor as I shal to the devyse  
 A twyxe yow yt ys no ffaylle  
 Ther ys werre and strong bataylle  
 And contynuelly ther shal be  
 But so falle thow yelde the  
 And put the in subiection  
 Thorgh hys fals collusion  
 By hys deceyt and flatrye  
 Evere to haue the maystrye  
 Over the in conclusioun  
 Why! he hath domynacioun  
 But yiff that thow as yt ys ryht  
 Dyscomfyte hym by verray myght  
 And by force bet<sup>n</sup> hym don  
 Lyk a myghty champyon



Than shal tow bothe fer and ner  
 Over hym han ful power  
 That he shal neuer for no quarelle  
 Ageyns the dor rebelle  
 To interupte thy entente  
 And trowly but thy sylff assente  
 He shal neuer be so bold  
 The to withstonde as I ha tolde  
 He ys *Dalyda* thow art *Sampson*<sup>a</sup>  
 Thow art strong as by reson  
 Sturdy on thy feet to stonde  
 Suffre hym nat the to withstonde  
 Nor over the to han mayfrye  
 Ffor no glofing nor flatrye  
 And yiff thow tak hed ther to  
 She ne kan nat ellys do  
 But with flatrye and deceyt  
 Nyht and day lyn in a wayt  
 And swych wach on the doth make  
 To make thyn enmyes the to take  
 At mescheff whan they may the fynde  
 And yiff thow wilt she shal the bynde  
 Sher<sup>b</sup> thyn heer whyl thow dost slepe  
 But thow konne thy sylven kepe  
 And overmore I the ensure  
 Thy counsayl al he wyl dyscure<sup>c</sup>  
 And thy secretyvs evicechon  
<sup>d</sup> To *phylyfres*<sup>e</sup> that be thy ffoon<sup>f</sup>  
 Other frenschepe truste me  
 He hath pleyndly noon to the  
 Know thes and to my speche entende  
 How thow wylt thy sylff dyffende  
 Be nat to thy confusion  
 Deceyved as whylom was *Sampson*

\* \* \* \*

Quod Gracedieu a noon to me  
 What thow haft sayd tak hed quod she  
 And understond ffyrst in thy fyht  
 By the sonne that shyneth bryht<sup>g</sup>  
 Thy soul cler in especyal  
 Wyth inne thy body wych ys mortal  
 Off thys mater we haue on honde  
 Ther by thy soule I understonde  
 Thy body yiff thow kanst espye<sup>h</sup>  
 Ys dyck<sup>i</sup> as ys a clowdy skye  
 And lyk also who can dyscerne

To a murky blak lanterne  
 And nat<sup>k</sup> for thy I dar expresse  
 Men may sen thorgh the bryhtnesse  
 Off the soule yt ys no doute  
 And the clernesfe fer withoute  
 Clerkys recorde yt in ther<sup>l</sup> skolys<sup>l</sup>  
 And other wene<sup>m</sup> that be but ffolys  
 In ther follysh fals demyng  
 That al the cler enlumynyng  
 Wher off that pore skye lo  
 Wherwyth the fowle ys shrowdyd so  
 Eclypfed off hys ffayr bryhtnesse  
 And ne were the gret darknesse  
 Off thys skye who loke a ryht  
 The fowle sholde han so cler a fyht  
 At o<sup>n</sup> look fro the oryent  
 To sen in to the occident  
 Ffor off the body truste me  
 The eyen no verray eyen be<sup>o</sup>  
 But lyk to glas I dar wel feyn  
 Wher thorgh the clere soule ys feyn  
 And outward with hys bemys bryht<sup>p</sup>  
 Giveth ther to clernesfe and lyht  
 Ffor the fowle who taketh hede<sup>q</sup>  
 Off bodyly eyen hath no nede

\* \* \* \*

But for thy sake a noon ryht<sup>r</sup>  
 I shal assayen and provyde  
 Thy body for to leyn asyde<sup>s</sup>  
 Ffro the take yt yiff I kan  
 That thow mayst conceyve than  
 Off hym hooly the governaunce  
 And what he ys as in substaunce  
 But thow mustest in certeyn  
 Affter sone reforte ageyn  
 To thyn olde dwellyng place  
 Tyl that deth a certeyn space  
 Schal the despoyle and make twynne<sup>t</sup>  
 Ffro the body that thow art inne  
 And Grace dieu a noon me took  
 I not wher that I slepte or wook  
 And made for short concludon  
 My body for to falle adoun  
 And after that a noon ryht  
 Me sempte that I took my flyht  
 And was ravished in to the hayr

<sup>a</sup> Judges xvi. 4.

<sup>b</sup> Sheer or clip  
thine hair.

<sup>c</sup> Discover or be-  
tray.

<sup>d</sup> Judges xvi. 18,  
19.

<sup>e</sup> Philistines.

<sup>f</sup> Foes.

<sup>g</sup> Ecclef. i. 5.

<sup>h</sup> 1 Cor. ii. 14.

<sup>i</sup> Thick.

<sup>k</sup> Notwithstanding  
this.

<sup>l</sup> Schools.

<sup>m</sup> Suppose.

<sup>n</sup> One.

<sup>o</sup> Matt. v. 16.

<sup>p</sup> Luke xii. 35.

<sup>q</sup> Mark viii. 17,  
18.

<sup>r</sup> Vitell. C. xiiii.  
f. 152, b.

<sup>s</sup> Isaiah xlii. 16.

<sup>t</sup> Separate thee.

<sup>a</sup> Whether.

<sup>b</sup> Touched its head, so as to be sure that it was my body.

<sup>c</sup> Prov. xii. 28.  
Prov. ix. 13—15.  
Prov. ii. 13.  
Prov. ix. 10.  
Prov. xix. 1.

<sup>d</sup> 1 Cor. xii. 4—6.

<sup>e</sup> Vitell. C. xiiii. f. 174, b.

<sup>f</sup> Polifher.

<sup>g</sup> Ecclef. vi. 7.

<sup>h</sup> f. xliv. b.

<sup>i</sup> James v. 3.

A place delytable and ffayr  
And me thought ek in my syht  
I was nat hevvy but verray lyht  
And by beholding was so cler  
That I sawh bothe fer and ner  
Hih and lowe and overal  
And I was ryht glad with al  
Al was wel to my plesauce  
Save a manner dysplesauce  
I hadde off o thyng in certyn  
That I muſte go dwelle ageyn  
With inne my body wych that lay  
Lyk an hevvy lompe off clay  
Wych to me was no forthryng  
But perterbance and gret lettyng  
Thyder to reforte off newe  
Tho wyſt I wel that al was trewe  
That grace dieu had feyd to me  
And thanne I went for to fe  
Wher <sup>a</sup> the body ſlepte or nouht  
And whan I hadde longe ſouht,  
Taſtyd <sup>b</sup> hys pows in certeyne  
And gropyd euery nerff and veyne  
I find in hym no breth at al  
But ded and cold as a ſton wal  
And when I dyde al thys eſpye  
Hys gouernance I gan deſye  
Tho Grace Dieu ſpak unto me  
Lefft up thyn eyen beholde and ſe  
Yiff thou konne now clerly  
Knowe in erthe thy gret enmy  
He that wolde nat ſuffre the bere  
Noon armyſ nor noon harneys here  
The Pilgrim arrives at a path which  
branches into oppoſite directions: to the right  
is ſeated *Induſtry*, and to the left *Idleneſs*; the  
“Pelerin” inquires the way to the city of Je-  
ruſalem, beyond the ſea (of this world). *In-*  
*duſtry* replies that the oppoſite path conduſts

pilgrims into great peril, but that the one  
wherein he is, was always diſcovered to be  
fafe to thoſe who continued in it; but that  
many turned out of their way, through the  
hedge which led them back into the other  
path, <sup>c</sup> (the ſtile in *By-path meadow*.) The  
Pilgrim then inquires why he carries on the  
humble employment of net-maker. He re-  
plies, that he ought not to be blamed for ſo  
doing; that it is not every one who can make  
gold crowns: <sup>d</sup>

“Chacun ſi ne peut pas forger  
Couronnes dor ou lor changer;”

that an honeſt trade is not to be deſpiſed, how-  
ever humble, provided it is purſued with dili-  
gence, ſince labour was good for its own ſake;  
adding the following ſimile:—

#### The NATTE MAKER.<sup>1</sup>

So as a ſwerd I dar expreſſe <sup>e</sup>  
Y ffadyd ys off hys bryhtneſſe  
And off hys clerneſſe ek alſo  
Whan men take noon heed ther to  
But ruſteth and ffareth al amys  
Ryght ſo a man that ydel ys  
And kan hymſylff not occupye  
By reſemblauce thou mayſt eſpye  
Into hys fowle thus I begynne  
The ruſt off vyces or off ſynne  
Doth a way withoute geſſe  
Off all vertu the clerneſſe  
But exerceyce in ſentence  
And contynual dyllygence  
Born vp with vertuous labour  
Ys bet than any fourbyſhour <sup>f</sup>  
Ageyn the ruſt off ydelneſſe  
Off vertu to gyue perfyte clerneſſe  
The Pilgrim expreſſes ſurpriſe <sup>g</sup> at his an-

#### <sup>1</sup> LABEUR.<sup>h</sup>

¶ Certes diſt il ainſi eſt il <sup>i</sup>  
Ainſi que le fer eſt en peril  
Du lacier dont riens on ne fait  
Que toſt apres rouille ne ſoit  
Auſſi l'homme qui oyſeux eſt  
Et riens ne fait en peril eſt

Quaſſez toſt bien fort enrouille  
Ne ſoit par vice et par peche  
Mais quant il ſe veult occuper  
Et en labeur exerciter  
Celuy vault vng bon forbiſſeur  
Et vne lime et vng limeur

\* \* \* \* \*



life as a choice between

diverging paths may be

found in the famous aphorism of Pythagoras

Remember that the paths of virtue & vice

leperum

Remember that the paths of virtue & vice resemble the letter Y

Virtuta Pythagorae discriminare secta bicorni

humanae vitae speciem preferre videtur



swer, saying, he had looked upon him as a filly old man—to which *Industry* replies, that it was generally<sup>a</sup> the case that he who did not wear fine clothing<sup>b</sup> was held in little estimation; and that a foolish man, well dressed, was more prized<sup>c</sup> than a poor man with much learning; he adds:—

<sup>a</sup> And for to speke my general  
I sustene and ber up al  
And yt ys I ech hour and space  
That makyth the tyme shortly pace  
Without envy or perturbatione  
Ffor I am he by remembrance  
Syth Adam the appple eate  
Which with labour and with swet  
Have yove<sup>d</sup> ffoode and pasture  
To every levynge creature  
Bothe to best and ek to man  
Syth tyme that the world began  
Where off I am no thyng to blame  
And my verray ryhte name  
Ys without mor farmon  
*Labour and Occupation*

The Pilgrim then inquires of the young person seated on the other side, which were considered the best paths for pilgrims.

But I knowe be wel certeyn<sup>2</sup>  
Yiff I shall the trouthe feyn  
Thys the weye most royal  
Called the kynges hih<sup>3</sup> weye  
And her withal I dar wel feye

Yt ys most esy off passage  
To ffolkys old and yonge of age  
Smothe and pleyn yt ys no nay  
And most yused nyght and day  
And by thys ylke fame weye  
Gladly ffolkys I conveye  
Swich<sup>e</sup> as love paramours  
Toward the woode to gadre flowers  
Soot<sup>f</sup> rofys and vyolettys  
There of to make hem chaplettys  
And other flourys to her plefaunce  
And in thys weye I teche hem daunce  
And also for ther lady sake  
Endyte lettrys and songys make  
Upon the glade somerys days  
Balladys roundelys vyrelays  
I teche hem ek lyk ther ententys  
To pleye on fondry instrumentys  
On herpe lut and on gyterne  
And to revelle at tavernes  
With al merthe and melodye  
On rebuke<sup>g</sup> and on symphonye  
To spende al the day in ffablys  
Pleye at the ches pley at the tablys  
At treygolet and tregetrye  
In karrying<sup>h</sup> and in jogolory<sup>i</sup>  
And to al swych maner play  
Thys the verray ryhte way

The Pilgrim inquires her name and condition. She replies that she is the daughter of *Idleness*, that she is lazy, tender, and soft:

<sup>1</sup> Et touteffois ie suis celluy  
Qui a trestous donne du pain  
Et sans moy pieca mort de fain  
Fust dadam tout le parente  
Rien ny vaulsist larche noe  
Je fuis celluy qui fais passer  
Le temps brieument sans ennuyer<sup>k</sup>  
Celluy a qui est ne tout homme  
Pour le manuals mors de la pomme  
Car appelle fuis par mon nom<sup>l</sup>  
Labeur et occupation

<sup>2</sup> OYSIUETE.<sup>m</sup>

¶ Bien scay et pour vray te dy<sup>n</sup>  
Que cest cy le chemin royal  
Ou gens de pie et de cheual  
Et pelerins passent le plus  
Bien vois quil est le plus batus

Par luy ie meyne gens au bois  
Cueillir fleurs violettes et nois  
En esbatement en deduit  
En lieu de ioye et de delict  
Et la leur fais oyr chansons  
Rondeaulx balades et doulx sons<sup>o</sup>  
De herpes et de simphonies  
Et plusieurs autres melodies  
Dont long le parlement seroit  
Qui toutes dire les voudroit  
Et la leur fois ie veoir danseurs  
Jeux de bastiaux et de iogueurs  
Jeux de tables et deschiquiers  
De boules et de mereilliers  
De cartes jeux de tricherie  
Et de mainte autre muserie

<sup>3</sup> Bunyan and Spenser both adopt the simile of the "highway."

<sup>a</sup> 1 Cor. iv. 12.

<sup>b</sup> Luke vii. 25.

<sup>c</sup> Tobit iv. 7.

<sup>d</sup> Given.

<sup>e</sup> Such.

<sup>f</sup> Sweet.

<sup>g</sup> Rebeck, a kind of violin.

<sup>h</sup> Legerdemain.

<sup>i</sup> Jugglery.

<sup>k</sup> Pf. cxxviii. 2.

<sup>l</sup> Ecclus. xl. 1.

<sup>m</sup> f. xlv.

<sup>n</sup> Prov. xxviii. 10.

<sup>o</sup> Prov. iv. 14, 15.

<sup>a</sup> Eph. v. 3, 4.

<sup>b</sup> Prov. xvi. 2.

<sup>c</sup> Ecclus. xxxiii. 27.

<sup>d</sup> See the description of "Penitance" given above.

<sup>e</sup> Job xxxvi. 13. Ecclus. xi. 10.

<sup>f</sup> Vitell. C. xiii. f. 233, b.

"Suis oyseuse, tendre, et succree."

She says that she loves better to play with her gloves than any other occupation;<sup>a</sup> that she is the friend of his body when he sleeps or wakes—saving it from trouble,<sup>b</sup> and seeing that it is well taken care of; she warns him to beware which way he takes—that the one opposite is long and narrow, and that hers is wide, which is apparent to everyone.

The Pilgrim inquires who had placed the hedge between the paths; for if that were not there it would all appear as one and the same road.

*Idleness* answers that it was placed there by a great persecutor of pilgrims,<sup>c</sup> named *Repentance*, who held all those who went her way in great hatred, and that when they wished to turn into the other they could not,

without being pierced with thorns, and otherwise wounded; that *Repentance* came there to make brooms, rods, and hammers; for that she was severe beyond measure, and therefore she was little loved and praised.<sup>d</sup>

The Pilgrim calls to his remembrance the lady with the broom and rods, answering exactly to this description, and he considers it better to turn into the "Nat-maker's" road before he passes the hedge which was so grievous and prickly.<sup>1</sup>

In journeying on, the Pilgrim, after encountering and escaping from *Gluttony* and *Luß*, meets *Wrath*<sup>e</sup> and <sup>2</sup>*Tribulation*.<sup>f</sup> He is assailed by the former, who is represented as a sour-looking ugly old woman holding two stones in her hands—one of them called *Despise*, the other, *Animosity*—and a saw in her

<sup>1</sup> Y is called the letter of Pythagoras, (not because he invented it—for Palamedes invented it from the flight of cranes—but) because he used it to signify the bifurcation of the good and evil ways of men.

Novimus Pythagoram Samium vitam humanam divisisse in modum litteræ Y scilicet quod prima ætas incerta fit, quippe quæ adhuc se nec vitis nec virtutibus dedit: bivium autem litteræ Y a juventute incipere quo tempore homines aut vitia, i. e. partem sinistram, aut virtutes, i. e. partem dextram sequuntur.

*Servius, Comment in Virg. Æn. vi. 136.*

Dicunt enim humanæ vitæ cursum, Y, litteræ esse similem; quod unusquisque hominum, cum primum adolescentiæ limen attigerit, et in eum locum venerit, partis vbi se via findit in ambas hæreat mutabundus, ac nesciat in quam se partem potius inclinet. Si ducem nactus fuerit, qui dirigat ad meliora titubantem, hoc est, si aut philosophiam didicerit, aut eloquentiam, aut aliquid honestæ artis, quod evadat ad bonam frugem; quod fieri sine labore maximo non potest: honestam, accipiosam vitam, disputant, peracturum: Si vero doctorem frugalitatis non inuenerit; in sinistram viam, quæ melioris speciem mentitur, incedere; id est, desidæ, inertæ, luxuriæ se tradere; quæ suavia quidem videntur ad tempus, vera bona ignorant; post autem amissa omni dignitate, ac re familiari, in omnibus miseriis, ignominiaque victurum. . . . Nos igitur melius, et verius, qui duas istas vias, cæli, et inferorum esse dicimus, quia iustis immortalitas, iniustis pœna æterna propozita est.—*Laëtantius*, vi. 3.

For they say that the course of human life is like the letter Y; because every man, when first he shall have touched the threshold of youth, and shall have come to that place where "the way splits itself into two parts," may stick doubting, and know not to which part he would rather bend himself. If he shall have found a guide who can direct a faltering (man) to better things,

that is, if he shall have learned philosophy, or eloquence, or anything of any honourable art, he may reach fruit for good (purposes), which cannot be done without very great labour, they maintain that he will pass through an honourable and wealthy life: but if he shall not find a teacher of temperance, (they say) that he goes to the left-hand road, which falsely assumes the appearance of a better (road), that is, that he gives himself to sloth, ignorance, (and) luxury; which indeed seem sweet at the time to him who knows not true good; (but afterwards) all rank, family property, being lost, (they say) that he will live in all misery and disgrace.

Wherefore we affirm better and more truly that those ways are two, of heaven and hell, because immortality is placed before the just, and eternal punishment before the unjust.

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos,  
Surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem.

*Perfius, Sat. iii. l. 56, 57.*

But you have pass'd the schools; have studied long,  
And learn'd the eternal bounds of Right and Wrong,  
And what the Porch, (by Mycon limned, of yore,  
With trowlered Medes) unfolds of ethic lore,  
Where the shorn youth, on herbs and pottage fed,  
Bend o'er the midnight page, the sleepless head:  
And sure, the letter where, divergent wide,  
The Samian branches shoot on either side,  
Has to your view, with no obscure display,  
Marked, on the right, the strait, but better way.

*Gifford's Perfius, Sat. iii. l. 99—108.*

Quumque iter ambiguum est et vitæ nescius error  
Diducit trepidas ramosa in compita mentes.

*Ibid. Sat. v. l. 34.*

Pythagoræ bivium ramis pateo ambiguis Y.

*Ausonius, Idyl. 348-9.*

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcut XII.

mouth, the use of which she thus describes:—

<sup>1</sup>This sharp sawe in verray dede  
Wych that callyd is hatrede  
And with thys sawe tak hed her to  
Ys I sawe and kut a two  
Perfyt loue and unyte  
Concord and fraternyte  
Off charyte and allyaunce  
Maad also dyssveraunce  
Yt cut a two ech vertu  
In Jacob and Esu  
Thow mayst se a playn fygure  
Yiff thow rede the scripiture  
Thys sawhe made hem gon assunder  
The ton her the tother yonder  
And long tyme assunder were  
And thys sawh also I bere  
As thow fest her in my mouth  
Wher ever I go both est and south  
Off entent be well certeyn  
Whan ever I pray or shold seyn  
My pater noster nyht or day  
Than I sawh my sylf away  
Ffrom the hooly trynnye  
I preve <sup>a</sup> yt as thow mayst se  
I pray God off entencyoun,  
Off my synnes to han pardoun  
Evene lyk to my socour  
As I forgyve my neighebour  
In my prayere ek I sette  
That he forgyve me my dette  
As I forgyve folk thoffence  
That to me dyde vyolence  
And to conclude yiff yt be souht  
I forgyve her off ryht nowht

Than must yt folwe off equitye  
My prayere ys ageyns me  
To ward my sylf by mortal lawe  
Wrongly I tourn thys ylke sawhe  
In the wych ys no profyt  
Worshepe honour but fals delyt  
But gret damage and harm ful offte  
And he that sholde stonde alofte  
Holdynge thys sawhe thys the caas  
He ys benethe and stonde most baas  
In fygne wheroff who lyst knowe  
Sathanas he ys most lowe

*Wrath* also carries a hawk, representing *Murder*, with which she girds her agents—citing, for example, Barabbas,<sup>b</sup> and the tyrants who formerly put the martyrs to death.

“ Beste sauuaige non pas hom  
Cil est qui porte ce fauchon ; ”

“ (A wild beast, and not a man, is he who bears this hawk.) ”

*Wrath* warns the Pilgrim to defend himself against her assaults ; to which he answers, that he will resist unto the death.<sup>c</sup>

Descending the hill whence he had come, he then perceives *Tribulation*, who commands him to lay down his staff and protect himself with his shield and sword. She tells him that she carries the instruments for forging—only requiring an anvil upon which to forge him a crown—the crown of life ;<sup>d</sup> and that his not possessing this, renders him in peril of being destroyed by the first stroke of her hammer, which is *Persecution*<sup>e</sup>—by which Job was severely tried, and by which those who are not

<sup>a</sup> Prove.

<sup>b</sup> Mark xv. 7.

<sup>c</sup> Col. iii. 6.

<sup>d</sup> 1 Pet. i. 6, 7.

<sup>e</sup> 2 Tim. iii. 12.

<sup>1</sup> Et est celle see <sup>f</sup> nommee <sup>g</sup>  
Ffayne de laquelle est siee  
Union de fraternite  
Et alliance dunité  
En iacob et en esau  
Tu en as la figure ven  
Je les fiai et les desionctis  
Et lun de lautre enuoyay loinge  
Aussi ay ie maint autre fait  
Dont raconter auroit trop plaist  
Aux dens ceste see ie porte  
Afin que se la pater nostre  
Je dy que ie soie bien siee

De dieu le pere et separee  
Car quant le pry quil ait mercy  
De moy et me doint tout ainfi  
Mes meffais comme les pardonne  
Et qua nully ie ne pardonne <sup>h</sup>  
Bien scay que contre moy ie prie  
Et deuers moy tourne la sie  
En ceste sie a si trespeu  
De bien de louenge et de preu  
Que qui la tient et maistre en est  
Au deffoubz et au plus bas est  
En signe que le fathenas  
Le tendra en la fosse bas

<sup>f</sup> f. lxi. b.

<sup>g</sup> Matt. v. 22.  
Gen. xxvii. 41.

<sup>h</sup> Matt. vi. 12.

<sup>a</sup> Prov. i. 32.  
<sup>1</sup> Chron. xxi. 1.  
 Job ii. 7.

<sup>b</sup> Job i. 21.  
 Rom. v. 3.  
 Eccluf. xxxv. 20.  
 Pfal. lxxi. 20.

<sup>c</sup> Vitell. C. XIII.  
 f. 241.

<sup>d</sup> Tongs.

<sup>e</sup> Stars.

<sup>f</sup> Vitell. C. XIII.  
 f. 241, b.

<sup>g</sup> f. lxvii. g.

<sup>h</sup> Pf. cxvi. 3, 4.  
 Hab. iii. 16.

<sup>i</sup> Job vi. 10.

well armed are confounded, even unto the death.<sup>a</sup> The Pilgrim remembers that St. Bernard had advifed him in all trouble to refort for aid to the Virgin Mary, to whom he makes his prayer. *Tribulation* then ceafes to affault him, finding he has not given up his ftaff, and has fought a good and fure refuge.<sup>b</sup>

How much more fcriptural than this is Bunyan's "key of promise," which unlocks the door of *Doubting Caftle*!

*Tribulation* describes herfelf in De Guilleville, as being like the wind which fcatters fome of the falling leaves and drives others into various corners for refuge, and fpeaks as follows:—

<sup>1</sup>Som like leavys I whirl away<sup>c</sup>  
 Wych by the ground ful lowe lay  
 But thoro my commiffioun  
 I ha tourned them up fe down  
 And many another ek alfo  
 With my trouble and with my wo  
 And with my toonges<sup>d</sup> I hem chace  
 Agayn the Lord whann they trefpace  
 That I caufe hem for to fflie  
 To God on hem to han pyte  
 And fome I have ek caufed offie  
 To flien up to the fterre<sup>e</sup> aloffie  
 To whom thow fleddyft with gret labour  
 Ffor to have of hym fuccour  
 Comfort and confolacioun

#### <sup>1</sup> TRIBULATION. <sup>g</sup>

¶ Je fuis dift elle tout ainfi  
 Que le vent qui maine a labry  
 Et deftourne les fueilles cheues  
 Ou les rachaffe vers les nues<sup>h</sup>  
 A refuge tay fait aler  
 Et vers les nues regarder  
 Qui es une fueille feichee  
 Et deieftee et deuooyee  
 En cestuy chemin maleureux  
 Ou neft pas (dont mefchief eft) feulz  
 Ceulx qui bien ne vont ie rauoye  
 Et point aife ie ne feroye  
 Jusqua ce que trouue auroient  
 Ung deftour ou fe mufteroient  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Les vngs chaffe a la pitie dieu  
 Ou a grace qui tient fon lieu  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Ageyn al tribulacioun

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* I have to the  
 Partly declaryd myne offys  
 As thow mayft fele yiff thow be wys  
 Without any gret outrage  
 Don to the or gret damage  
 Withouten any wordes mo  
 A dieu farewel for I wyll go  
 And be war in thy paffage  
 That thow do well thy pylgrymage  
 And in thy way be iuft and ftable  
 Lych a pylgrym good and hable

The Pilgrim then prays that God will guard him from any worfe evil, for he feels that he has no power in himfelf, that his only reliance is on his ftaff (faith); but that as *Tribulation* has threatened to return again, he cannot truſt his own heart ſhould ſhe do ſo, for it is wavering, and only too ready to follow different deſigns, and he proceeds in the following words:—

<sup>2</sup>And as I ſtood allone al fool<sup>f</sup>  
 Gan compleyne and make dool  
 Havyng no thyng up on to reſte  
 Save as me ſempte for the beſte  
 I lenede me on my bordoun  
 For thogh that Tribulacioun  
 Wer departyd in certeyn  
 She ſayde ſhe wolde kome ageyn

Mon deuoir iay fait a preſent  
 Sans oultrage trefdoulcement  
 Ailleurs ie vois va bon chemin  
 Com doit faire bon pelerin

#### <sup>2</sup> LE PELERIN.

Or me garde dieu de pis auoir<sup>i</sup>  
 Car en moy nay aucun pouoir  
 Ne fur moy rien ou ie me fie  
 Fors le bourdon ou ie mapuye  
 Se tribulation ſen va  
 El dit bien quelle reuiendra  
 Se ne me tiens a mon refuy  
 Ou me ſuis mis et mon abry  
 Mais certes ie voy bien et ſcay  
 Que tenir ie ne my pourray  
 Pour mon cuer qui trop volaige eſt  
 Et a diuers propos toſt preſt  
 Ainſi comme ſeul meditant  
 Men aloye mon frain rongean  
 Vng val pfond en vng boſcaige



But I wherfo I woke or slepte  
 With my refuge ay I me kepte  
 To have by hyr protection  
 Ageyn ech tribulacioun  
 But for that I by gret outrage<sup>a</sup>  
 Was of my port wyld and savage  
 Dyvers<sup>b</sup> of my condycioun  
 And al day turnynge up and down  
 Full of chaunge and doublynesse  
 Having in me no stabylnesse  
 And whyl I wente thus musynge  
 Withinne myselff ymagynynge  
 I fflyll anoon in my passage  
 In to a woode ful savage  
 Me thouhte the weye peryllous  
 And by to pafs encombrous  
 I knew not what was lefte to doone  
 For in a woode a man may soone  
 Lose hys weye and gon amys  
 But he be war<sup>c</sup> and thus yt ys  
 As pylgryms know wel ech on  
 That on pylgrymage gon  
 Passage they fynde narew and streyth  
 Brygantys lyn ek in aweyt  
 And wyld beftys many on  
 Tassayle pylgrymes wher they gon

Bunyan expresses a similar idea thus:—  
 “Now at the end of the Valley of *Humiliation* was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and *Christian* must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now this valley is a very solitary place; the prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: ‘A wilderness, a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought, and of the shadow of death; a land that no man (but a Christian) passeth through, and

where no man dwelt.’ (Jer ii. 6) . . . About the midst of this valley I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the wayside. Now, thought *Christian*, what shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises, (things that cared not for *Christian*’s sword, as did Apollyon before,) that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called ‘All-Prayer,’ (Eph. vi. 18.); so he cried in my hearing, ‘O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul.’ (Psalms cxvi. 4.) Thus he went on a great while; yet still the flames would be reaching towards him: also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro; so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard, by him for several miles together; and, coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him—he stopped, and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half way through the valley; he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward; so he resolved to go on. Yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer—but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, ‘I will walk in the strength of the Lord God;’ so they gave back, and came no farther.”

<sup>1</sup> After his encounter with *Tribulation*, the Pilgrim is assailed by *Avarice* and *Necromancy*,

<sup>a</sup> By the great violence I had suffered.

<sup>b</sup> Restless.

<sup>c</sup> Unless he take care.

Horrible lait et moult sauuage  
 Vy deuant moy par ou passer  
 Me conuenoit fauant aler  
 Je vouloye dont esbahy fu  
 Car par bois on a tost perdu  
 Sa voye et mains perilz y font  
 De pelerins qui tous seulz vont  
 Larrons et mains bestes sauuages  
 Souuent en croz et tapinaiges

Y font pour nuire aux trespasans  
 Et leur faire destourbiers grans

<sup>1</sup> The narrative from this point is taken from the MS. Tiberius A. vii. of which mention has already been made. Vitellius C. xiii. is unfortunately lost after the meeting of *Tribulation* with the Pilgrim; but the story is continued in Tiberius A. vii. (which is also a translation of portions of De Guileville’s “*Pélerinage*”), and the coloured drawings are facsimiles from the latter MS.

when a messenger comes, sword in hand, (like *Greatheart*), to his rescue, and is represented in the illumination as a Crusader, with an escutcheon on his breast, and a red cross, or *rood tree* in the centre of it—he has then to encounter *Hereſye*, *Sathan*, *Dame Fortune*, *Dame Idolatrye*, *Sorcerye*, *Scilla*, *Conspiracyon*, *Gladneſſe of the world*, or “*world’s ffals ſolace*,” (the *Vanity Fair* of Bunyan;) with each of theſe he has long colloquies, juſt as he has in De Guileville’s poem.

In his diſtreſs, by the fide of a great water, he perceives a ſhip ſailing towards him, and preſently *Gracedieu* lands, and opens a fountain in the rock. In this water he is waſhed and purified, and ſhe offers him the choice of a refuge in various monaſteries; he makes his choice, like De Guileville, of the monaſtery of *Ciſteaux*.

## GRACE.

Voy la Cluny voy la Ciſteaux  
Voy la Chartreux voy la preſcheurs  
Voy la croiſiez voy la mineurs  
Su en vois la de toutes guifes .

\* \* \* \*

<sup>a</sup> f. lxvii.

<sup>b</sup> Ezekiel v. 17.

<sup>c</sup> Daniel vii. 4.

<sup>d</sup> Ezek. xxi. 11.

<sup>e</sup> Mark ix. 42.

<sup>f</sup> Avarice, according to St. Auguſtin, is an inſatiable and depraved luſt after vain-glory or anything elſe.

<sup>1</sup> Agiographie, or Hagiographie, ſignifies “Holy writings,” or “Scriptures,” and may have ſuggeſted to Bunyan his name of *Evangelift*.

<sup>2</sup> . . . ainſi que ie deſcendoye <sup>a</sup>

Dedans ce val et aualoye  
Une grant vieille deſguisee  
Et autrement pis faconnee  
Que par auant veu ie nauoye  
Lors vy qui eſtoit en ma voye  
Et ſembloit que la maſtendist  
Et que courre ſus me vouliſt <sup>b</sup>  
Nulle tel beſte en daniel <sup>c</sup>  
Nainſi faicte en ezechiel  
Nen lapocaliſe ne vy  
Et dont autant feuiſſe eſbahy  
Boiteuſe elle eſtoit et boſſue  
Et dun groz viel burel veſtue  
Repetaffe de viel penneaux  
De vieux haillons et pendillaux  
Ung ſac auoit pendu au col  
Et bien ſembloit que faire vol  
El vouliſt car dedens boutoit  
Grain et fer y enſaçoit  
Sa langue quelle auoit hors traicte  
Ne leur contenance ainſi fiere  
Luy aidoit moult a dedens meſtre  
Mais mezelle tout elle eſtoit  
Et ſurſemee come ſembloit  
Six mains auoit et deux moingnons

## LE PELERIN.

Dame dis ie puis qua choiſ ſuy  
Le chateau de ciſteaulx ieſly

Or according to the old Engliſh tranſlation :—

“ Madame quod I whan al ys fought  
I have choſe off herte and thought  
Off cyſtews in eche fyde  
In that caſtel to abyde.”

The porter of the gate then fetches him over in a boat. His name is *Drede off God*. He is welcomed by *Charity*. *Leſſoun*, who is the *Lecon* or *Conſcelliere* of De Guileville, gives him inſtruction. *Agiographie* <sup>1</sup> ſhows him a *wonderful mirror*. Theſe are ſucceeded by *Obedience*, *Diſcipline*, *Abſtinence*, *Poverty*, *Chafity*, *Prayer*, *Infirmity*, *Old Age*, and *Death*.

<sup>2</sup> On deſcending into the valley, (after having been attacked by *Tribulation*,) the Pilgrim encounters an old woman, diſguiſed in ſuch a manner as he had never ſeen before, who ſtood

Deux des mains ongles de griffons  
Auoient que moult ie redoubtay  
Et quant gy penſe peur en ay  
En vne de ſes autres mains  
Ainſi que ſe deult lymer frains <sup>a</sup>  
Une lyme taillant tenoit  
Et vne balance ou pezoit  
Le zodiaque et le ſoleil  
Pour meſtre en vente ſans rapel  
Une eſcuelle en lautre main  
Tenoit et vng ſachet a pain  
En la quinte auoit vng crochet  
Et ſur la teſte vng mahommet  
La fixefme main appuyee  
Deſſus la hanche eclopinee  
Auoit et ſouuant la leuoit  
Juſqua la langue et la mangeoit  
Celle vis ie tantoſt venir  
Encontre moy pour maſſaillir <sup>e</sup>

AVARICE.<sup>f</sup>

Par mahommet diſt elle a moy  
Qui eſt mon dieu en qui ie croy  
Je tatendoye a moye lauras  
Mal y venis tu y mourras  
Meſtz ius teſcharpe et ton bourdon  
Et fay hommaige a mon mahon  
Ceſt celluy par qui ſuis louee  
Saige repute e honnoree





in his path and appeared ready to run towards him—he says, “No such beast is described in Daniel, Ezekiel, or the Apocalypse.” She was lame and humpbacked, clothed in tatters, and having her head covered with old rags; a bag was suspended round her neck, evidently for the purpose of theft,<sup>1</sup> for she stuffed into it all sorts of fragments; her tongue was thrust out of her mouth: but her haughty countenance prevented her being able to collect many contributions, and she appeared therefore weak and miserable. She had six hands and two stumps—two of these were furnished with griffin’s claws, which the Pilgrim feared greatly; in another hand she held a file, just as though she were going to file horses’ bits—and scales, in which she weighed the zodiac and the sun; in the fourth she held a porringer, (*escuelle*), and a wallet for bread; in the fifth a hook—and on her head was a *mawmet*, or idol, of gold and silver—the metals she so much covets, and of which she speaks as follows:—

<sup>2</sup> AVARICE.

Or est temps que ie te parole  
Finablement de mon ydole<sup>a</sup>  
Mon ydole est mon Mahomet  
Le denier dor ou dargent est  
Ou quel lempainte est figuree  
Du seigneur de celle contree

Celluy sans qui nul nest prise  
En la terre nauctorize  
Celluy par qui sont honorez  
Mains grans folz et faiges clamez<sup>c</sup>  
A luy fault que tu te soubmettes  
Et de le servir tentremettes  
Et puis apres honteusement  
Mourrir te fault et villement

<sup>1</sup> A similar description is given by Chaucer in the “Romaunt of the Rose.”—Vide *Clarke's Riches of Chaucer*, vol. ii. p. 278.

“This *Avarice* held in her hand  
A purse which hung by a band  
And that she hid and bound so strong  
Men must abiden wonder long  
Out of the purse ere there came ought  
For that she cometh in her thought  
It was not certain her intent  
That from that purse a penny went.”

AVARICE.

Now wole I speke of my *mawmet*<sup>3</sup>  
And of myn ydol that is so oold  
Made of silver and off gold  
In the which I the ensure  
Is the ymage and the figure  
And the prynte as thow mayst see  
Off the lord of the contree

She next swears to the Pilgrim that by the “*mawmet*,” which she worships, she will have his life, and commands him to give up his scarf and staff, and to pay homage to her “*mawmet*,” through whose instrumentality she is accounted wife and honourable; to which also he must submit himself, and afterwards die miserably.

The Pilgrim inquires her name, to what nation she belongs, and the use of her idol to which she wishes him to render such abject service—for he accounts it unreasonable<sup>b</sup> to serve or pay homage to a “*mawmet*,” which is blind, deaf, and dumb, he himself being of noble lineage.

Before, however, she consents to answer these questions, or to give him any further information regarding herself, she leads him to the top of a lofty embankment overlooking a wide plain. Here he beholds a large cathedral, built near a court-house,<sup>4</sup> and sees, as it were, a personified game at chess. There were kings, rooks, knights, &c.—all of them with their

<sup>a</sup> Levit. xxvi. 1.  
Deut. xii. 3.  
1 Cor. x. 14.

<sup>b</sup> Wisdom xiv.  
8—11.

<sup>2</sup> Bunyan's Demas. (Cf. 2 Tim. iv. 10.)

<sup>3</sup> *Mawmet*, or *mammet*, a corruption of the word “Mahomet,” and hence applied to anything worshipped with idolatrous reverence. In De Guileville's poem the word *mawmet* is called the “ydole Mahomet,” meaning in this case the particular idol worshipped, i. e. “money.”

<sup>4</sup> *Eschiquier*. This word is thus explained by Roquefort:—“Lieu ou s'assembloient les commissaires que le Roi, les Princes souverains ou grands vassaux envoient dans leurs domaines. Dans la province de Normandie cette cour étoit permanente, et en 1250 on y portoit appel des sentences des baillifs.”—See also Du Cange's Glossary, sub. voc. “Scacarium.” The word is introduced here as being radically connected with the game of “*eschecs*,” or “*chess*,” which is described, and the reader will at once recognize in it the origin of our *Court of Exchequer*.

<sup>c</sup> Eph. v. 5.

<sup>a</sup> Jer. vi. 13.  
Pſalm lxxix. 1.  
Judith vii. 29.

<sup>b</sup> Prov. xix. 4.

<sup>c</sup> Lament. i. 1.

<sup>d</sup> Micah vii. 3.  
Matt. vi. 19.  
<sup>e</sup> Tim. vi. 10.

<sup>e</sup> Malachi iii. 5.  
Hab. ii. 9.  
Pſalm lxii. 10.

<sup>f</sup> Zech. v. 3.

<sup>g</sup> Hoſea vii. 1.

<sup>h</sup> Exod. xxii. 15  
Prov. xi. 26.  
Pſalm lv. 11.

<sup>i</sup> Matt. v. 45.

swords drawn, and charging at each other with great violence. But not even thus were the combatants ſatisfied, for after having affaulted one another, they ruſhed ſavagely with one accord and laid ſiege to the cathedral—ſo violently, that no living creature could remain in or near it, and everything around was reduced to the moſt complete ruin. Upon the Pilgrim's complaining<sup>a</sup> to *Avarice* of the deſtruction of the cathedral, and of the horrible grief and deſtitution that muſt be cauſed thereby, ſhe aſſures him that in very truth he has himſelf now ſeen how that ſhe holds all mankind in ſubjection,<sup>b</sup> that every one pays court to her, and that all kinds of buſineſs have reference to her—of this, ſhe adds, Jeremiah prophesied when he ſaid, “How doth the city ſit ſolitary, that was full of people! how is ſhe become as a widow! ſhe that was great among the nations, and princeſs among the provinces, how is ſhe become tributary!”<sup>c</sup> “Jeremiah knew very well,” ſhe adds, “that all are my pupils—that king, and rooks,<sup>1</sup> (i. e. all potentates,) are ſubſervient to me, and ſooner or later all devote themſelves to my handicraft.”<sup>d</sup> “I am named *Covetouſneſs*,” ſhe continues, “becauſe I covet the riches of others; and *Avarice*, becauſe I guard too well mine own. I have ſix hands to ſeize with in ſix different ways, and to put my prey into my bag. The firſt is named *Rapine*;<sup>e</sup> it ſeizes and kills pilgrims, and entraps its prey everywhere. My ſecond hand, which is behind

me, robs ſecretly; it is called *Cut-purſe*; it forges ſeals and ſignatures—it is a falſe lockſmith and treaſurer; this hand deſpoils the dead, and keeps doors and windows cloſed till it has gleaned all it wiſhes for; and if it is the adminiſtrator of goods, or the executor of wills, it takes the largeſt portion to itſelf<sup>f</sup>—and even thoſe who travel by night are not free from its ravages, being conducted by falſe guides.<sup>g</sup>

“The hand which holds the file is *Uſury*;<sup>h</sup> it hoards up corn in granaries till it is dear, and then ſells it at double the price—it deſtroys life by little and little.”

The Pilgrim inquires why ſhe weighs the zodiac and the ſun?

*Avarice* replies, that *Gracedieu*<sup>2</sup> has placed the zodiac round the heavens, and appointed the ſun to ſhine equally for the good of all; but that this was diſpleaſing to her, becauſe ſhe perceived that if ſhe did not take poſſeſſion of time, ſo as to regulate the bargains by it, ſhe ſhould be able to accompliſh but little work with her file. For this reaſon, therefore, ſhe had taken poſſeſſion of the zodiac,<sup>3</sup> and had placed the ſun in her ſcales for the purpoſe of weighing out certain portions of time, according to which ſhe retailed her goods for periods of ſeven, eight, fifteen days, months, or even years; charging in proportion to the rate of intereſt to the which her cuſtomers were willing to give.

Some converſation then enſues between *Avarice* and the Pilgrim, as to ſome ſtanding wood

<sup>1</sup> Still keeping up the metaphor of the game at cheſs, the “rook,” or “caſtle,” being the next piece in value to the king and queen.

<sup>2</sup> Grace de dieu iadis aſſiſt<sup>1</sup>  
Entour le zodiaque et miſt  
Le ſoleil pour luire a chaſcun  
Et pour eſtre au monde commun  
A tous veult que general fuſt  
Et que nully faulte nen euſt  
Or te dy que ce me deſpleut  
Pour mon prouiſt qui pas ny geut  
Car bien vy que ſe ie nauoye  
Le temps et ne laproprioye  
A moy bien peu pourroye ouurer  
De ma lyme et peu lymmer  
Par quoy a moy iappropriay  
Le zodiaque et vſurpay

Le temps et le ſoleil men fis  
Et en ma balance le mis  
Je men ſuis faiſte pezerreſſe  
Et par mon poix reuendereſſe  
Par iours le vens et par ſemaines  
Par huitaines et par quinzaines  
Par mois et par ans tous entiers  
La liure ien vens vingt deniers  
Le moys en vends neuf folz ou dix  
Et la ſemaine cinq ou ſix  
Et ſelon que chaſcun en prent  
Selon le poiſe et le vend

<sup>3</sup> The zodiac was, of courſe, placed in the ſcales to typify the rate of intereſt to be charged by the month, each ſign correſponding to a month, and the ſun, as he completes his courſe through the zodiac in a year, was to ſhow the rate of intereſt by the year.



Avarice

XIII



Le nigromancien

XIV



XV



XVI





which had been once offered to the latter by a woodman, at a very cheap price. To this *Avarice* replies, that the woodman, no doubt, wanted ready money, and therefore sold the wood standing, and at a low price; but that if the Pilgrim had waited for another year, the woodman would have asked him more—because the growth of the wood, and, consequently, its value, would have by that time increased. Hence in old times, she adds, wood was measured after it had been cut down, and it was sold according to the measure; and this, she says, is legitimate, since interest<sup>a</sup> should be charged for time.<sup>1</sup> Wherefore, she does not believe that the woodman would have sold the wood standing to the Pilgrim, and still<sup>b</sup> allowed it to stand where it did, without charging him according to the yearly increase of its value in proportion to its growth.

*Avarice* then goes on to inform the Pilgrim that the hand in which he sees the porringer “is called *Roguery*, and *Mendicancy*;<sup>c</sup> it is always crying out for presents, and stuffs its scrip full of meat, which becomes foul and tainted before it can be consumed: it is ever begging for bread in the name of God—never paying for anything which it uses, or returning any courtesy that it may have received: it labours to support itself by shameful methods; and it is that which causes me to be clothed and covered with rags—for it pays no attention to anything but keeping fast hold of boxes, bottles, or anything else it can beg. This hand leads me to shady spots, where passengers, pilgrims, and grandees are in the habit of passing, and I obtain alms from some of them by feigning great distress, from others by pretending to be crippled, and in various other ways; but still, even although I have plenty, I curse them for not giving me more. This hand of mine also teaches gentlefolks how to beg—for they, too,

know very well the art how to appropriate and secrete matters in their large gloves which they wear for hawking, and they know very well, too, how to take them off when they would filch anything. Thus they go, without shame or hesitation, to the monks, and beg for leather for their hawks’ hoods, and for their dogs’ leashes, choose garments, blankets, horses, chariots, ploughs, and many other things—all of which they sometimes pretend to borrow, but take good care never to return.<sup>d</sup> And when they ask for these things, not only will they take no excuse from the monks for not lending them, but are even angry at being denied; as if, forsooth, the poor monks were only interested to supply them with means of living. You may suppose, then, how dear I am to the nobles, since it is I who supply them with the receptacles for that which they have begged; and how much, now that they have adopted this novel method of obtaining their living, they reverence me, since they are willing to serve me, even grey-haired old hag that I be.

“The hand with the crook,” she continues, “formerly belonged to Simon Magus, and to Gehazi, who made me a present of it; but the crook was given to me by the former. Now the letter S, which is the first letter of his name, is shaped like a crook; and this shows that I am the abbess of an ancient and dishonest abbey, which is called *Simony*,<sup>e</sup> from Simon. This hand it is which admits robbers into the household of Christ Jesus, and false<sup>f</sup> shepherds into his fold—men who for the sake of temporal gain would thrust aside and depose God’s grace, and who are ever ready to chaffer with the highest bidder. But in such transactions there must be two parties—the buyer and the seller. Now, the sellers are called *Gebazites*,<sup>g</sup> and the buyers *Simonites*, although the latter term generally comprehends both classes.<sup>2</sup> Such

<sup>a</sup> Isaiah xxiv. 2.

<sup>b</sup> Lev. xxv. 23—27.

<sup>c</sup> Luke vi. 30.  
Prov. xxviii. 20.

<sup>d</sup> Ecclus. xii. 2  
—4.  
Deut. xxiii. 19.

<sup>e</sup> “*Simonia est studiose voluntas emendi vel vendendi aliquid spirituale.*”

<sup>f</sup> John x. 1—16.

<sup>g</sup> “*Giezi in veteri testamento et Symon Magus in novo fuerunt Symoniaci.*”

<sup>1</sup> This is, of course, a sophistical argument used by *Avarice* to deceive the Pilgrim, by confounding the word “interest” with “usury;” for although the former, according to an equitable rate, was allowed even by the Mosaic law, the latter was strictly forbidden by

it. (See Levit. xxv. 14—37; Neh. v. 7; Psal. xv; Ezra xviii. 8; *et alibi*: and Cf. Matt. xxv. 29.)

<sup>2</sup> This curious distinction is made because Gehazi wished to receive a gift from Naaman as the purchase-money or price for his cure, (See 2 Kings v. 20—27,)

as these would even sell Jesus Himself for ever so small a sum, and are even worse than Judas, for when he saw that he had acted wickedly he restored the price he had received; but these men will never, by any process of reasoning, be induced to surrender their gains. And if thou wouldst know the reason of this, I give thee to understand that such gains go into the bag which I wear so cunningly round my neck, and which is like a fish-net; for whatever once goes into it, never escapes again.

<sup>1c</sup> My fixth hand is cozening, trickery, fraud, and deceit. It is this hand which easily cheats the unsuspecting dealer, or deceives the wary by using false weights<sup>a</sup> and thus acting contrary to the law of God. This also it is which palms<sup>b</sup> off colours which will not stand, sells bad linen for good, and unsound horses for sound. It travels round the villages, exposing fictitious shrines and saints to the simple population, and thus obtains money falsely from them. At

other times, in order to bring gain to the priests, it takes old images, in the heads of which it pours oil, wine, or water, which descends to the bottom, and then the image is said to perspire, and a miracle to have been worked, which gets exaggerated until the image becomes renowned: then I go to any needy rogue, and induce him to pretend that he is maimed, or deformed, or blind, or deaf, and he presents himself to the image and prays to it to restore him; and when the spectators behold him sound again, not knowing that his maladies were all assumed, they think that a miracle has been worked, and this brings gain to the priest of the image. Again, when dead children are brought to be baptized, I cause them to be laid upon an altar which appears quite solid, but in reality is hollow inside; then, by certain subterranean passages, I cause burning charcoal to be introduced beneath, into the cavity which warms the altar, and

whereas Simon Magus offered to give money to Peter and John in order to purchase the power of imparting the Holy Spirit. (See Acts viii. 17—24.)

<sup>1</sup> Mon autre main dicte est barat  
Tricherie tricot hazar  
Et si est nomme deceuance  
Laquelle de tricher sauance

\* \* \* \* \*

Moult fait ceste main cy de maulx  
Couratiere elle est de cheualx  
Et fait les mauuais bons sembler  
A ceulx qui veulent acheter  
Souuanteffois par le pais  
Faulx sainctuares et sainctiz  
Va monstrant a la simple gent  
Pour faulsement tirer argent  
Autre fois prent en ces monstiers<sup>c</sup>  
Aucuns ymages qui sont vieilz  
Et fait pertuiz dedens leurs testes  
Pour faire venir gaing aux prestres  
Es pertuiz qua fait huille meçt  
Ou vin ou eau ce qua plus prest  
Afin que quant celle liqueur  
Descend a val dicte fueur  
Soit et que cest fait par miracle  
Et soit renomme tel ymage  
Et afin que plus colore  
Soit ce miracle et renomme<sup>d</sup>  
Je men vois aux coquins parler  
Et leur faiz faire simuler  
Que boisteux ilz soient ou contrefaitz  
Sours ou muetz ou contrefaiz  
Et en tel point venir les fas  
Deuant lymage et crier las

Sainct ymage gariffiez moy  
Et lors de ma main ie les lieue  
Et tous sains en heure tres brieue  
Les monstre merueilles nest pas  
Car malades ilz nestoient pas  
Et seulement mon mal auoient  
Que les prestres pas ne cuidoient  
Mais cuident que miracle soit  
Et que par lymage soit fait  
Et par ainsi gaigne le prestre  
Et est faicte vne faulce feste  
Aucuneffois faiz baptifez  
Daucuns petiz enfans mors nez  
Dessus lautier ie les faiz meçtre  
Qui ressemble tout massis estre  
Mais il est tout creux par dedens  
Et par certains soubzterremens  
Des charbons ardans ie soubzmeçtz  
Et lautier eschauffer ie faiz  
Qui a lenfant donne chaleur  
Et puis ie monstre que vigueur  
Il ya et dy quil est viuant  
Ja soit ce quil soit tout puant  
Et tel puant ie le baptize  
Et par ainsi a moy iatise  
Or et argent a ma prebende  
Qui chose est horrible et horrende  
De baptizer vne charoigne  
Pitie est quautrement nen soigne  
Le prelat en quel euefche  
Est fait si horrible peche  
Mains autres maulx ceste main fait  
Et fera et tous les iours fait

<sup>a</sup> Prov. xx. 10  
—23.

<sup>b</sup> Prov. xi. 9.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. xxxvii. 14.

<sup>d</sup> Jeremiah xxiii.  
11—13.

thus imparts heat to the child, and then I declare that it is still alive, and I baptize it. Thus I obtain money for my priests; and shame and pity it is that the bishops in whose diocesses these foul sins are committed should not take notice of such atrociously disgusting proceedings; but this hand of mine is and ever will be employed in this and many other similar deeds of wickedness.

"But now I will tell thee why I place this hand on my hip and thence transfer it to my tongue. The former of these I call *Lying*,<sup>a</sup> because it has a limp,<sup>1</sup> and the latter *Perjury*.<sup>b</sup> Now, deceit is most familiar and friendly with both of these, and willingly betakes itself to them, for deceit cannot be carried on without perjury and lies,<sup>c</sup> and these three things in conjunction subvert truth. This, therefore, is the reason why I so often apply this hand to my halting limb, and to my tongue."<sup>d</sup>

*Avarice* then points out at some length to the Pilgrim the various plans and methods in which lying is practised. "Some," she says, "obtain a livelihood by it; and others exalt themselves by it, inasmuch as they are employed in telling falsehoods" of their neighbours. It is found in the courts of kings, and advocates at the bar do not disdain to use it when they defend a cause which they know to be bad. My tongue, therefore, like that of a balance, always inclines to that side which is heaviest, and I defend that side which I know will pay me best.

"You perceive also that I am humpbacked; and this typifies the religion of those who indulge in superfluities instead of living according to proper religious rules,<sup>2</sup> for the hump signifies superfluity. Hence a rich man<sup>f</sup> is likened to that humpbacked animal the camel, which cannot pass in by a narrow entrance on account of the bulk on his back.<sup>g</sup> And thus sometimes religious people miss the narrow way to life; for even although they came naked into the world, and for some years live frugally, yet many of them learn to indulge in superfluities until they become humped, and that so incurably (for it is the nature of this hump that nothing can cure it) that they can never retrace their steps so as to become truly religious again.

"And lastly, my idol whom I worship is gold or silver<sup>h</sup> bearing the mark of the sovereignty of the country. It is a divinity which is often wrapped in swaddling-clothes, in order that it may be concealed; sometimes, too, it is hidden in beds or secreted in holes, corners, or cabinets—nay, even buried in the earth amongst the field-mice. It frequently blinds people, and makes them look downwards towards the ground. This, too, it is which makes men humpbacked like I am. This my idol is generally loved so much that he is lauded like a god upon earth, and I endeavour by all possible means to gain his favour and make him dwell with me. On his account St. Lawrence was broiled upon charcoal,<sup>i</sup> because he

<sup>a</sup> Psalm v. 6.

<sup>b</sup> "Perjurium est nequiter decipere credentem."

<sup>c</sup> Levit. xix. 12.

<sup>d</sup> Matt. v. 33.

<sup>e</sup> Prov. xxvi. 18—28.

<sup>f</sup> Matt. xix. 23, 24.  
Mark x. 25.  
Luke xviii. 25.

<sup>g</sup> "Regulares nil debent habere proprium; et qui nihil habent proprium non possunt facere testamentum."

<sup>1</sup> *Esparvain* (*éparvin*), a veterinary term signifying, literally, a "spavin." Hence it is applied to the limping limb of *Avarice*, in consequence of the "lame" excuses and stumbling statements often made by habitual liars.

<sup>2</sup> This refers, of course, to the monastic rules touching abstemiousness in food, plainness of apparel, &c. which were imposed upon religious houses.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. current money bearing the proper government stamps.

<sup>4</sup> St. Lawrence was born at Rome in the third century, and was made treasurer of the church revenues by Sixtus II. when he ascended the papal chair, A. D. 257. When the Emperor Valerian published his edicts against the Christians, Pope Sixtus was one of the first who suffered martyrdom, and St. Lawrence attended him to the place of execution, lamenting that he was not thought worthy to share the Pope's sufferings. Sixtus, however,

predicted that St. Lawrence would not be long in following him; and, foreseeing the rapine which was about to commence, commanded him to sell the sacred vessels and sacred deposits which were in his hands, and to distribute the money amongst the poor. Upon hearing of this the city prefect ordered St. Lawrence to appear before him, and bring with him all the church treasures which were in his keeping. The saint obeyed the order; but instead of gold and silver, he took with him all the poor old men, widows, and orphans whom he had relieved—a deed which so enraged the prefect that he ordered him to be broiled on a gridiron over a charcoal fire. The saint bore this frightful torture with great composure, and died praying for his murderers. His martyrdom took place August 10, 258, on which day his feast is kept by the Roman Catholic Church.

<sup>a</sup> Jer. xv. 17.

<sup>b</sup> Job xxix. 8.

<sup>c</sup> Prov. xxviii.  
16.

<sup>d</sup> Coloff. iii. 5.

<sup>e</sup> 1 Cor. x. 6, 7.

<sup>f</sup> Wisdom xiv. 8.

<sup>g</sup> Deut. xviii. 9  
—12.  
<sup>2</sup> Chron. xxxiii.  
1—6.  
Ecclef. i. 15.  
Ecclef. xii. 13.

<sup>h</sup> Tib. A. vii. f.  
49.  
Verard's Ed. f.  
lxxiv.

<sup>i</sup> Scabbard.

<sup>k</sup> Cruel.

<sup>l</sup> Notwithstanding  
and in spite  
of.

<sup>m</sup> Art.

<sup>n</sup> Same.

<sup>o</sup> Which look at.

<sup>p</sup> To signify.

<sup>q</sup> Ezek. xviii. 4.

<sup>r</sup> Ezekiel xviii.  
27, 28.  
Rom. vi. 23.

<sup>s</sup> Dove.

<sup>t</sup> Before I was  
aware.

<sup>u</sup> Old woman.

stole him from me. I dote upon him, and play <sup>a</sup> at various kinds of games of hazard in order to propitiate him; and therefore, because I love him so much, I command you to regard and serve him. Take care, therefore, what you are about, for if you do not I will persecute you continually."

After *Avarice* has finished this description of herself, *Youth* <sup>b</sup> comes forward and declares that she will interpose to rescue the Pilgrim.<sup>1</sup> Upon which *Avarice* abuses <sup>c</sup> her, and says, that although she can do nothing against <sup>d</sup> him at present, yet she swears by her idol that she will keep her eye constantly upon him, so that she may be able to find him wherever he goes.

The Pilgrim then once more proceeds upon his journey, until he enters a vast forest, where, as he is passing along, he hears a loud voice uttering cries in a language quite unknown to him. Upon advancing further he perceives that these sounds proceed from a person who stands in his path brandishing a large unsheathed sword, apparently ready to slay him therewith. He tells the Pilgrim he must immediately go and speak with his mistress.<sup>e</sup> As he was standing in the midst of the road in a large circle marked with a great many figures and bore the signet of a king, the Pilgrim was much rejoiced when he saw him, supposing him to be one of the king's messengers. Under this impression, he asks him what had made him cry out so loud in that strange language? and who that mistress was to whom he had alluded? and for what purpose he was to appear before her?<sup>f</sup> Upon this the other lifts up his finger, and points out to the Pilgrim a large tent standing on the left of him. It was black as charcoal, and on the top of it there was a nest, and a raven fluttering with its wings and croaking. In front of it he beheld

## <sup>2</sup> NECROMANCYE.

<sup>g</sup> Off whom I greetly was afferd <sup>h</sup>

In the mydde of a book shee helde a fwerd  
Other scawbeck <sup>i</sup> had sche noon  
And as I byhelde anoon  
Sche hadde in sothe as thought me  
Large whynges ffor to fle  
And by a maner felonye <sup>k</sup>  
Sche began loude ffor to crye  
And me manafynge off pryde  
Bade me that I schulde abyde  
And ellis <sup>l</sup> mawgrey al my myght  
I schulde not skape out off her syght  
Till I hadde in partye  
Somewhat feyne of her mayfrenye <sup>m</sup>  
And towarde me her look sche caste  
And gan to come up on ffull faste  
But as sche kam it sempte me  
That sche fate hygh upon a tre  
And pleylny gan to speceffye  
Hor name was "Necromancye"  
Whiche by my craffte in substaunce  
Whan folke encreffe and wel chaunce  
That bee in my subiecoun  
And lysfe to learne my lessoun

This ilke <sup>n</sup> Book wolte se <sup>o</sup>  
Is callyd "Mors Animæ"  
Whiche is in Englysche ffor to <sup>p</sup> feyn  
Dethe of the fowle incertayne <sup>q</sup>  
And this nakyd swerd whiche I hoolde  
As thou mayste thisilffe byholde  
Therewith ffor schorte conclusoun  
Whanne thew hafte herde my lessoun  
There with thou schalt slayne be  
And thus sche gan manasse me  
Where off I stood in ffull greet drede  
But off grace as I toke hede <sup>r</sup>  
A white dowve <sup>s</sup> I dyde se  
Ifteen sodeynely towards me  
But with me where as I stood  
Sche ne made no longer abood  
And I ne made no greet delay  
But wente fforthe upon my way  
And I mette or I was war <sup>t</sup>  
An oolde oon <sup>u</sup> whiche that ffigot bar

<sup>1</sup> The reason of *Youth's* undertaking to rescue the Pilgrim is, of course, because avarice is generally regarded as the vice of Old Age.

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcut XIV. and coloured drawing B.





Upon hir bak and eke thereto  
In hir hand sche heelde also  
A peyre cyfours sharpe igrunde  
And to me ward as sche was bounde  
Sche bad ffor schorte conclusioun  
Ffor to leye my skryppe adoun  
And gan upon me ffor to frowne  
Lowde cryde hyr lyfte not rowne <sup>a</sup>

<sup>1</sup> HERYSYE.

Ffor but thow leye here adoun  
I schal to thi confusoun  
Schape the skryppe off newe array  
Ffor it is not to my pay  
I schal it kutte in other wyse  
I lye as my sylven lyfte devyse <sup>b</sup>

The PYLGRYME.

Thow oolde vekke <sup>c</sup> as semeth me  
That thow mayste not clerely se  
Wherefore me lyfte <sup>d</sup> by thi bydding  
Ffor to do no maner thyng  
But zeve to fforne <sup>e</sup> I know and se  
Thy power and thyn autorite  
Thy werke also and thyne office  
I wol firste knowe in myn avyce

HERYSYE.

Ffor pleynely off lasse <sup>f</sup> and more  
Evene after my fadris lore  
I wole off bothe ffalse and trewe  
The skryppes kutte and schape newe  
Off pylgrymes greet and fmale  
Kutte hem alle on pecys fmale  
Ffor it was I my filse allon  
That schope the skryppes zere agon <sup>g</sup>  
Ffirste off this Pellagyens  
And also off these Arryens  
And off other sectys newe  
I founde ffalse and untrew  
As oolde bokes speciffye  
Ffor I am called "Herefye"  
The whiche do away <sup>h</sup> my labour  
To bringe ffolke in greet errour

That ffolke my condyfiouns  
Only by ffalse oppynyouns  
Make her hertis to declyne  
Ffro the trouthe off juste doctryne  
And cause hem ffor to do their cure  
And mys <sup>i</sup> to expown holy scripture  
And trewely nadde bene <sup>k</sup>  
The great councayle at Nycene  
Ordayned by greet Constantyn  
And nadde ben also Augustyn  
And many other greet doctours  
Ffor to anulle myn errours  
The skryppes off holy church echon  
I have ffordon <sup>l</sup> full zere a goon  
Off pylgrymes that passe by the way  
Sythen goon fful mane aday  
And zit <sup>m</sup> I schal what so by ffale <sup>n</sup>  
Assayl the among them alle  
And myn oolde purpos holde  
In ffyre though that I brenne <sup>o</sup> shulde  
I wold my wythes <sup>p</sup> alle applye  
Hardy with obstynacye  
Contynue til the ffyre be hoot  
Therefore I beere thys ffagot  
And firste thow schalte me not escape  
But newe I wole thy skryppes schape  
Or ellis I dar undertake  
That thow schalt it here fforfak <sup>q</sup>  
And leve it with me utterly  
My ffader is here ffaste by  
Whiche hathe power as thow mayste se  
And bothe upon londe and see  
Thow shalt not skape hym in certayne  
But with daunger and greet payne

The PYLGRYME.

Myne eyen then I gan unfolde  
And anon I gan byholde  
In the weye me byfforne  
An <sup>2</sup> hunte stood with his horn  
Off chere <sup>r</sup> and look ryght pervers  
And the passage in travers  
With cordes he gan it overleyne  
Frette with nettys alle the pleyne

<sup>a</sup> She cried loudly, do not run.

<sup>b</sup> Just in the shape I please.

<sup>c</sup> Woman.

<sup>d</sup> Why I do not choose.

<sup>e</sup> Unless beforehand.

<sup>f</sup> Less.

<sup>g</sup> Years ago.

<sup>h</sup> Always.

<sup>i</sup> Fail.

<sup>k</sup> There was need of.

<sup>l</sup> Destroyed.

<sup>m</sup> Now.

<sup>n</sup> Whatever else happen.

<sup>o</sup> Burn.

<sup>p</sup> Wits.

<sup>q</sup> Titus iii. 9—11.

<sup>r</sup> Mien.

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut XV. coloured drawing D.

<sup>2</sup> See Woodcut XVI. coloured drawing C.

\* Despite of.

<sup>b</sup> Unless.  
<sup>2</sup> Sam. xxii. 5,  
 6.

\* Stoppage, arrest.

<sup>d</sup> Pleading.

\* Frightened.

<sup>f</sup> Freeze.

\* Every one.

<sup>h</sup> Unhappy.  
 The reading in  
 the text is con-  
 jectural, as the  
 two words are  
 entirely obliterated in the MS.  
 Jeremiah xviii.  
 22.

And he brought in hys companye  
 The falshe vekke herysye  
 And that men schulde hym not knowe  
 His horne he gan fful lowde blowe  
 As it were to cacche his pray  
 Ryght so he blew on the way  
 And his doughter herefsye  
 The passage to kepe and guye  
 That I schulde not in no fyde  
 Ffrom ther damage my sylfe provyde  
 And trewely as I have sayd  
 The nettys were so narewe layd  
 In londe on water and in the hayr  
 That I myght haue no repayr  
 To passe ffreely that passage  
 It was so fful off mortal rage  
 Off daunger and aduersitie  
 That but yiff that I amydde the fec  
 Durfte swimme ther was no way  
 Ffor me to passe nyght nor day  
 And there he dyde also malygne  
 To leyne out nettys and affigne  
 There to stoppen my passage  
 So that I ffonde noon avauntage  
 From his dawngere to declyne  
 Ffor many a hook and many a leyne  
 Were caste in to that peryllous fe  
 Off entente to letten me  
 That mawgre <sup>a</sup> alle my force and myght  
 But zeve <sup>b</sup> I koude swimme aryght  
 Amonge the wawys ffeerfe and ffelle  
 I muste under his daunger dwelle  
 But ffyrste while he his trappys leyde  
 Unto the hunte thus I sayde

#### The PYLGRYME.

Hunte quod I telle me now  
 What maner officere art thou  
 Whiche lyggeste on the way  
 Unlawefful to cacche pray  
 Thus to make thyn areftis <sup>c</sup>  
 Namely on the kynges beeftis  
 I trow thou haveste no lycence  
 Ffor to don so greet offence

I dar afferme eerly and late  
 Swych hunters the kyng doth hate  
 And it seemyth by thi manere  
 Off his thow art noon officere

#### The HUNTE.

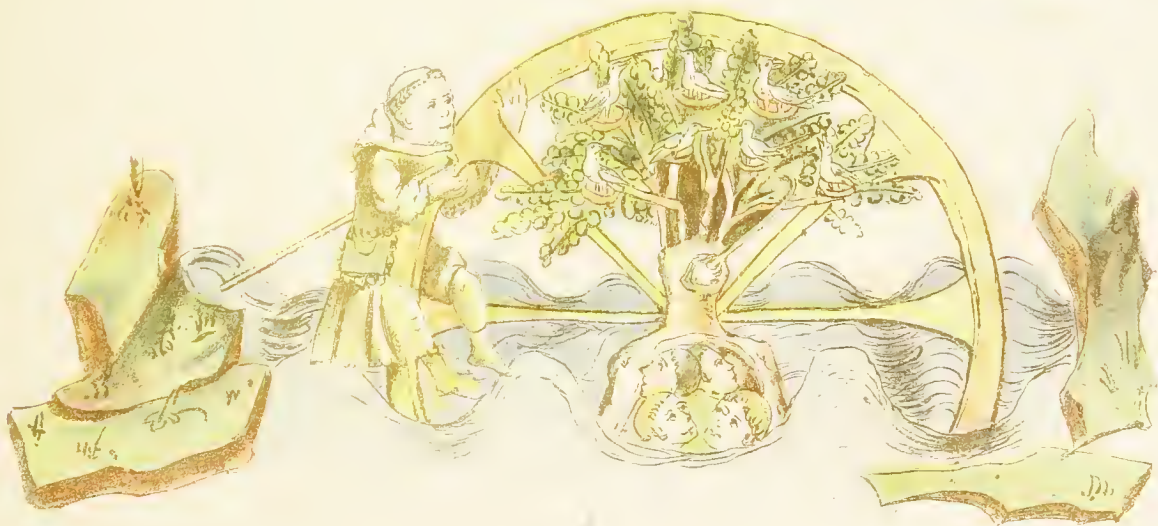
Quod he what makyste thou swyche stryff  
 Thou art wonder iniquityff  
 Besy also by argument  
 To hoolde with me a parlement  
 By langage and longe pletynge <sup>d</sup>  
 Ffor though I longe not to the kyng  
 And thou conceyue aryght I wys  
 Som tym I was oon off his  
 And though I have no conge  
 Off hym to hunte in this contre  
 He suffryth me here in this place  
 At his beeftis ffor to chace  
 And assaute on hem to make  
 And whanne that I by fforce hem take  
 Be it by day be it by nyght  
 I cleyme hem to ben myn off ryght

#### The PYLGRYME.

And while I herde alle hys resouns  
 And ffoward oppynyouns  
 Myn herte abaschyd <sup>e</sup> gan to colde <sup>f</sup>  
 Namely whaune I gan byholde  
 Pylgrymes by greet aduersite  
 Fful many oon swimme in the fe  
 And they were clothyd everychon <sup>g</sup>  
 And som off hem I sawe anon  
 Ther ffeet reverfed upfodown  
 And som in myn inspectyoun  
 Swamme forth fful clene and ryght  
 And som hadde whynges ffor the flyght  
 That afforcyd hem fful offte  
 Ffor to flowe fful hygh alofte  
 And though ther purpos was so sette  
 The fee hath hem fful offte lette  
 Som by the ffeete were bounde stronge  
 With knottys off herbys longe <sup>h</sup>  
 And som with wawys wood and rage  
 Were [so <sup>h</sup> un-]sweat in their vysage

<sup>1</sup> See coloured drawing E.







That they loften look and fyght  
And ffeble were off fforce and myght  
And by dyuerfe apparylle  
The rage fo gan hem affayle  
In many another dyverfe wyfe  
Mo than I may as now devyfe

## The HUNTE.

I do fful wel quod he efpye  
Where on thou caſtyſte fo thyne eye  
Ffor alle thi wyles and thi jape <sup>a</sup>  
Thow ſchalt not fo ffro me eſkape  
I ſchal the cacche by fom crook  
I haue leyde ffor the las <sup>b</sup> and hook  
As thow mayſte thy ſylden ſe  
Thow ſchalt not ſkapen by this ſe

## The PYLGRYME.

Telle me anoon and lye nought  
As it lythe ryght in thy thought  
Theſe pylgrymes alle that I ſe  
Who hath thus putte hem in thys ſee

## The HUNTE.

Is not thys quod he anoon  
An high way for ffolke to goon  
There by alle day in ther vyage  
Swych as goon on pilgrymage  
I hadde not ellis as I haue ſayde  
Myn hookis and my nettis leyde  
To cacche alle in thys place  
Ffolke that fforby here do pace  
Ffor this greet large ſee  
Whiche that thow here doſt ſe  
It is the worlde ay fful of trowble  
Fful of many wawys dowble  
And fful off woo and grete torment  
In whiche fful many a man is ſchent <sup>c</sup>  
With bellewys blowe on every ſyde  
Which that myne owne doughter pryde  
Is wonte with hir ffor to bere <sup>d</sup>  
Good pylgrymes ffor to dere <sup>e</sup>  
And many a pylgryme thow mayſte ſe  
Swymme in this perelous ſee  
Som off hem whiche is not ffeyre <sup>f</sup>  
Ther ffeet han upward in the ayre

And alle ſwyche zeve thow lyſte ſe  
Ben thylke ffolke that charged be  
With the ſac of covetyſe  
And overlade in many wyfe  
That they to ſwymme be not able  
Ther burthen is fo importable  
Whiche by falſe affecyoun  
Ploungeth her heedes low adoun  
Under the wawys off this world here  
That they may not in no manere  
Swymme ffor the hevynneſſe  
That they bere off grete rycheſſe <sup>g</sup>  
Other ther ben that ſwymmen ryght  
And haue eke wynges ffor the fflyght  
And they ben ffolkes whiche in this lyſte  
In herte ben contemplatyffe  
In wordely thyng haue no pleaunce  
Save in ther bare fuſtenaunce  
For this world ther joye is nought  
For alle ther herte and alle ther thought  
And ffynal truſte off ther workynge <sup>h</sup>  
Is ſette upon the heuenly kynge  
But ffor alle that I the aſſire  
In this ſee they muſt endure  
Bodely by greet penaunce  
In hevne hemſylſte to avaunce  
And ffor the lawe off Crift ihū  
They make hem whynges off vertu  
To flee by clene affectyoun  
To the heenely manfyoun <sup>i</sup>  
Whiche greetly diſpleſeth me  
Theder whaune I ſe hem fle  
Swyche ffolke reſemblen alle  
Un to a bryd that clerkes calle  
*Ortigometra* <sup>k</sup> in ther bokys  
And this bryd caſte in his lokys  
Tofforne hym prudently to ſe  
Whanne he ſchal ſwymme in the ſee  
This ffonl hath whynges ffor the fflyght  
Be he anoon off kyndely ryght  
Whanne he is wery off travayle  
And that his feders do hym ffayle  
Anoon off his condifcyoun  
In to the water he ffalleth doun  
And thanne to ſwymme wole not ffayle  
Off his o whynge he makith a ffayle

<sup>a</sup> Cajolery,  
mockery.

<sup>b</sup> Snare.

<sup>c</sup> Sunk.

<sup>d</sup> Carry.

<sup>e</sup> Annoy or in-  
jure.  
Pſalm cxlii. 3.

<sup>f</sup> Pleasant.

<sup>g</sup> Ezekiel xxxiii.  
31.

<sup>h</sup> Job xxxix. 21.

<sup>i</sup> Pf. xxxvii. 29.

<sup>k</sup> Water-quail.

<sup>a</sup> In the same short period of time.

<sup>b</sup> Jonah ii. 8.  
Prov. xvii. 4.  
John viii. 44.

<sup>c</sup> Prov. xxxi. 30.  
James v. 2.

<sup>d</sup> Beauty.

<sup>e</sup> Like.

<sup>f</sup> Blinded.

<sup>g</sup> Are often sunk before they are aware of it.

<sup>h</sup> Luke xviii. 22.

<sup>i</sup> Forgiveness.

<sup>k</sup> Delay or hesitation.

<sup>l</sup> Yet.

<sup>m</sup> 1 John iii. 10.

<sup>n</sup> Make war against.

<sup>o</sup> Tib. A. vii. f. 55.

<sup>p</sup> 1 Chron. xxi. 1.

<sup>q</sup> Cease.

<sup>r</sup> Dominion or subjection.  
Ecclef. ix. 12.  
Hab. i. 15.

<sup>s</sup> Tib. A. vii. f. 56, b.

<sup>t</sup> Epistles.  
1 Pet. v. 8, 9.

Amonge the sturdy wawys alle  
To keep hym faffe that he not falle  
Til he resume ageyne his myght  
Off acustom to take his flyght  
Thus ffoundemel <sup>a</sup> ye may hym se  
Som tyme swymme som tyme flee  
In bokys as it is iffounde  
But they that haue ffeet ibounde <sup>b</sup>  
With herbes and with wedes greene  
That they may not aryght sustene  
Newther to swymme nor to flee  
They be so bounden in the see  
Off wordely delectacyoun  
In ther inwarde affectyoun  
Ffor alle ther hool ffelicyte  
Is sette in verrey prosperite  
Off the world and in rycheffe  
Fful off chaunge and dowbleness  
With whyche they be fore bounde  
That her foulis yt wole confounde  
Ffor they haue power noon nor myght  
Newther to swymme nor fleeen aryght  
So fore the world doth hem confreyne  
That it were to hem greet payne  
Her hertes ffrom the world to unbynde  
And som also be makyd blynde  
Ther eyen cloos they may not se  
Ffor to considere the vanyte  
Off this worldis ffalle veyne glorie <sup>c</sup>  
Evere onsure and transitorye  
And fful off motabyte  
Whyche shewith to hem fful greet bewete <sup>d</sup>  
By maner off apparence  
But it is ffalse in existence  
That is fful fful doth schewe ffayre  
Lyche <sup>e</sup> afflour that doth apayre  
Whanne it is plucked and leyde lowe  
Or with som sodeyne wynde iblowe  
Whyche bewete as wryte *Salomoun*  
Is but a ffalse deceptyoun  
And ffolkes that beth therewith blente <sup>f</sup>  
Or they be war beth offte schente <sup>g</sup>  
For lak ther eyen be not clere  
Eke som ther swymis as ze may lere  
With hand and armys stretchyd out <sup>h</sup>  
Swyche as parte good aboute

To pore ffolkes that haue neede  
And swyche unkynde her ffeete in deede  
From wordely dilectacyoun  
And off devout entencyoun  
By councel off her confessoure  
And bynde her ffeet by greet labour  
Ffor to goon in ther vyages  
Barffote to seke pylgrymages  
Off ther synnes to haue pardoun  
Fforgevenesse <sup>i</sup> and remysfoun  
Whanne ther menyng trewey  
Is voyde ffrom al ypocryfy  
And thus as now without flouthe <sup>k</sup>  
To the I haue tolde the trouthe  
And trewey zit <sup>l</sup> overe alle thyng  
I hate trowthe in my working <sup>m</sup>  
And off malys bothe day and nyght  
Werrey <sup>n</sup> trouthe with al my myght

<sup>o</sup> By neme called I am *Sathan* <sup>p</sup>  
The whiche as fier as evere I kan  
I worke in myne entencyon  
Ffor to cacche in my bandoun  
Alle pylgrymes as thow mayest se  
That swymmen in the wawy see  
Off this world fful off diffeyte  
And evere I lye in greet awayte  
And no moment I ne ffyne <sup>q</sup>  
For to leyne out hook and lyne  
My lyne by demonstracyon  
Icalled is temptacyoun  
And whanne that ffolke in ther entente  
Off herte and wille therto consente  
Thanne on myn hook by ffalle awayte  
They be icacched with the bayte  
And thanne by fful mortal lawe  
To my bandoun <sup>r</sup> I hem drawe  
I lay out nettes nyght and day  
In water and londe to cacche my pray

\* \* \* \*

I am a ffoulere eke som whyle  
Ffor alle that high or lowe goon  
I make nettes ffor everych oon

\* \* \* \*

Ffor as saint Petre lyfte endite <sup>s</sup>  
And in his pyftelys <sup>t</sup> ffor to wryte





XVII



Deutaine ou esbatement mondain XVIII



XIX



Draïson

XX

I go and ferche day and nyght  
 With all my force with all my myght  
 Lyche a ravenous lyoun  
 Ffor to devour up and down  
 Alle ffolkys zonge <sup>a</sup> and oolde  
 That lambre <sup>b</sup> be of cristis ffoolde

\* \* \* \* \*  
 And I warne the outerly  
 Thow shalt not lyghtely zeve I may <sup>c</sup>  
 Fro my daunger skape away

THE PYLGRYME.

Wher thow be wel or yvel mayd <sup>d</sup>  
 In the wordes that thow hast sayd  
 I haue founden a greet dyffence  
 To make ageyne the refistene  
 And conceyue it in my thought  
 Blowe thyne horne and spare nought  
 Ffor thow schalt ffayle zeve that I may  
 To make off me schortely the waye  
 And to be more strong in vertu <sup>e</sup>  
 With the crofs of Crist ihū  
 And off his grace most benygne  
 I can me crosse and eke sygne  
 Ffor to assure my passage  
 Ageyne his laafs <sup>f</sup> so ffyl of rage  
 And by my crosfyng I anoon  
 Gan to passe hem everichon  
 They hadde no power ffor to laste  
 Ffor by the vertu they to brafte <sup>g</sup>  
 And I anoon gan ffaiste fllee  
 And wolte haue taken anoon the see  
 But long or I entre myght  
 And as *Sathan* of me hadde a fyght  
 He gan to crye so stode the cas  
 Out and anoon allas allas

\* \* \* \* \*  
 THE PYLGRYME answereth to SATHAN :—  
 O *Sathan* thi displeaunce  
 Was to me ffyl greet plesaunce  
 Releuyng me off my distresse  
 I took ther off greet hardynesse  
 Made as tho no lenger lette  
 I spared newther hook nor nette

But trustyng in conclusyoun  
 Upon my skrippe and my burdoun  
 And there upon I byleued me  
 Whanne I entryd in to the see  
 And in swymmyng to be more stable  
 Methought my skrippe profitable  
 To kepe me sure in herte and thought  
 In my way that I erred nought <sup>h</sup>  
 Trewely in this dredefful see  
 Is gret myscheef and adverstye  
 Many a perel I yow ensure  
 And many a straunge aventure  
 I ffelte there in my passage  
 Off wawys and rokkis rage  
 And many a tempeste in certeyne  
 Off thundrynge lyghtnyng and off reyn  
 And other perells that befelle  
 That zeve I schulde hem alle telle  
 Or the myscheves alle endyte  
 They were too longe to wryte  
 But while that I in my passage  
 Byhelde the see sterne and sauage  
 Methought I sawe besyde me  
 That there stode a greene tre <sup>i</sup>  
 And I was glad alle thilke while  
 Wenyng <sup>k</sup> there hadde been an yle  
 In hope that I schulde londe  
 Hastely up at some stonde

\* \* \* \* \*  
<sup>l</sup> And evere round as thoughte me  
 This whel <sup>l</sup> wente aboute the tre  
 Wheroff I astonyd was  
 Whanne I sawe this sodeyn caas  
 Upon whiche tre anoon  
 I sawgh nestys ffyl many oon <sup>m</sup>  
 And brydes that I koude knowe  
 Som hygh and som lowe  
 Ther nestis made I toke good hede  
 Grete and small it is no drede

\* \* \* \* \*  
 And there I sawe a lady stonde  
 Amonge the wylde wawys trouble  
 Upon a whel dyverse and double  
 \* \* \* \* \*

<sup>a</sup> Young.

<sup>b</sup> Lambs.

<sup>c</sup> If I can help it.

<sup>d</sup> Whether thou meanest good or evil.

<sup>e</sup> Psal. cxxiv. 7.  
 James iv. 7.  
 Hosea iv. 12.

<sup>f</sup> Snares.

<sup>g</sup> Burst asunder.

<sup>h</sup> Micah vii. 19.

<sup>i</sup> Luke vi. 43.

<sup>k</sup> Supposing.

<sup>l</sup> Wheel.  
 Ecclus. xxxiii. 5.

<sup>m</sup> Jer. xlix. 16.  
 Ezek. xxxi. 6.  
 Prov. xvii. 16.  
 Hab. ii. 9.

<sup>1</sup> This is a description of "the wheel of Fortune." See Woodcut XVII. coloured drawing F.

<sup>a</sup> Said with sudden emotion.

<sup>b</sup> Then.

<sup>c</sup> Roused myself.

<sup>d</sup> Expound to.

<sup>e</sup> To ask me how I govern myself.

<sup>f</sup> Laugh.

<sup>g</sup> Countenance.

<sup>h</sup> White is here put for "lucky." Thus, "cretâ an carbone notandus" was said, among the Romans, to signify a lucky or unlucky day.

<sup>i</sup> Scornful grins.

<sup>k</sup> Moon.

<sup>l</sup> Waiting in every place.

<sup>m</sup> Tib. A. vii. f. 62.

<sup>n</sup> Bent.

<sup>o</sup> Laugh on.

<sup>p</sup> Practise. Isaiah lxxv. 11, 12.

<sup>q</sup> At some time or other.

<sup>r</sup> f. lxxviii.

Thanne was I greetly agaste  
And my burdoun I heelde ryght ffaste  
And dyde also greetly my peyne  
To grype it with myne hands tweyne  
And seyde off sodeyn moscyoun <sup>a</sup>  
Bordoun quod I bordoun bordoun  
But thow me helpe in this caas  
I may wepe and seyne allas  
My peynes ben so scharpe and kene  
And but thow helpe to sustene  
Myn nown powere and impotence  
That I may stonden at diffence  
Upon my ffeet and that anoon  
Ffarwel my joye is alle goon  
But tho <sup>b</sup> thorough helpe off my bordoun  
I roos up as a champyoun  
But whanne this lady did espye  
That I was up sche gan to hye  
Ffor to have putte me doun ageyne  
And I trow ryght and certeyn  
That but I hadde spoken ffayre  
And off my porte be debonayre  
I hadde ben fful ffeble of myght  
Upon my ffeet to stonde vp ryght  
But I abrayde <sup>c</sup> and bade in deede  
That sche scholde taken heede  
To thilke party that was ffayre  
Off hir and putte me fro dispayre  
And schewe lyke hir countenance  
Som comfforte or som plefaunce  
And that sche wolde expowne <sup>d</sup> me  
What lady that sche schulde be  
Hir name hir power every del  
Bothe off hir and off hir whel  
And off the tre and off the croppe  
And off the nestis in the toppe  
And do me some avauntage  
To ffarthre me in my vyage

#### FORTUNE.

In me schortely to expresse  
Ther is no maner stablenessse

Ffor be hereoff ryght wel certeyn  
Alle that I worke is uncerteyn  
Lyke my dowble contaunce  
I am so fful off variaunce  
Thereffore to axe how I me guye <sup>e</sup>  
It is no wysdom but ffolye  
I worke nothyng in certeynte  
But fful off grete duplycyte  
I am what evere I do provyde  
For I lawe <sup>f</sup> on the ryght fyde  
And schewe a cher <sup>g</sup> off greet delyte  
On the party that I am white <sup>h</sup>  
Than men me calle glad *ffortune*  
But no while I do continue  
Ffor longe or ffolke may apperceyve  
I kan hem sodeynly disseyve  
And make her joye go to wrak  
With ffoward mowhes <sup>i</sup> at the bak  
Thanne I lykened to the mone <sup>k</sup>  
Ffolke wole chaunge my name sone  
And ffro my whel whanne they are falle  
*Inffortune* they me calle  
To ffolke unworthy and not dygne  
I am somewhile moste benygne  
Lyggyng awayte in every cooste <sup>l</sup>  
Off ffolkes whom that I cherishe most  
And who that on me sette his luste <sup>m</sup>  
I kan disseve hym off his truste

\* \* \* \*

Off my staff and off my crook <sup>m</sup>  
Wronge <sup>n</sup> at the eende as is an hook  
And whanne I loke with eyen clere  
Lawye on <sup>o</sup> and make hem cheer  
Thaune lygge I ratheste in awayte  
Ffor to don <sup>p</sup> hem som disseyte  
Lo here is al go fforthe thy way  
And truste wel zeve that I may  
What wey euere that thow go  
Or thi pylgrymage be do  
Turne it to foure outhter to sweete  
Ones <sup>q</sup> I schal with the meete

<sup>1</sup> FORTUNE IS WALKYD.

<sup>1</sup> Elle vers l'arbre sen ala  
Et desconforte me laissa  
Tousiours dessus la roe tournant  
Et a son mouvement mouuant

Mais allez tost ie tumbay ius  
Car tenir ie my peu plus  
Helas dis ie que feras tu  
Chetif dolent que diras tu







After *Fortune* has left him, the Pilgrim sustains various encounters with vices—personified as usual—until he meets *Worldly Gladness*, which is typified by a revolving tower and a Syren, which he describes as follows:—

\* \* \* \*

<sup>a</sup> But as I stood thus in awher <sup>b</sup>  
 And drowh me toward the rever  
<sup>1</sup> A towre I sawh wylde and savage <sup>c</sup>  
 And square abouten off passage  
 Whiche hadde round fenestrallys  
 Perceyd thorough upon the wallys  
 At whiche hoolys out off dote  
 Smoke and flawme passed oute  
 And yet this toure who loke wel  
 Turned aboute as a wheel <sup>d</sup>  
 Vpon the floodes envyrour <sup>e</sup>  
 With the wawys vp and doun  
 Som whyle as I koude knowe  
 The hyefte party was moſte lowe  
 And also eke I sawe fful offte  
 The lowefte party sette aloſte  
 And thus by transmutacyoun  
 It turned alway vp ſo doun  
 And in this while euere among  
 I herde a meledious ſong  
 Off oon as I koude vnderſtonde  
 That bare a phetele <sup>f</sup> in his honde  
 And thys mynſtral ſoth to ſeyne

Was departyd evene atweyne  
 From the myddel up a man  
 Downward as I reherſe kan  
 A bryd whynge mervellouſely  
 With pawmys ſtreynynge mortally <sup>g</sup>  
 Now this beefte fful ſavage  
 Lyke a man off his vyfage  
 Spake to me fful curteysly <sup>h</sup>  
 And thus he ſeyde muriely <sup>i</sup>

## GLADNESSE OFF THE WORLD.

Tel on to me and ſay not nay  
 What maner ſolace or what play  
 Loveſte thow beſte tel on lat ſe <sup>k</sup>  
 And I ſhal pleyne to forre the  
 Ffor I kan lyche to thyne entent  
 Pley on every inſtrument  
 Ffor to make lordys cher  
 Both at cheſſe and the cheker  
 The draughtys ther off fful wel I kan  
 Ye bet then eny other man  
 And whanne that ylke play ys do  
 Ffor ſheppardes I kan alſo  
 At the merels <sup>l</sup> beſte of alle  
 Whanne ſo that they lyſte me calle  
 Pype and tabour in the ſtreete  
 With luſty folkes whan they meete  
 At weddynges to do pleaunce  
 I kan karole well and wel daunce

Or es tu venu a ta fin  
 Pourquoi fuz oncques pelerin  
 Mieux il te vaulſit quauvorte  
 Tu euſſes eſte et mort ne  
 Qui te pourra iamaſ aider  
 Qui conſeiller qui viſiter  
 Tu as perdu par ta folie  
 Grace ta treſloyalle amye  
 Helas tres douce penitence <sup>m</sup>  
 Pourquoi fis iamaſ redoubtance  
 De ton vile haye paſſer  
 Pour mes erreurs medeciner  
 Tes verges et tes diſciplines  
 Tes pointures et tes eſpines  
 Maintenant me fuſſent oingture  
 A ma grande meſaventure  
 Helas armeures pour marmen  
 Toute ma vie regretter  
 Je vous deuraſ ſe ie vy plus  
 De vous vne fois fuz veſtuz  
 Et aourne moult cointement  
 Mais las chetif car longuement  
 Pas ne fu ains toſt vous mis ius

Pluſieurs maulx men ſont aduenuz <sup>n</sup>  
 Et maintenant ou aſſez toſt  
 Jen ſeray liure a la mort  
 Helas ſacremens de legliſe  
 Je ne ſcay ſaſſez ie vous priſe  
 Jay grant doubte quen vain receuz  
 Ne vous aye qui ſuis rencheuz  
 Maintenant tout evanouy  
 Et en danger deſtre pery  
 Et ne me puis eſtre tenu  
 A mon bourdon ne ſoubſtenu  
 Helas ieruſalem cite  
 Ou daler ieſtoie exite  
 Comment vers toy mexcuſeray  
 Et quel reſponce te ſeray  
 Promis ie tauoye en couraige  
 Que ſeroſ le pelerinage  
 A toy pource que ie te vy  
 Ou bel mirouer et poly  
 Or ſuis du tout cy arreſte  
 Ta ſoit quaſſez ie ſoye tourne

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut XVIII. coloured drawing G.

<sup>a</sup> Tib. A. vii. f. 76, b.

<sup>b</sup> Longing or deſire.

<sup>c</sup> Job iv. 16. Ezek. xxvi. 9.

<sup>d</sup> Wheel.

<sup>e</sup> Round about.

<sup>f</sup> Violin, or guitar.

<sup>g</sup> Hands ſtretched out like thoſe of a human being.

<sup>h</sup> Courteouſly.

<sup>i</sup> Merry-makings.

<sup>k</sup> Let us ſee.

<sup>l</sup> Merry-makings.

<sup>m</sup> Eccluf. xx. 3.

<sup>n</sup> 1 Sam. xxxi. 9.

<sup>a</sup> Exod. xxxii. 6.<sup>b</sup> Always.<sup>c</sup> Job i. 6.<sup>d</sup> Tower.<sup>e</sup> Lose.<sup>f</sup> Seeth.<sup>g</sup> Here.<sup>h</sup> Sweet.<sup>i</sup> Jer. xv. 17.<sup>k</sup> Fiddle.<sup>l</sup> Island.<sup>m</sup> Confusion.<sup>n</sup> In company.<sup>o</sup> f. lxxxvii. b.<sup>p</sup> Psal. lxxix. 9.  
Prov. iii. 5.

In every play I do excelle  
And it were to longe to telle  
The disportes and the playes <sup>a</sup>  
That I vse on fomer dayes  
My joye is al in myrthe and game  
And *Wordely play* that is my name  
Men may me calle off equyte  
A mermayden off the see  
That syng off custom ay <sup>b</sup> gladdeste  
To fforne a storme and a tempeste  
So make ek ffolke this my labour  
To fforgete ther Creatoure  
And ffolk in my subiectyoun  
I brynge hem to distructyoun

## The PYLGRYME.

Though thou bygyne in gladnesse  
Thow eendeste euere in wrecchydnesse  
Ellys I wolde ffor my plesauce  
With the hauen acqueyntaunce  
I praye the putte me out off doute  
Off this toure turnynge aboute  
What maner thyng that it may be  
Fyrste off alle that wolde I fe

## WORDELY GLADNESSE.

Fyrste yiff thou lyfte to fe  
The greet amyral off the see  
Whiche that callyd ys *Sathan* <sup>c</sup>  
This tour <sup>d</sup> sothely he began  
Ffor he ffuste off entencyoun  
Made there his habytacyoun  
And other schyp ne hath he noon  
Amonge the floodys ffor to goon  
In the whiche by gret diceyte  
He lythe euere in awayte  
With pylgrymes holde stryff

<sup>1</sup> Lors ie massis a terre ius <sup>o</sup>  
Si las que ie nen pouoie plus  
Helas dis ie que feras tu  
Tu es en ceste yle venu  
Qui perilleuse grandement  
Et venu perilleusement  
Y es par firtim et scillam  
Par caribdim et firenam  
Et par bithalassum aussi  
Et encores assure ycy  
Nes pas et ne scais ou aller

And to make hem lese <sup>e</sup> her lyff  
He seth <sup>f</sup> bothe by hylle and vale  
Thorough thylke hoolys fmale  
By what weye that they gon  
Amonges whiche thou art on  
And to disceyve hem in her way  
Her <sup>g</sup> he maketh me fytted and play  
With foote <sup>h</sup> songe and armonye  
Alle pylgrymes to espye <sup>i</sup>

\* \* \* \*

And this mynstral than anon  
Made his ffythele <sup>k</sup> ffor to gon  
And fange with al fful lustyly  
And wyth hys syngynge sodeynly  
To me he gan turne his tayle  
And with his pawmes scharpe as a nayle  
By the arme he gan me streyne  
Mawgre my myght and al my peyne  
Horybely he caste me  
Amyddes off the greet see

\* \* \* \*

I gan swymme with inne a while  
Ageyne vnto that same yle <sup>l</sup>  
Ffro the which that I kam ffor  
Whanne the *meremayde* was go  
I mene this *worldes fals solace*  
That gan so fore at me to chace  
But lyfte sche scholde haue taken me  
I swam fful ffaste mydde the see  
Ffor drede off hir I was in were <sup>m</sup>  
But Youthe and sche to gydere yfere <sup>n</sup>  
Ful great joye they gan to make  
And thus hath Youthe me fforfak  
For thanne I lost hir in certeyne  
That sche to me kam ner ageyne

\* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> And down I fate ffor werynesse

Le tu te remectz a noer  
Par la mer tu y periras  
Ou ne fcez a quel port venras  
Helas chetif que feras tu  
Bien ie voy que tu es perdu  
Hors suis de sente et de chemin  
Je mattens quoncques pelerin  
Ne fut plus foroye que moy <sup>p</sup>  
Beau doulx fire dieu ayde moy  
Tu es le pommeau treshaultain  
De mon bourdon ie te reclaim

And gan compleyne in greet distresse<sup>a</sup>  
 Allas quod I myd off<sup>b</sup> my wo  
 Allas allas what schal I do  
 How schal I wretche eskape away  
 Out off this yle weyle<sup>c</sup> away  
 Ffor by five enchaunteressys  
 I am brought in gret distressys  
 In greet pereyl dowteles  
 Ffor *Scilla* fyrst and eke *Cyrtis*  
 Han caused me to gon amys<sup>d</sup>  
*Syrenes* and *Karibdis*  
 And *Bythalassus* worste off alle  
 Ben<sup>e</sup> attonys on me ffallle  
 And mortally me to beguyle  
 They han me brought in to this yle  
 Longe in forewe to foiourne  
 And kan noon other wey retourne  
 To ffynde focoure in this caas  
 I may wel forewe and feyne allas  
 Out off my way in ouncerteayne  
 And kan no mene to kome ageyne  
 Was neuere pylgryme in swyche poynt  
 Trewely nor in swyche disioynt  
 Now good God off thi greet grace  
 Be my focoure in this place  
 Ffor thow ffor my salvacyoun  
 Art the *Pomel* off my *Bordoun*  
 To the as ffor my cheff comfporte  
 In this nede I ha reforte  
 To brynge me thorogh thy greet myght  
 In to the weye I may go ryght  
 And ben supported ffer and nere  
 With that charboucle bryght and clere  
 Whiche that with his bemes bryght  
 Giveth on to my bordoun lyht  
 Now parte with me off thy clernesse  
 And brynge me out off my distresse  
 Out off this deedly mortal rage

Afin quen toy et par toy voye  
 Par la ou ie prendray ma voye  
 Saincte escharboucle reluisant  
 Dont mon bourdon est fait luyfant  
 Esclere moy par ou giray  
 Tu es le pommel ou toute ay  
 Mon port ma seurte ma fiance  
 Et tousiours euz des mon enfance  
 A toy me rends a toy mappuy  
 Ayde moy ou perdu ie fuy

Ffor sythe tyme off my tendre age  
 My trušte and my affyaunce  
 My joye and all my suffyaunce  
 Alle hooly hath ben in the  
 Ageynes alle adverstite  
 In euery peyne and eche labour  
 To ffynnden comfporte and socour  
 And now that stonde in so greet drede  
 Helpe me in this greet nede  
 And while I gan me thus compleyne  
 Even amyddde off alle my pene  
 I sawgh amyddes off the see  
<sup>1</sup> A schippe saylle towards me<sup>f</sup>  
 And evene above upon the maste  
 Wherefore I was the lasse agaste  
 I sawe a crosse stonde and not flytte  
 And there vpon a dowve fytte  
 White as any mylke or snowgh  
 Where off I hadde joye enowgh  
 And in this schippe ageyne alle schoures  
 There were castels and eke towres  
 Wonder dyverse mansfouns  
 And sondry habytacyouns<sup>g</sup>  
 By resemblance and seemynge  
 Lyche the loggyng<sup>h</sup> off a kyng  
 And as I took good hede ther at  
 Alle my forewes I fforgett<sup>i</sup>

The Pilgrim is rejoiced beyond measure at perceiving *Gracedieu* descend from the vessel; he expresses his gratitude to her for relieving him in his great distress; she inquires where he has been, and what has brought him to that perilous island which is named *Scylla*.<sup>2</sup> The Pilgrim assures her he has no pleasure in remaining there, and that he will willingly quit it to return into the way which by his folly he has quitted, and which has brought upon him so many evils.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Dame dis ie bien est mon gre  
 Bien doit le recreu pelerin  
 Desirer court et brief chemin  
 Recreu ie suis et traueillez  
 Le court vueil aller voulentiers  
 Et vous mercy treshumblement  
 De vostre bon confortement

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut XIX. coloured drawing H.

<sup>2</sup> The "*valley perilous*" of Mandeville.

<sup>a</sup> Jer. xv. 17.

<sup>b</sup> In the midst of.

<sup>c</sup> Woe is me.

<sup>d</sup> Aftay.

<sup>e</sup> Are all at once.

<sup>f</sup> Ifaiah lx. 9.

<sup>g</sup> Deut. xv. 11.

<sup>h</sup> Lodging.

<sup>i</sup> Psal. cxix. 29.

<sup>a</sup> Nurfe.  
Tib. A. vii. f.  
91, b.

<sup>b</sup> If thou careft  
to learn it.

<sup>c</sup> To fignify.

<sup>d</sup> Rom. xv. 4.

<sup>e</sup> In times of yore.

<sup>f</sup> Truly.

<sup>g</sup> More than one.

<sup>h</sup> Diffemble.

<sup>i</sup> Lying.

<sup>k</sup> Numb. xvi. 26.  
Jer. v. 25.

<sup>l</sup> Stingy.

*Gracedieu* tells him, that, if he will enter her fhip, fhe will receive him from the pity fhe feels for him, and will convey him by a fhort paffage into the fafe path; but that he muft expect to meet with *Repentance*, the ftile, the hedge, and the thorny plants again, juft as he had met them before.

He anfwers, that every weary pilgrim fhould defire a fhort voyage, that he is himfelf weary and way-worn, and he thanks her very much for her comfort; he then promifes that if fhe will take him on board the fhip he will amend his faults. Upon which *Gracedieu* reproaches him for having required his armour to be carried, and for not being able to endure the weight of it himfelf; and fhe alfo tells him that his profefions are great, but that he does not carry them into practice.

She then leads him to a rock from which water flows, in which he is wafhed, and afterwards conducts him to the vefel; he inquires its name, and is told it is *Religion*.

They then embark, and fteer for the Monaftery of Cifteaux. Upon their arrival there they are received by the porter, *Crainte de Dieu*, ("Drede of God;") and upon *Gracedieu* leaving the Pilgrim, he is conducted to

#### <sup>1</sup> AGYOGRAPHE.

I am quod fche chieff noryce <sup>a</sup>  
To alle ffolkes that fleen vyce  
No cloyfter is worthe who looke aboute  
On no fyde whan I am out  
I make cloyftris fferme and ftable  
Worfchipe and honourable  
And my name zeve thow lyfte fe <sup>b</sup>  
Is callyd *Agyographe*  
Whiche is to feyne <sup>c</sup> I the enfore  
Off holy wrytynge the fcripture <sup>d</sup>  
\* \* \* \*

#### The PYLGRYME.

And off a merour that I ffonde

<sup>1</sup> See coloured drawing I.

<sup>2</sup> *Placebo*, "I will pleafe," the name given to Flatery, from her endeavouring to curry favour with every

Whiche that I heelde in myne honde  
I preyed hir without fchame  
To telle me there off the name

#### AGYOGRAPHE.

Hyt were good to hye and lowe  
That alle ffolkes fhoulde know  
And there off hadde a trewe fyght  
Juftely what thys merour hyght  
That ffolkes ffor greet lak off lyght  
Were not deceyued in her fyght  
This merour by defcripcyoun  
Is called *Adulacyoun*  
This is withouten eny blame  
Verily his ryght name  
Ffor take good hede that *fflateryng*  
Is engendred off *lefyng*  
Some callen hir "*Placebo*" <sup>2</sup>  
Ffor fche han maken an *Eccho*  
Anfwere euere ageyn the fame  
Becaufe that he wole haue no blame  
There is no contradicyoun  
Ffor bothe off newe and zore <sup>e</sup> agon  
Ffolkes fothely <sup>f</sup> mo than on <sup>g</sup>  
Han in adulacyoun  
Ffinde fful greet decepcyoun  
Lordes wherffore I feye allas  
Han be difseyved in this caas  
And by adylacyoun  
Brought to ther deftrucyon

#### FLATERYE.

For this custom hath *fflaterye*  
To feyne <sup>h</sup> thus by lofengerie <sup>i</sup>  
Whanne hym lykyth to begyle  
Ffalfely by his fotel while  
To hem that be moſte vycyous <sup>k</sup>  
How that they are vertuous  
And though they ben to vyces thral  
They feyne eke they be liberal  
Though they be freyte <sup>l</sup> and ravynous  
And greet nygardes in her hous

one. The "*Echo*" is in reference to the "*Placebo*," which was the name given to the vefper hymn for the dead.—*Du Cange*.

They calle ffame and high renoun  
Raveyne<sup>a</sup> and ffalfe extorcyoun  
Though they be ffooles and off no prys  
They afferme that they be wys

\* \* \*

#### THE PYLGRYME.

Madame quod I zow not displeefe  
Thys myroure schal do me noon eefe  
Wher so that I leefe or wyne  
I wole neuere looke ther inne  
But ryht anoon myne happe it was  
To loken in another glasse  
In the whiche withouten wene<sup>b</sup>  
I sawe my sylff ffoule and vncleane  
And to byholde ryght hydous  
Abbomynabel and vecyous  
That merour and that glas  
Schewyd to me what I was

Wherfore off rancour and dysdeyn  
The same merour I caste ageyn  
Without a look in her pavere<sup>c</sup>  
Ffrowarde off look and eke<sup>d</sup> off chere  
And gan my bak away to turne  
And therefore soon I gan to morne

#### AGYOGRAPHE.

Now I se wel by contenance  
And also by thy governaunce  
Thow haste no luste to loke and se  
In the merour yt semeth me  
Callyd the merour off concyence  
Whiche shewith by trewe experyence  
Without eccho or ffatterye  
Or any other lozengerye  
Vnto a man what ymage  
He bereth aboute or what vyfage  
The portraiture ryght as it is  
And in what thyng he dothe amys<sup>e</sup>

After the Pilgrim had held converse with  
*Obedience, Discipline, Poverty, and Chastity*,  
two messengers next appeared to him, one of  
whom had wings extended, whilst the other

held in her hand a wimble, which she held up  
aloft towards the heaven, as if she would pierce  
the sky. She says she is to reward all people  
who act uprightly, that she is called *Prayer*<sup>f</sup>  
(*oraison*), the good and swift messenger which  
has wings to fly and to bear a message to God  
for all mankind. "Before Him," she says, "I  
appear swiftly and present boldly the commis-  
sion which has been entrusted to me; and  
know," she adds, "that if you send your re-  
quest to Him it shall not be refused; and if  
you wish to enter the city where you see so  
many pilgrims go, I will be your messenger,  
and will prepare you a house where you may  
take up your abode—no one shall enter there  
who has not sent me before him. You know  
that it was so with the thief who was crucified  
with the King.<sup>g</sup> I believe you will do the same,  
for you have great need of it, and so I hasten  
the more readily to perform your message."

<sup>1</sup> There was another who held a horn which  
gave a pleasant sound, whose name was *Latria*,  
(worship or service)<sup>h</sup> and who thus speaks:

Off this place ffolkes alle<sup>i</sup>  
Latrya they me calle  
Myne offys is moſte in wakyng  
To kepe the gate aboute the kyng  
I wacche there on day and nyght  
Do my fforse and eke my myght  
Ffor to lyue aye in awayt  
That there be ffouden no dysceyt

\* \* \*

For bothe at eeve and eke at morew  
I kepe the houres off ryſyng  
To do worſchiſpe to the kyng  
Alle ffolkes vp I calle  
That no ſlomber on hem ffalle  
Myne horne is *Invocacyoun*  
Off *Deus in adjutorium*  
I blowe myn horn toward mydnyght  
To reyse vp ffolkes anoon ryght  
I ſuffre hem not off ſleep to deye  
Myne<sup>2</sup> orgones I tempre ffor to pleye<sup>k</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Plunder.

<sup>b</sup> Doubt.

<sup>c</sup> Basket or wal-  
let.

<sup>d</sup> Also.

<sup>e</sup> Job xx. 2.  
Ecclef. vii. 5, 6.  
Daniel x. 21.  
Mark xii. 24.  
Ephesians v. 6.  
Col. iii. 22.  
<sup>1</sup> Theſ. ii. 4—6.  
<sup>1</sup> Pet. iii. 21.

<sup>f</sup> 2 Chron. xxx.  
27.  
Mark xi. 24.  
<sup>1</sup> Peter iii. 7.

<sup>g</sup> Luke xxiii. 42.

<sup>h</sup> Pſal. xcvi. 9.

<sup>i</sup> Tib. A. vii. f.  
104, b.

<sup>k</sup> I manage my  
muſical inſtru-  
ment ſo as to  
play.

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut XX.

<sup>2</sup> The "Virginals" of Bunyan.

<sup>a</sup> Sound.

And vpon hem I make a fown<sup>a</sup>  
With outen intermyssyoun  
And trewely alle my melodye  
Is in songe off perfalmodye<sup>b</sup>  
And devoutely in myne ententis  
I calle so myne instrumentis  
For thylke kyng that is moſte ſtronge  
Moſt hym delytyth in ſwicke ſonge  
To hym it is moſte pertynente  
Whanne it is ſonge off good entente  
In clerneſſe and in purete

<sup>b</sup> Pfalmody.

At the laſt, after *Gracedieu's* return, two old women appeared,<sup>1</sup> at the ſight of whom the Pilgrim's heart trembled; one ſupported herſelf on crutches, and ſeemed to have leaden feet—ſhe carried a box on her back, whilſt her companion had a couch bound on to her head. Theſe were *Infirmity* and *Old Age*, who advanced towards him and ſaid:—“*Death*<sup>c</sup> ſends us to you to announce that ſhe comes without delay; and ſhe has enjoined us not to leave you until we have conquered you.”

<sup>c</sup> Pfalm cii. 23.  
Heb. ix. 27.

The Pilgrim ſays that he is not acquainted with them, or with their miſtreſs *Death*, and inquires their names. They tell him it is uſeleſs to argue with them, for, however ſtrong a perſon may be, as ſoon as *Death* comes to him ſhe vanquiſhes him; for ſhe has complete control over human life, and kings and dukes fear her more than poor people who labour under life's burthens. “*Death*, however,” they continue, “is no reſpecter of perſons—into many places ſhe enters often without having ſent us before her; we are her meſſengers, and will tell you our names.”

<sup>d</sup> Jer. xlvi. 11.  
Eccluf. xviii. 21.  
Rom. vi. 18, 19.  
2 Cor. xii. 9.

<sup>e</sup> Iſaiah xl. 30.

Then the one who carried the couch ſaid:—“I am named *Infirmity*:<sup>d</sup> wherever I find *Health* I attack her to make her ſubmit; I recal *Repentance* when ſhe is forgotten. He who created *Nature*, when He perceived that He was diſregarded, ſummoned me, and ſaid thus:—“Go quickly to *Death*, and ſay that I ſend you to ſerve her, and to do according

<sup>f</sup> Deut. xxxiii. 25.  
Gen. xxv. 8.  
Job xii. 12, 13.

to her pleaſure. But firſt you ſhall go into the world; and, when you are there, whomſoever you find the moſt hardy, who think to live the longeſt, and becauſe they have health deſpiſe me, and put me out of their thoughts, thoſe correct, chaſtiſe, and bind down ſo ſtrongly on your bed that they cannot riſe, nor turn according to their will, nor have any taſte for eating and drinking, in order that they may implore my mercy, and by amending their lives have ſome regard for their own ſalvation.” Thus have I been in many places, and have pulled down young and old.<sup>e</sup> Prepare yourſelf, therefore, for I ſhall attack you and lay you down on your bed.” The other then ſpoke:—“I am ſhe whom you never thought to behold:<sup>f</sup> I have leaden feet; I walk ſlowly—nevertheleſs I come towards you and acquaint you that *Death* is approaching. No meſſenger can ſpeak more truly; my companion often deceives; for different reaſons prevent her from performing her meſſage, but nothing can impede me. I am named *Old Age*, the greatly feared, the ſkin-dried, and the wrinkled. My head is ſometimes grey, and ſometimes bald; I am able to give ſage counſel, and ought to be much honoured—for I have ſeen in times paſt both much good and much evil; I have proved what writings are the moſt ſenſible, and what are the beſt means of acquiring knowledge; for without praſtice and experience no ſcience can exiſt.”

The Pilgrim then informs *Old Age* that ſhe is not agreeable to him, and he wiſhes that ſhe would depart; but ſhe tells him, that, whether he likes her or not, ſhe will remain with him—and before *Death* comes ſhe will make him crooked and feeble by the blows which ſhe will give him; but ſtill, ſhe ſays, that if he is wiſe, he will derive great advantage from her—for ſhe will lend him thoſe crutches<sup>2</sup> which ſhe herſelf has to lean upon: but yet ſhe does not wiſh to deprive him of his ſtaff, inaſmuch as a ſpiritual ſupport is uſeful as well

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut XXI.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. *Ready* to *Hali's* crutches.—*Bunyan*.



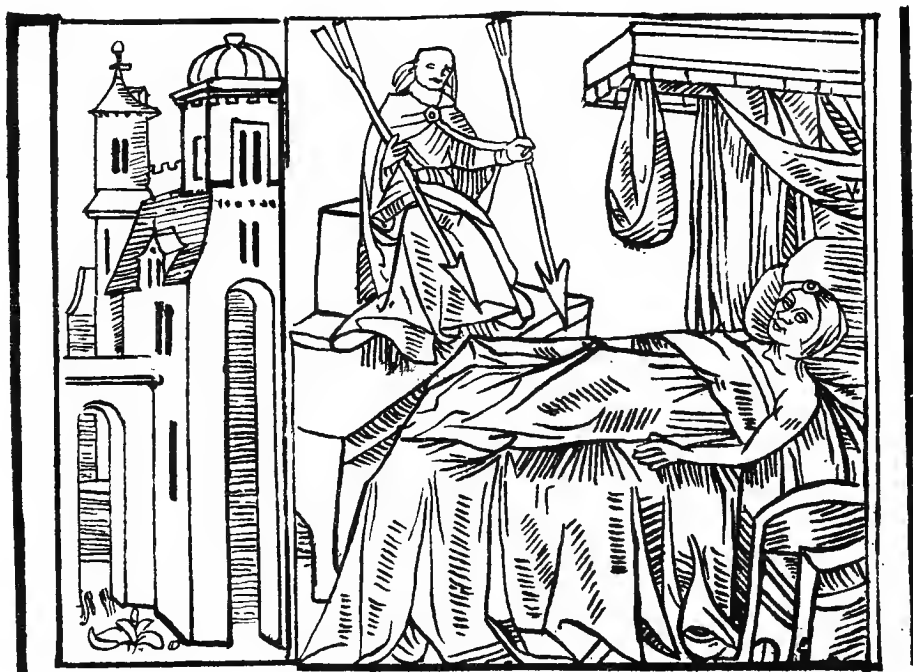


XXI



XXII

Misericorde



XXIII



as a temporal one—for by this means if a man is assaulted on one side he is supported on the other.<sup>a</sup> “Take, therefore, my crutches,” she concludes, “for you will find them very useful, since my blows are hard to bear, and that you shall soon know.” Then she said to her companion, “In order that he may not think that we feign, let us at once knock him down, and lay him upon your couch.” *Infirmity* and *Old Age* accordingly lay hold of the Pilgrim, and place him gently upon it, and tell him that *Death* will soon arrive.<sup>b</sup> Whilst, however, he is lying there, a lady, of a kindly and pleasing countenance, approaches him:<sup>1</sup> she has in her hands a cord, and upon her inviting the Pilgrim to go with her to the Infirmary he joyfully assents, but first begs that she will tell him who she is.

“I am,” she replies, “named *Mercy*, and I should be excessively welcome after a severe sentence is passed in any judgement. The King,<sup>c</sup> when He commanded that all the human race should die for their offences, when I came to Him, forbore his hand, and made over to me all that remained; and I induced Him to place in the heavens a bow without a string, as a sign of concord—the string remains with me, as the bow does with Him:<sup>d</sup> so that without this cord He cannot use the bow, and for that reason I keep it in my hands; and, inasmuch as I rescue the wretched from misery, and draw the degraded from their woful positions by means of this cord, I am called *Misericorde* (*Mercy*).<sup>e</sup> The maker of this cord was *Charity*, and it is not possible for any one to ascend to heaven who breaks it.”

After *Mercy* has further explained to the Pilgrim her various offices, such as relieving the sick, the poor, the captives, the humble—and professing her readiness to serve him—he asks her if she cannot rid him of *Death's* messengers, *Infirmity* and *Old Age*. This, she says, she cannot do; but she will, by means of her

cord, convey him secretly to the Infirmary,<sup>f</sup> where, although the messengers will not even then leave him entirely, yet he may put off for some little time longer the arrival of *Death*.

Accordingly, she binds her cord to his bed, and, at the same time, *Infirmity* and *Old Age* also approach him so closely that he has no strength remaining.

After he had arrived at the Infirmary, and had lain there for some little time, the porter, called the *fear of God*,<sup>g</sup> enters, bringing with him two other messengers—one of whom was the lady<sup>2</sup> with the wimble, of whom mention has already been made, whilst the other extended her arms towards heaven as if she would fly. The porter then informed the Pilgrim that he had brought these messengers, of whose aid he could avail himself, if he wished to send them before him to Jerusalem, for that he could no longer tarry on earth, and if they did not go before him he would not be able to enter the holy city. Their names were *Prayer*,<sup>h</sup> and her companion *Almsgiving*,<sup>i</sup> (*alms-giving*); the latter has always her hands extended ready to give, and makes wings of them with which to fly—and she is willing to go at once to the King to beg for admission for the pilgrims into the heavenly mansions. The Pilgrim answers, that he would willingly employ her, but he possesses nothing—having renounced all he had when he entered the convent, everything there having been in common. He says that she should be sent before kings, and great and wealthy people—that the rich, being pilgrims as well as himself, must also be admitted by their staff and scarf (i. e. *hope* and *faith*) into the heavenly city—and he therefore trusts that God will provide an humble and poor man like himself with an habitation.<sup>k</sup> He then welcomes the other messenger,<sup>l</sup> and commissions her to go before him; to which she answers, that she would do so most readily, according to her promise to him in the Church

<sup>a</sup> Prov. xxii. 6.

<sup>b</sup> Psalm lxxi. 9; xcii. 14.

<sup>c</sup> Eccclus. xviii. 13.

<sup>d</sup> Gen. ix. 13.

<sup>e</sup> Deut. v. 10.

<sup>f</sup> Prov. xxii. 9.

<sup>g</sup> 2 Chron. xix. 7.

<sup>h</sup> Prov. xv. 29.

<sup>i</sup> Luke vi. 30; xi. 41.

<sup>k</sup> Heb. xii. 22.  
2 Cor. v. 6.  
Heb. xiii. 14.

<sup>l</sup> Tobit iii. 1.

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut XXII.

<sup>2</sup> The lady with the wimble or auger was *Prayer*;

she was described before as holding it, because “she seemed as though she would have pierced the heavens.”

where he had seen her before: whereupon *Infirmity* interferes, and says it is now too late for the intercession of *Prayer*, that the Pilgrim had plenty of time to employ her during his life, but that now she (*Infirmity*) claims him. *Prayer*, nevertheless, departs on her errand; and whilst the Pilgrim is fearing that she will be too late, and that he will perish,<sup>1</sup> an old woman mounts on his bed, who alarms him extremely; she holds a scythe, and also bears a wooden coffin—her name is *Death*. She has already placed one of her feet upon the Pilgrim's body, and he has begged her to spare him a little while longer that he may ask her one or two questions, when *Gracedieu* appears to him and reassures him by saying,<sup>2</sup> "I perceive you are now at the narrow entrance which is at the end of your pilgrimage. *Death* is near you, who is the end of all terrible things; she will mow down your life, and place your body in a coffin for the worms to destroy it. This is the common end of all flesh. Man, in this world, is exposed to *Death* as the grass in the

field is to the scythe; so he also is flourishing one day, and is withered the next. You have prospered a long time; you must now be reaped and separated into two parts—the entrance is narrow, the body and soul cannot pass through together; the soul will enter first, and the body, after having seen corruption, will be regenerated and join the great assembly in the city to which you are hastening. You are now at the wicket-gate, which, when you saw it imaged in the mirror, you so longed to reach. You will be received within it if you present yourself there unburdened and naked. Nevertheless, you must first implore the Father for mercy,<sup>3</sup> and promise to *Penance*, that if you have not undergone sufficient suffering for your sins, you are willing to expiate them still further in Purgatory."<sup>4</sup> Upon this *Death*<sup>a</sup> seemed to run him through the body with her scythe; and he awoke with a start, scarcely knowing whether he were dead or alive, until he was certified of the fact of his being alive by the sound of the convent bell and the crowing of

<sup>a</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 3.  
Ecclef. xiv. 12.

<sup>1</sup> See Woodcut XXIII.

<sup>2</sup> GRACEDIEU.

Je voy bien qua lestroit passaige  
Tu es de ton pelerinaige  
Voicy la mort qui de pres test  
Qui des choses terribles est  
La fin et le terminement  
Ta vie tantost faulcher entent  
Et la meſtre du tout afin  
Et puis ton corps en vng cofin  
Elle meſtra pour le bailler  
Aux vers puans pour le manger<sup>b</sup>  
Ceste chose est toute commune  
A tout chascun et a chascune  
Homme en ce monde est expose  
A la mort comme herbe au pre  
Est a la faulx aussi est ce foin  
Qui huy est verd et sec demain<sup>c</sup>  
Or as este verd vng long temps  
Et si as receu pluyes et vens  
Mais fault maintenant te faulchier  
Et en deux pieces despiecer  
Lhuys est estroit lame et la cher  
Ne pourroient ensemble passer  
Lame premiere passera  
Et puis apres la chair yra  
Mais si tost ne fera ce mie  
Auant fera la chair pourrie  
Et autre fois regenerere  
En la grant commune assemblee<sup>d</sup>  
Donques regarde s'appointe

Deuement tu es et appareille  
Sa toy ne tient tantost verras  
La grant cite ou tendu as  
Tu es au guichet et a lhuys  
Quou mirouer pieca tu vis  
Se tu es despoille et nuz<sup>e</sup>  
Dedans tantost feras receuz  
Celle entree tu auoies moult chier  
Lors quant tu la vis au premier  
Et touteſſois tant ie te dy  
Qua mon pere tu cries mercy  
En promettant a penitence  
Que se nen as a souffrance  
Fait volentiers tu la feras  
En purgatoire ou tu yras

<sup>3</sup> By the light of Divine Truth the reader must perceive that the atoning Sacrifice of the Son of God has been completely set aside in the advice here given to the Pilgrim. *Fallen man* must come to God as a *Judge*, but cannot come to Him as a *Father*, otherwise than by Christ as Mediator. Jesus saith, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me."<sup>f</sup>

<sup>4</sup> How can this be? when we read in the Bible, "and as it is appointed unto all men once to die, but after this the judgement, so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for him shall be appear the second time without sin unto salvation."<sup>g</sup> "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: (from the moment of their death:) yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."<sup>h</sup>

<sup>b</sup> Job xxi. 26.

<sup>c</sup> Isaiah xl. 7.

<sup>d</sup> Job xix. 26.

<sup>e</sup> Rev. iii. 12;  
xxii. 14.

<sup>f</sup> John xiv. 6.

<sup>g</sup> Heb. ix. 27, 28.

<sup>h</sup> Rev. xiv. 13.

the cocks. Hereupon he would have arisen, but lay still in bed musing upon his wondrous dream; concerning which, he informs the reader, that, if there be anything in it which seems to favour of vanity or untruth, it must be taken as the straw and the chaff is with wheat, and the whole so sifted that the good and true may remain and be remembered, whilst the light and worthless is forgotten and dismissed; and, finally, he concludes by recommending his work to all those who, like good winnowers, are skilled in separating reality from error, and truth from falsehood.

In the Pilgrim's Progress, *Christian* and *Hopeful* are described as at once entering into that perfect peace, and rest, and joy which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."<sup>a</sup>

"Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore, being come up out of the river, they saluted them, saying, 'We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation.' Thus they went along towards the gate. Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; *also they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them.* They, therefore, went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds. \* \* \* The talk they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place, who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. 'There,' said they, 'is the Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.'<sup>b</sup> You are going now,' said they, 'to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading

fruits thereof; and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King: even all the days of eternity!<sup>c</sup> There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth—to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death—for the former things are passed away.<sup>d</sup> You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and Jacob, and to the prophets; men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds—each one walking in his righteousness.<sup>e</sup>' The men then asked, 'What must we do in the holy place?' To whom it was answered, 'You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way.<sup>f</sup> In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy One—for there you shall see Him as He is.<sup>g</sup> There, also, you shall serve Him continually, with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing, the pleasant voice of the mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are got thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you.' \* \* \* Now when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it, in letters of gold, 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'<sup>h</sup>

"Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate, the which, when they did, some from above looked over the gate—to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, &c.—to whom it was said, 'These pilgrims are come from the city of *Destruction*, for the love that they bear to the King of this place.'

<sup>a</sup> 1 Cor. ii. 9.

<sup>b</sup> Heb. xii. 22—24.

<sup>c</sup> Rev. ii. 7; iii. 4; xxi. 1.

<sup>d</sup> Isaiah lxv. 16.

<sup>e</sup> Isaiah lvii. 1, 2.

<sup>f</sup> Gal. vi. 7.

<sup>g</sup> 1 John iii. 2.

<sup>h</sup> Rev. xxii. 24.

*And then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when He had read them, said, 'Where are the men?' To whom it was answered, 'They are standing without the gate.' The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said He, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'*<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Isaiah xxvi. 2.

"Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy; and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, honour, glory, and power, be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.'"<sup>b</sup>

<sup>b</sup> Rev. v. 13, 14.

These lines at the conclusion of Bunyan's

Dream show how similar are the metaphors employed both by himself and De Guileville in their parting addresses to the reader:—

Now, reader, I have told my dream to thee;  
See if thou canst interpret it to me,  
Or to thyself, or neighbour; but take heed  
Of misinterpreting; for that, instead  
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse:  
By misinterpreting evil ensues.

Take heed also that thou be not extreme  
In playing with the outside of my dream;  
Nor let my figure or similitude  
Put thee into a laughter or a feud.  
Leave this for boys and fools; but as for thee,  
Do thou the substance of the matter see.  
Put by the curtains, look within my veil;  
Turn up my metaphors, and do not fail  
There, if thou seekest them, such things to find  
As will be helpful to an honest mind.  
What of my drofs thou findest there be bold  
To throw away, but yet preserve the gold.  
What if my gold be wrapped up in ore?  
None throws away the apple for the core.  
But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,  
I know not but 'twill make me dream again.



*The following Extracts on the glories of the New Jerusalem are quoted from Hymns written at three different periods :—The first by St. Bernard, (to whom reference is made in De Guileville's poem,) A.D. 1100. The second is taken from a Chap-book<sup>1</sup> in the British Museum, (1078 k 17,) to which no date is prefixed. The third is by a well-known modern Author, who has kindly permitted its insertion.*

## HYMN.

**B**RIEF life is here our portion,  
Brief forrow, short-lived care:  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life is *there*.

O happy retribution,  
Short toil, eternal rest!  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest!  
That we should look, poor wanderers,  
To have our home on high,  
That worms should seek their dwellings  
Beyond the starry sky.  
So now we fight the battle,  
And then we wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown.  
There God, our King and Portion,  
In fulness of his grace,  
Shall we behold for ever,  
And worship face to face.  
To thee, O dear, dear country,  
Mine eyes their vigils keep:  
For very love beholding  
Thy happy name they weep.  
O one, O only mansion!  
O paradise of joy!  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy:  
Beside thy living waters  
All plants are, great and small;  
The cedar of the forest,  
The hyssop of the wall.  
With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;

The sardius and topas  
Unite in thee their rays:  
Thy ageless walls are bounded  
With amethyst unpriced;  
Thy saints build up its fabric,  
And the Corner-stone is Christ.  
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment,  
To pilgrims far away!  
Upon the Rock of Ages,  
They raise thy holy tower;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.  
Jerusalem the golden!  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation,  
Sink heart and voice oppressed:  
I know not, O I know not,  
What social joys are there!  
What radiancy of glory!  
What light beyond compare!  
And when I fain would sing thee,  
My spirit fails and faints;  
And vainly would it image  
The assembly of the saints.  
They stand, those halls of Zion,  
Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And many a martyr throng:  
The Prince is ever in them;  
The light is aye serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

<sup>1</sup> See f. 2.

There is the throne of David,  
 And there, from toil releas'd,  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast :  
 And they, beneath their Leader,  
 Who conquer'd in the fight,  
 For ever and for ever  
 Are clad in robes of white.  
 Jerusalem the radiant !  
 The glory of the elect !  
 O dear and future vision,  
 That eager hearts expect :  
 E'en now by faith I see thee,  
 E'en now thy walls discern ;  
 For thee my thoughts are kindled,  
 And strive, and pant, and burn.  
 O land that seest no sorrow !  
 O state that fear'st no strife !  
 O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !  
 O realm and home of life !

ST. BERNARD.

## THE NEW JERUSALEM.

O MOTHER, dear Jerusalem,  
 when shall I come to thee ?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?  
 thy joys when shall I see ?  
 O happy harbour of God's saints !  
 O sweet and pleasant soil !  
 In thee no sorrow may be found,  
 no grief, no care, no toil.  
 In thee no sickness is at all,  
 no grief, no toil, no care ;  
 There is no death, nor ugly fight,  
 but life for evermore.  
 No dimming clouds o'ershadow thee,  
 no dim nor darksome night ;  
 For every soul shines as the sun,  
 for God himself gives light.  
 There lust nor lucre cannot dwell—  
 there envy bears no sway ;  
 There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,  
 but pleasure every way.  
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem !  
 would God I were in thee !

O that my sorrows had an end,  
 thy joys that I might see !  
 No pains, no pangs, no bitter griefs,  
 no woful night is there ;  
 No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard,  
 no willaway nor fear.  
 Jerusalem the city is  
 of God our King alone ;  
 The Lamb of God, the light thereof,  
 fits there upon the throne.  
 Ah ! God, that I Jerusalem  
 with speed may go behold ;  
 For why ? the pleasures there abound  
 with tongue cannot be told.  
 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
 with carbuncles doth shine ;  
 With jasper, pearls, and crysolite,  
 surpassing pure and fine.  
 Thy houses are of ivory ;  
 thy windows chrystal clear ;  
 Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,  
 where angels do appear.  
 Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
 thy bulwarks diamond square ;  
 Thy gates are made of orient pearl,—  
 O God ! if I were there.  
 Within thy gates nothing can come  
 that is not passing clear ;  
 No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,  
 no filth may there appear.  
 Jehovah, Lord, now come, I pray,  
 and end my grief and plaints :  
 Take me to thy Jerusalem,  
 and place me among the saints :  
 Who there are crown'd with glory great,  
 and see God face to face.  
 They triumph all, and do rejoice,  
 most happy is their case.  
 But we who are in banishment  
 continually do moan ;  
 We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep,  
 perpetually we groan.  
 Our sweetness mixed is with gall,  
 our pleasures are but pain ;  
 Our joys are not worth looking on,  
 our sorrows still remain.



But there they live in such delight,  
 such pleasure, and such play,  
 That unto them a thousand years  
 seem but as yesterday.  
 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,  
 thy joys when shall I see?  
 Thy King sitting upon his throne,  
 and thy felicity.  
 Thy vineyards and thy orchards,  
 so wonderfully rare,  
 Are furnish'd with all kinds of fruits,  
 most beautiful and fair.  
 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
 continually are green;  
 There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers,  
 as no where else are seen.  
 There cinnamon and sugar grows;  
 there nard and balm abound;  
 No tongue can tell, no heart can think,  
 what pleasures there are found.  
 There nectar and ambrosia spring,  
 the musk and civet sweet;  
 There many a fine and dainty drug  
 is trodden under feet.  
 Quite thro' the street, with pleasant sound,  
 the blood of life doth flow;  
 Upon the bank, on ev'ry side,  
 the Tree of Life doth grow.  
 These trees each month do yield their fruit,  
 for evermore they spring;  
 And all the nations in the world  
 to thee their honours bring.  
 Jerusalem, God's dwelling place,  
 full sore I long to see;  
 O that my sorrows had an end,  
 that I might dwell with thee!  
 There David stands, with harp in hand,  
 into the heavenly choir,  
 A thousand times that man was blest  
 who might this music hear.  
 There Mary sings Magnificat,  
 with tunes surpassing sweet;  
 And all the virgins bear their part,  
 sitting around her feet.  
 Te Deum doth St. Ambrose sing,  
 St. Austin doth the like;

Old Simeon and Zachary  
 have not their songs to seek.  
 There Magdalen hath left her moan,  
 and chearfully doth sing,  
 With all blest saints, whose harmony  
 through every street doth ring.  
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem!  
 thy joys fain would I see;  
 Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,  
 and take me home to thee.  
 O plant thy name in my forehead,  
 and take me hence away,  
 That I may dwell with thee in blefs, (*sic*)  
 and sing thy praises ay!  
 Jerusalem, the happy throne,  
 Jehovah's throne on high;  
 O sacred city, queen and wife  
 of Christ eternally!  
 O comely queen, with glory clad,  
 with honour and degree,  
 All fair thou art, excelling bright,  
 no spot is found in thee!  
 I long to see Jerusalem,  
 the comfort of us all;  
 For thou art sweet and beautiful,  
 no ill can thee befall.  
 In thee, Jerusalem, I say,  
 no darkness dare appear;  
 No night, no shade, no winter foul,  
 no time doth alter there.  
 No candles need, no moons to shine,  
 no glittering stars to light,  
 For Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,  
 for ever shineth bright.  
 A Lamb unspotted, white and pure,  
 to thee doth stand in lieu  
 Of light so great; the glory is,  
 thy heavenly King to view;  
 He is the King of kings, beset  
 in midst his servants right,  
 And they his happy household all  
 do serve him day and night.  
 There, there the quire of angels bright,  
 there the supernal fort  
 Of citizens, who hence are freed  
 from danger's deep resort.

There be the prudent prophets all,  
 th' Apostles, fix and fix,  
 The glorious martyrs in a row,  
 and confessors betwixt.  
 There doth the crew of righteous men  
 and matrons all confist,  
 Young men and maids who here on earth  
 their pleasures did refist.  
 The sheep and lambs that hardly 'scapt  
 the snares of death and hell,  
 Triumph in joy eternally,  
 whereof no tongue can tell;  
 And though the glory of each one  
 doth differ in degree,  
 Yet the joy of all alike,  
 and common as we see.  
 There love and charity do reign,  
 and Christ is all in all,  
 Whom they most perfectly behold,  
 in glory spiritual.  
 They love, they praise, they praise, and love,  
 they holy, holy, cry;  
 They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,  
 but laud continually.  
 O happy thousand times were I,  
 if, after wretched days,  
 I might with listening ears conceive  
 these heavenly songs of praise,  
 Which to th' eternal King are sung,  
 by heavenly wights above:  
 By sacred souls and angels sweet,  
 to praise the God of love!  
 Oh, passing happy were my state,  
 might I be worthy found  
 To wait upon my God and King,  
 his praises there to found.  
 And to enjoy my Christ above,  
 his favour and his grace,  
 According to his promise made,  
 which here I interlace:  
 "O Father dear," said he, "let them,  
 whom thou hast given of old  
 To me, be there where so I am,  
 my glory to behold,

Which I with thee, before the world  
 was laid, in perfect ways  
 Have had, from whence the blessed fun  
 of glory doth arise!  
 Again, if any man will serve,  
 then let him follow me;  
 That where I am, be thou right sure,  
 there shall my servant be.  
 And still if any man loves me,  
 him loves my Father dear,  
 Whom I do love, to him myself  
 in glory shall appear."  
 Lord, take away my miseries,  
 that there I may be bold,  
 With thee, in thy Jerusalem,  
 thy glory to behold;  
 And so in Zion see my King,  
 my love, my Lord, my all—  
 Whom now as in a glass I see,  
 then face to face I shall.  
 O blessed be the pure in heart,  
 their Sovereign they shall see!  
 O ye most happy heavenly wights  
 which of God's household be!  
 O Lord, with speed dissolve my bonds,  
 those gins and fetters strong;  
 For I have dwelt within the tents  
 of Kedar overlong!  
 Yet once again I pray thee, Lord,  
 to guard me from all strife;  
 Thus to thy hill I may obtain,  
 and dwell there all my life.  
 With cherubin, and seraphin,  
 and holy souls of men,  
 To sing thy praise, of Lord of hosts,  
 for evermore. Amen.

#### THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.<sup>1</sup>

ON THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.  
 HA! yon burst of crystal splendour!  
 Sunlight, starlight, blent in one;  
 Starlight set in arctic azure,  
 Sunlight from the burning zone!

<sup>1</sup> Vide "Hymns of Faith and Hope," by Horatius Bonar, D.D.

Gold and silver, gems and marble,  
All creation's jewelry.

Earth's uncovered waste of riches—  
Treasures of the ancient sea.

Heir of glory,  
What is that to thee and me?

\* \* \* \*

What to that for which we're waiting,  
Is this glittering earthly toy?

Heavenly glory, holy splendour,  
Sum of grandeur, sum of joy.

Not the gems that time can tarnish,  
Not the hues that dim and die,  
Not the glow that cheats the lover,  
Shaded with mortality.

Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

Not the light that leaves us darker,  
Not the gleams that come and go,  
Not the mirth whose end is madness,  
Not the joy whose fruit is woe;

Not the notes that die at sunset,  
Not the fashion of a day;

But the everlasting beauty,  
And the endless melody.

Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

City of the pearl-bright portal;  
City of the jasper wall;

City of the golden pavement;  
Seat of endless festival.

City of Jehovah, Salem,  
City of eternity,

To thy bridal-hall of gladness,  
From this prison would I flee.

Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

Ah! with such strange spells around me,  
Fairest of what earth calls fair,

How I need thy fairer image,  
To undo the siren snare!

Left the subtle serpent-tempter  
Lure me with his radiant lie;

As if sin were sin no longer,  
Life were no more vanity.  
Heir of glory,  
What is that to thee and me?

Yes, I need *thee*, heavenly city,  
My low spirit to upbear;

Yes, I need thee—earth's enchantments  
So beguile me with their glare.

Let me see thee, then these fetters  
Break afunder, I am free;

Then this pomp no longer chains me;  
Faith has won the victory.

Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

Soon where earthly beauty blinds not,  
No excess of brilliance palls,

Salem, city of the holy,  
We shall be within thy walls!

There, beside yon crystal river,  
There, beneath life's wondrous tree,

There, with nought to cloud or sever,—  
Ever with the Lamb to be!

Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

It may be interesting to some of our readers if we quote a letter from a Syrian gentleman who remarked that the translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress" into Arabic had done more good in Syria than any book, except the Bible; the parabolical mode of instruction of our Saviour being the natural form of expression in that country.

"You desire me," he writes, "to relate to you a few facts connected with the Arabic Pilgrim's Progress; I shall try to do so in this note, in the fewest words possible.

"The book was first translated for the 'Church Missionary Society,' by a first-rate Arabic scholar, a native of Mount Lebanon, and printed at their Arabic printing press, at Malta. It was extensively read, wherever the Arabic language was spoken.

"Soon after the breaking up of the mission

at Malta, it became scarce, and another edition was called for.

"The American Missionaries, in Syria, had the book then re-translated, (by another native of Mount Lebanon,) and, by the help of the first translation, made of it a very good *new* edition. They put this new copy into the hands of one of the best Arabic scholars and poets (a native of Mount Lebanon also), who corrected it and saw it 'through the press.'

"The book has now become a classical one. It is read in all the American schools throughout Syria. Copies of it have gone into Arabia, Mesopotamia, India, Egypt, and the Coast of Barbary.

"During my first visit to England, I had the curiosity to go to Blackwall, to see the Niger Expedition, which was then fitting up for the heart of Africa; and on going into the first cabin of one of the steamers, I saw all its shelves filled with Arabic books. On asking the Missionary (Muller), who was then accompanying the expedition, why they took Arabic books with them, he answered me, that the Arabic was the medium of communication with the natives: and that the Arabic characters were used in all the interior of Africa, even when the language spoken by the tribes was not Arabic. Many copies of the Pilgrim's Progress were on the shelves.

"The book being full of figurative language, and allegorical expressions, has had a great hold on the mind of the simple people in the East.

"I was spending, not many years ago, a short time at Hasbaya, a town in Anti-Lebanon, several thousand feet higher than the level of the sea. I took a ride one fine afternoon to the top of the hills that overlook the town and country. As I wandered amongst the vineyards, admiring the beauty of the bold and majestic scenery, the 'Watchman' came down, and asked me to go up and sit with him in his bower; adding, that the view from it was the best in the neighbourhood.

"I must, however, explain to you what a

'*watchman*' and a '*bower*' are. The vineyards in Syria cover many acres of land. The vines either lie on the ground, are supported by poles, or run up, and twine themselves round high trees. The fields being very extensive, and the land quite cheap, there are, of course, no hedges to the vineyards; the bear, the hyæna, the fox, and the dog, are very fond of grapes—and the visit of any of these animals to a vineyard costs the owner a basket of grapes. Although strangers are never molested if they help themselves to the grapes *as they pass by a vineyard*, yet the people of the village are not allowed that privilege. To watch then, over tame and wild depredators, town and forest visitors, the owners appoint a '*Watchman*,' during the season of the grapes.—See Isaiah v. 1, 2.

"The '*Watchman*' selects a large tree, generally an oak, on the top of the highest hill. He then lays poles on the centre of the branches of the tree, and ties them with cords, &c. and placing boards over these poles, and then covering the whole with other branches, he spreads his mat and bed on the boards, and in this bower he eats, drinks, watches, and sleeps, day and night.

"These men have such a good ear, assisted by a clear sky and pure atmosphere, that they can hear the least sound, and with a rifle, they are, indeed, not to be despised. By such a '*watchman*' I was invited, and into such a bower I ascended.

"As I sat on the bed, admiring the scenery that was before me, I looked round me and saw some Arabic books, one of which was well used. I took it up; it was the '*Pilgrim's Progress*.' 'You may well ask,' said Nicola to me, 'why this book is well used, more so than the others. You know that on becoming a Protestant what persecution I endured—how often I was hunted down, like a wild beast—how my wife deserted me for her father's house—how my two daughters were taken to my brother's home, to prevent their being contaminated by my principles. Well, this book

was a comfort to me during my troubles. The man who wrote it seemed to have had just such a person as me before him. Then, in my solitude, nothing is more cheering than to read it early at morn and late at night. Such a book was never made for *you* men, who live in cities—who are ambitious, rich, and luxurious; but *I* who *live* in this *tree*, for three months in the year—I see the sun rise in majesty in the morning, and go down in power in the evening; I see the moon appear in glory, and set in splendour—with Anti-Lebanon for my habitation—and Lebanon, Hermon, and Iulan round about me: while the Jordan, taking its source at my feet, winds its way into the lakes of Huleih, Tiberias, and Lot, till they all vanish in the distance. I have need of such a book—I can understand it!

“Poor Nicola asked me, two years after, to go and see him at home. There were his wife, and two daughters. ‘We live now,’ said he to me, ‘together, and in peace; but the people often cause us trouble. They are always trying to throw discord amongst us. You know my daughters can now read; and they often read the Pilgrim’s Progress.’”

“I called frequently at the cell of an old monk at Beirut, to pass an hour in disputation and friendly talk—and often saw him read the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’ ‘I am still of opinion,’ he would say to me, ‘that it is better not to marry. See what trouble this man had with his wife and family. I am alone—I have no trouble, because I have neither wife or children—I read this book during the long winter evenings and feel quite delighted to think that your Protestant friends have at *least one good* book to offer us. I really think that our friends, the Roman Catholic Priests, are wrong; for, in forbidding their people in this country to read Protestant books, they should have made an exception of the Pilgrim’s Progress.’ I really loved the man because he was sincere in being attached to the doctrines of the orthodox church.

“Not far from him lived another monk, young, handsome, and intelligent. He is one of the few amongst the Clergy, in Syria, who have liberal and enlightened views; desire to see the old Churches shake off their sloth, and take up the cause of Evangelical religion and general education. I have often seen him read the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and heard him say, that if he had the influence and the power he would make all the people study it. I have just heard from a mutual friend that this good gentleman has been promoted to the Bishopric of Tarsus. My friend wishes me to write and congratulate him on this promotion.

“I am quite sure that this new bishop will behave like a true Christian, and will do much good in his new sphere of action. Dear Gerasimus! may you never forget the long conversations we often held together; and may you be like Paul of Tarsus, a blessing to that part of Syria.

“I have seen another man day and night turn over the leaves of this book. I had given him the first translation when it was first printed. I brought him the new edition as soon as it came out. I saw this old man read it to his old partner in life, during the long winter nights; and when I returned late from some evening party, I found him with the book in his lap, reading, (and smoking at the same time,) waiting for me. ‘I could sit up,’ he would say, ‘the whole night reading it. I know the Arabic of the *old* edition is not so good as the *new* one; it has many defects, but I like it as an *old* friend. I like the *new* one for a change. This world is so full of wickedness—we live in sin, and the very breath we draw is so polluted with evil, that it is well we can, at home and alone, commune with the spirits of good men who have departed in peace.’ This man was my own Father.

“ANTONIUS AMEUNY.”

The following curious passage, extracted from a well-known periodical, shows the quaint form which the “*allegory*” sometimes took.

"Of the universal taste for allegory in the middle ages, we are furnished with a curious illustration by M. Jubinal, in his elegant publication of '*Les anciennes tapisseries historiées*,' in the specimen he gives from the tapestry of Nancy, said to have been taken from the tent of Charles le Téméraire in 1477. In the first compartment, three boon companions, *Dinner*, *Supper*, and *Banquet*, meet with a company of *bons vivants*, called *Bonne-Compagnie*, *Accoustumance*, *Passe-temps*, *Gourmandie*, *Friandise*, &c. whom they invite to their *hostels*.

"In the second compartment they are represented at the hotel of *Dinner*; but at this performance *Supper* and *Dinner* take umbrage, and conspire against the *convives*: in the next compartment, whilst at *Supper's* hall the guests are suddenly attacked by the hired assassins, *Gout*, *Cholic*, &c. but they make their escape, and are pursued by *Supper*, who bruises many of them with his club. They next repair to the hall of *Banquet*, where, in the midst of their festivities, they are suddenly attacked by a troop of ugly women, armed with sharp knives, named *Apoplexy*, *Paralysis*, *Epilepsy*, *Pleurisy*, *Dropsy*, &c. The feasters are now slaughtered without mercy, and only a few escape from the hands of the assassins. These fly for aid to *Lady Experience*, who decides that the two companions, *Supper* and *Banquet*, shall be separated.

"In the remaining portions of the tapestry, *Supper* and *Banquet* are made prisoners, and carried for judgment before *Dame Experience* and her counsellors *Galen*, *Ypocras*, *Avicenna*, and *Averrois*, who pass sentence of death upon *Banquet*, whilst *Supper* is condemned to have her arms bound, and never to approach the dwelling of *Dinner* nearer than three leagues. The last of the compartments represents the execution of the sentence."—*Gent. Mag. Dec.* 1842.

In an American newspaper, entitled "The Christian Advocate and Journal," dated Aug. 9, 1843, the following satire appeared on the modern fashionable facilities of getting to hea-

ven, called "The Celestial Railroad," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The writer supposes that in a dream he visits the populous city of *Destruction*, from which the public-spirited inhabitants had recently established a railroad to the Celestial City. His curiosity induces him to visit the station-house, and there he had the good fortune to meet with a gentleman of the name of Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders.

The vehicle rattles through the city, and at a short distance passes over a bridge of elegant construction. On both sides are seen a great quagmire. This Mr. *Smooth-it-away* informs him is the famous *Slough of Despond*, and the bridge is that which the engineers have constructed across the bog, by throwing in, for a foundation, books of morality, French philosophy, and German rationalism, works of Plato, Confucius, and Buddha, to make the passage agreeable to pilgrims—"yet, in spite of Mr. *Smooth-it-away's* assurances of its solidity, (says the dreamer,) I should be loth to cross it in a heavy omnibus, if each passenger had as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself.

"The spacious station-house is erected on the site of *the little wicket-gate*, which old pilgrims recollect stood across the highway, and by its inconvenient narrowness was a great obstruction to the traveller of *liberal mind* and expansive stomach. It would have done Bunyan's heart good to see the number of passengers and the favourable change the community had undergone relative to the celestial pilgrimage. No more lonely ragged men, with huge burdens on their backs, hooted after by the whole city; but parties of the first gentry setting out for the Celestial City, as if the pilgrimage were a summer tour. The conversation was full of taste about politics, fashions, and amusements, and though religion was doubtless *the main thing at heart*, it was tastefully thrown into the background. An infidel would have found nothing to shock his sensibility.

A great convenience of this new method of

pilgrimage was, that our enormous burdens, instead of being carried on our shoulders, as of old, were all snugly deposited in the baggage-waggon! The ancient feuds between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the *wicket-gate* have been appeased, and some of the Prince's subjects are employed about the station carrying baggage, collecting fuel, and feeding the engines.

"*Greatheart* refused to be *breaksman*, (stoker,) but went to the Celestial City in a *buff*; and so the directors chose a more accommodating man, whom you will probably recognise at once." The locomotive appears; and, to the astonishment of the dreamer, it is *Apollyon himself*, *Christian's* old enemy, still breathing fire and smoke through his nostrils, induced to become the company's chief conductor.

They overtake two old-fashioned pilgrims, trudging it on foot, whom they laugh at, and *Apollyon* envelopes them in an atmosphere of scalding steam.

The *Interpreter's House* is not one of the company's stations; and the passengers were glad to pass so quickly by the cross and sepulchre, where *Christian* lost his burden, for they possessed such a rich collection of favourite habits that they exulted in the safety of their baggage, which they hoped would not be out of fashion in the polite circles of the celestial world!

To facilitate the passage of the *Hill Difficulty*, a spacious tunnel has been constructed through the heart of this rocky mountain, and the materials from the heart of the hill have been employed in filling up the Valley of *Humiliation*!

"A wonderful improvement indeed!" said one of the passengers, 'yet I should have been glad to visit the Palace *Beautiful*, and be introduced to those charming young ladies *Pru-dence*, *Piety*, and *Charity*, and the rest.' 'Young ladies!' cried Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, as soon as he could speak for laughing, 'why, my dear fellow, they are old maids, every one of them—prim, starched, dry, and angular—and not one of them, I will venture to say,

has altered the fashion of her gown since the days of *Christian's* pilgrimage.' So the traveller consoles himself for the disappointment.

"*Apollyon* was now putting on the steam at a prodigious rate, anxious to get over the ground where he had so disastrously encountered *Christian*. Consulting Mr. Bunyan's road-book I found we were fast approaching the Valley of the *Shadow of Death*, into which doleful region I trembled to plunge at the present accelerated speed, and I told my apprehensions to Mr. *Smooth-it-away*; but he assured me it was as safe as the best railroad in Christendom. At this moment we shot into the dreaded valley, and my palpitations were calmed on finding that the engineers, to dispel the gloom and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine, had collected the inflammable gas into pipes, and thus established a quadruple row of lamps along the whole passage! But this radiance, hurtful to the eyes, glared upon the visages of my fellow passengers; and, as compared with natural day-light, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood. Here the fear of running off the track, beside which was the bottomless pit, made my heart quake—for the noise of the train reverberated like thunder through the valley, and soon there followed a tremendous shriek, careering along the valley, as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it: but this proved only to be the whistle of the engine to announce our arrival at a station!

"Rattling onward again, we at length made our escape from the valley and its lurid lights, at the end of which is the cavern where, in John Bunyan's time, dwelt two cruel giants, called *Pope* and *Pagan*. But these old troglodytes are no longer there, and the cave is now occupied by another terrible giant, a German by birth, called the giant *Transcendentalist*; but as to the form or features of this huge miscreant, neither he for himself, nor anybody for him, has ever been able to describe. As we rushed by the cavern's mouth we caught a hasty glimpse of him—he looked much like

a heap of fog and duskiness. He shouted after us, but we could not understand his lingo.

"Late in the day the train thundered into the ancient city of *Vanity*, where the fair is still at the height of prosperity, and the new railroad brings with it a great influx of strangers.

"If the Christian reader have had no accounts of the city since Bunyan's time, he will be surprised to hear that now almost every street has its church, and the reverend clergy are held in high reverence—and well do they merit this high estimation—for their maxims of wisdom and virtue come from as deep a source as those of the sagest philosophers of old. I need only mention the distinguished names of the Rev. Mr. *Shallow-deep*, the Rev. Mr. *Clog-the-spirit*, the Rev. Dr. *Wind-of-Doctrine*, &c. The labours of these eminent divines diffuse an homogeneous erudition. Literature is etherealized; knowledge deposits all its heavier particles and exhales into a sound, which steals into the ever-open ears of their auditors. These ingenious methods constitute a sort of machinery by which thought and study are done to everybody's hand, whilst another species of machine is employed for the manufacture of individual morality. All these wonderful improvements in ethics, religion, and literature, being made clear to my comprehension by Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, inspired me with a vast admiration of *Vanity Fair*.

"It is true that, while loitering through the bazaars, some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. Some spent a splendid fortune in the purchase of diseases, and a heavy lot of repentance on a suit of rags. There was a sort of stock or scrip, much in demand, called conscience, which would purchase anything. Indeed, few commodities could be bought without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, which was the only thing of permanent value! Tracts of land, and golden mansions, situated in the Celestial City were bartered, at very disadvantageous rates—for a few years' lease of small, dismal, inconvenient tenements in *Vanity Fair*.

"The place began to seem like home; but I was at length reminded of the idea of pursuing my travels to the Celestial City by the sight of the same pair of simple pilgrims at whom we had laughed so heartily when *Apollyon* puffed smoke and steam into their faces."

These pilgrims, whose names are Mr. *Stick-to-the-right*, and Mr. *Go-the-old-way*, remonstrated with the railroad traveller, and warned him that the whole concern was a bubble and delusion; that he might travel upon it all his lifetime without ever getting beyond the limits of *Vanity Fair*; that the Lord of the *Celestial City* had refused, and ever would refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for the railroad. Wherefore, every person who buys a ticket must expect to lose his purchase-money—which is the value of his own soul!

"'Pooh! Nonsense!' said Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, dragging me away; 'these fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in *Vanity Fair*, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window.'

"This incident made a considerable impression upon my mind, and another strange thing troubled me: amid the occupations or amusements of the Fair, nothing was more common than for a person—whether at a feast, theatre, or church, or trafficking for wealth or honours—suddenly to vanish like a soap-bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows. And so accustomed were they to such accidents, that business went on as if nothing had happened!

"Finally, however, I resumed my journey with Mr. *Smooth-it-away* by my side. A little beyond the suburbs of *Vanity* we rapidly passed the ancient silver mine of which *Demas* was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to greater advantage than ever; and a little further onward, the spot where Lot's wife stood as a pillar of salt, but which curious travellers have carried away piecemeal.

"The next remarkable object was a large edifice, formerly the castle of the redoubted giant *Despair*, but since his death, Mr. *Flimsy*



*faith* has repaired it so flimsily as a house of entertainment that I feared it would some day thunder down on the heads of the occupants. 'We shall escape, at all events,' said Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, 'for *Apollyon* is putting on the steam again.' The road now plunged into a gorge of the *Delectable Mountains*—but a drowfiness came over the passengers as they passed over the enchanted ground, but they awoke as they arrived at the final station in the pleasant land of *Beulah*; and here *Apollyon* outdid himself in screwing out of the whistle of the steam-engine the most infernal sounds and uproar, that the discord must have reached to the celestial gates. "This horrid clamour still rang in our ears when a thousand instruments of music seemed to announce, in an exulting strain, the approach of some illustrious hero who had fought a good fight and won a glorious victory. This, we found, was to welcome the two poor pilgrims we had insulted, on our way, and at *Vanity Fair*, with taunts and gibes! 'I wish we were as secure of a good reception,' said I; but my friend answered, 'Never fear, never fear! Come, make haste—the ferry-boat will be off directly, and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river: no doubt you will find coaches to the city-gates!' A steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river-side, puffing and snorting, ready to start. I hurried on board with the other passengers, some bawling for their baggage, some exclaiming the boat would explode or sink, some tearing their hair as they looked on the ugly aspect of the steersman, &c. Mr. *Smooth-it-away* stays behind, and laughs at all this, like an impudent fiend, with a wreath of smoke issuing from his nostrils, and a twinkle of livid flame darting from each eye, proving that his heart was all in a red blaze! I rushed to the side of the boat to fling myself on shore, but the paddle-wheels, beginning to turn, threw a dash of spray over me, so cold—so deadly cold—with the chill that will never leave those waters until death be drowned

in his own river—that, with a shiver and a heart-quake, I awoke. Thank Heaven, it was a dream!!!"

With regard to John Bunyan's "dream," perhaps no opinion so generally prevails as that of his having written his *Pilgrim's Progress* during his imprisonment in Bedford jail, which he is said to call a "den."

The circumstance which has mainly contributed to this popular impression, if not the very foundation of it, is the insertion of the word *Geol*, or *Jail*, opposite to the word *Den* in most of the editions subsequent to those he corrected himself. Whoever may have been the author of this interpolation, certainly it was not Bunyan. Nothing of the kind appears before the seventh edition. Thus it is evident he did not intend to make his readers believe he wrote his dream in prison, and it becomes necessary to look for the origin of the expression elsewhere. It is a Saxon word derived from the time when the country was only partially settled. Such of the land as was cultivated soon received appellations expressive of habitation, as *wick*, village—*ham*, homestead, (the original of our word home,) —*ton* or *town*, a collection of houses, &c. While the uncultivated border was named, according to the different localities, *wood*, *dale*, *den* or *dale*, "a wooded valley;" *holt*, "a wood;" *burst*, "a thicket;" &c. There are many places whose names prove this—as *Tenterden*, *Bethersden*, *Horsmonden*, *Hawkburst*, *Ticehurst*, *Penhurst*, &c. To settle the conflicting claims of parties who had right of common within the *Dens*, a separate jurisdiction called the Court of *Dens*, was established, which continued in full vigour down to the time of Charles II.

Mr. John Mitchell Kemble, in his *Saxons in England*, says:—"I will lay this down as a rule, that the ancient *mark*, march or *meare*, is to be recognized by following the names of places ending in *den*, which always denoted *cubile ferarum*, or pasture, usually for swine."

*Edinb. Rev. Jan. 1849, p. 168.*

Hence, therefore, it may be assumed that Bunyan by no means intends to convey to his readers the idea that he dreamed the dream of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in prison, but rather that it appeared to him in some wooded and sequestered spot in the country ; and the similitude of his work to that of De Guilleville, and the various ancient writers who have been quoted, is sufficiently shown no less by this circumstance, than by the several other examples which have been adduced throughout the volume.









